

# The Mariettian.

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## THE SEED AND THE PRAYER.

Mamma, I've often heard you say,  
That God is listening when we pray,  
And, if I do indeed believe,  
Then what I ask I shall receive.

Why will he not, then, take away  
My naughty, sinful heart to-day,  
And make me humble, meek and mild,  
A quiet and obedient child?

I ask him every day and night  
For a new heart that's clean and white;  
You know I have not got it yet—  
He hears my prayer—can He forget it?

No, darling, God does not forget,  
Although He has not answered yet;  
And, if you listen, I will try,  
And give you now a reason why:

I once pulled up a garden weed,  
And in its place I dropped a seed;  
Because they told me God's great power  
Could change that seed into a flower.

I was a little child, you know,  
And thought the seed would quickly grow;  
But days and weeks went slowly round,  
And still it lay deep in the ground.

At length there came some gentle rain,  
And when the sun shone forth again,  
I hastened to the spot alone,  
Wherein my little seed was sown.

And there I saw the softened ground  
Raised in a gently heaving mound,  
And in the middle there was seen,  
Two little leaves of brightest green.

And day by day, and hour by hour,  
I watched until there came a flower;  
And thought how good that God must be  
That gave us such pretty flowers to me.

And now, my dear, your little prayer  
Is like the seed I dropped in there,  
God gives it in your hand to sow,  
And promises the seed shall grow.

And if you wait, and watch and pray,  
The seed will spring up day by day,  
And God will bless it like my flower,  
Both with the sunshine and the shower.

Until at length, one morning bright,  
You'll find a heart both clean and white,  
And evermore your song will be,  
How very good God is to me.

WORKERS OF HUMANITY. Why should they sink?—The excitement of the chase has always been supposed to have a very healthful tendency; but there is a kind of chase which breaks down the constitution, debilitates the frame, and shortens life. We mean the headlong, unintermittent hunt after "the almighty dollar," which is the great business characteristic of the present day. It begets other evils (unnecessary to name) which precipitate the fate of thousands. There is, however, a possibility of recovery from the prostration produced by these causes, long after their victim has ceased to hope for it. If we are rightly informed, the most astonishing cures of what is called general weakness and debility, which have ever been known in this country, have been effected through the agency Doctor HOLLOWAY'S inestimable remedies. Mere skeletons of men, out of whom the very principle of vitality seemed to have been drained, have been restored to health and vigor by the operation of the Pills; and of the Ointment in cases of paralysis, rheumatism, &c., we hear an equally favorable account. If men will break down their energies by over exertion—if in their anxiety to "go ahead," they will override the most precious of God's blessings, health—it is well they should know how to repair the mischief, when they come at last to realize the fact of their premature decay. The wrecks of humanity, who without any particular disease, appear to be sinking from mere exhaustion, would find without doubt, immediate relief from Doctor Holloway's remedies.—*Phila'd. Tribune.*

Gen. Jim Lane's recruiting operations in Kansas have been most successful. He has raised five white regiments, and organized 1,200 colored loyalists.

## Anecdote of Daniel Webster.

John Taylor gave the following statement of the tracts which composed Mr. Webster's farm in Franklin: The magnificent meadow before his home, almost a perfect level, bounded on the east by the Merrimac, dotted in all directions by luxuriant elms, and all under the highest cultivation, contained fifty acres. On the opposite side of the river, in Northfield, a tract of fifty acres. In the Punch Brook Pasture, three hundred and fifty acres. Bordering on a pond in Andover, which he named Lake Como, where he amused himself with fishing and boating, forty acres. The old homestead farm in Salisbury, three hundred and sixty acres. His father's farm, the farm on which he was born, situated in a valley about three miles distant from his seat in Franklin, he loved for his honored father's sake, and his natal spot and the centre of his earliest memories. A small stream runs through it, not far from the house, on which his father had erected a saw and grist mill when he first levelled the forest which covered the land. The farm has been sold after the decease of Col. Webster, and was bought back long after, by his son, for the sum of sixteen hundred dollars. The buildings had gone out of repair and new ones were needed, the lumber for which had been procured, and was piled up in the road for immediate use at the time Mr. Webster was taken sick and died. The Elm Farm, however, or fifty acre interval field, on which his country seat was situated, had the strongest hold on Mr. Webster's affection—every rod of which was under the most perfect cultivation the whole tract being almost as level as a floor, and, when mantled with luxuriant grass, captivating the eye by its rich verdure and singular beauty. Mr. Taylor said he had cultivated fifteen acres of corn in a single field, eleven of oats in another, and twenty-five of potatoes in another; while the yield of hay was from eighty to one hundred and twenty-five tons.

Mr. Webster had great power of bone and muscle, reluctant as he was from his boyhood to show it except upon particular occasions. John Taylor related the following feat, which occurred the last time but one of his visiting Elm Farm: It was in the season of haying, when the skies were cloudless, the weather perfect, and a large force of stalwart workmen were doing their best under the eye of Mr. Webster, with scythe, rake and fork. One day, when they had shorn many acres of its glory, and the winrows were rolled up thick and high for transportation to the barn in the afternoon, Mr. Webster having invited the mowers to dine with him, afterwards challenged any one to pitch on the hay as fast as he could. One having accepted, Mr. Webster then threw off his coat, and driving the team himself to the field, entering the hay cart between two winrows, selected the right side row for his pitching, his rival taking the left, John giving the strange haymaker the best pitchfork on the premises.—Then came the fight. Greek met Greek! Webster versus all of his haymakers! The orator and statesman pitching into both winrows and pitchforks! All eyes were turned upon the strife, while shouts filled the air and animated the contest as though a new Irishman game had been inaugurated. Soon one load was on, which Mr. Webster drove to the barn; and driving out again repeated the operation; and then piling on a third load, concluded the singular contest, all admiring his strength and ability, and admitting that if he was not *facile princeps* of all haymakers and pitchers, he was at least superior to any they could produce. At night, however, he was taken sick from this exhausting effort, and obliged to send for the doctor.

John Taylor kept the pitchfork, whose handle he polished and exhibiting it on rare occasions, like a weapon picked up from some great battle-field. Last Monday, in an address delivered by Father Hunt, of the Roman Catholic Church at Scraaton, he said: If the secessionists are successful we must concede them the right to take their negroes where they please. They would inevitably open the African slave trade, and bring in negroes at \$130 per head, and in all probability introduce them into our mines and factories as cheaper labor than that of the whites.

The difference between a man with blacked eyes and a refreshing drink is that one is punched eyes and the other is iced punch.

## A Cat Story.

There is a popular superstition that a cat, if allowed the opportunity, will suck the breath of a child, though how this is accomplished is not apparent. Cats are subject to much suspicion, and, indeed, no animal petted by man is at once so much admired and detested. A circumstance came to our knowledge, recently, says the American Union, which seems to indicate that the numerous charges made against the feline race are not altogether unfounded. The other evening, at a residence only a few miles from Boston, a cat was discovered sitting upon the chest of a little boy four years of age, her mouth placed close to the child's lips, and the cat evidently very much absorbed in the operation.—An effort was made to drive the cat away by speaking sharply to her. She paid no attention to this, and was equally unmindful of a series of blows with a stick. She was finally pushed off the body of the child, and off the bed, but could not be driven in the usual way.—She had a bewildered and wild look all the time, and exhibited a signs of ferocity by springing on the servant who was forcing her down stairs. The cat was soon killed, as a warning to all other cats not to be too intimate with sleeping children. The little boy woke up during the noise made, and was naturally somewhat frightened. He did not seem to be injured. Though no harm was done, evil might have ensued had not the cat been discovered and removed. Her weight on the child's chest would necessarily reduce the quantity of air inspired, and tend to cause suffocation, while the child would inspire only carbonic acid gas as taken from the mouth of the cat. These two causes might produce death even. They may have organized the superstition that a cat sucks the breath of a child. The case is interesting and novel, and should put some parents on their guard against the treacherous and stealthy pets which their children play.

A SNORT ANSWER.—One of the enrolling marshals the other day, received a strong hint from a down town female. Stopping at the lady's house he found her before her door endeavoring to effect with a vegetable huckster a twenty per cent. abatement in the price of a peck of tomatoes. "Have you any men here, ma'am." The reply was gruff and curt—"No." "Have you no husband?" "No." "No brothers?" "No." "Perhaps you have a son, ma'am?" "Well, what of it?" "I should like to know where he is." "Well he isn't here." "So I see, ma'am. Pray where is he." "In the Union army where he ought to be." The Marshal hastened round the corner. He didn't further interrogate the lady.

WEST POINT GENERALS.—A correspondent of the New York Tribune offers the following sensible thoughts: "We have much too many Generals out of very common men. The cant that they are politicians amounts to nothing. I believe the best Generals we have in our army were the most successful politicians in times of peace. West Point certainly has not effected much thus far, unless it is to spawn traitors. Washington and Hamilton were soldiers, politicians, and statesmen. They were successful. I believe it is not in the order of Providence that West Point shall have the glory of saving the nation. She has had her hand in destroying it. Saving it develops upon a nobler and a better class of men."

WILL THE NEGROES COME NORTH?—In General Hunter's letter to Dr. Tyng, he says, "none of the delusions by which slavery has sustained itself at the North, is more absurd than the bugbear of a general migration of negroes to the North, as a necessary acquiescence of emancipation. So far is this from being the fact, that, although it is well known that I give passes North to all negroes asking them, not more than a dozen have applied to me for such passes since my arrival here, their local attachments being apparently much stronger than with the white race. My experience leads me to believe that the exact reverse of the received opinion on this subject would form the rule, and that nearly if not quite all the Negroes of the North would migrate South whenever they shall be at liberty to do so without fear of the action block."

LOVE FOR THE DEAD.—"The love which survives the tomb," says Irving, "is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsed agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deep sadness over the hour of gloom yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; these is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living."

THE SEXES.—There is, according to the census, 732,258 of an excess of males over females in the United States. The World says the fact is noteworthy and ought to beget the apprehensions of those who feared the war would cause an undue preponderance of women after peace was declared. No matter how bloody the war may be or how long it may last, it cannot make away with three-quarters of a million of lives. The waste of life may make the sexes nearly even, but even then we shall be better off than in England, where the females are in excess by nearly a million, and the social problem of the day is how to provide them with husbands or occupation.

IMPORTANT TO SMALL DEALERS.—The impression very generally prevails that under the new Tax Law all confectioners, grocers, &c., will be required to take out a license. This is erroneous. Section 65th provides that "when the annual gross receipts or sales of any apothecaries, confectioners, eating houses, tobaccoists or retail dealers shall not exceed the sum of one thousand dollars, such apothecaries, confectioners, eating houses, and retail dealers shall not be required to take out and pay for licenses, anything in this act to the contrary notwithstanding."

TROUBLE AMONG THE QUAKERS.—Their is rebellion among the English Quakers. The youthful fair of the sect have banded together in opposition to the poke bonnet and scant skirt. Crinoline of moderate periphery now surrounds their frames, and flowers and ribbons are invading the precincts of the drab. The elders, though their organ, the British Friend, urge remonstrances. The young men among them are also exciting consternation by joining rifle corps.

DIRECTIONS FOR BANDAGES.—Bandages should be made from cotton which has been washed: any old cotton which will bear a hard puff will answer the purpose. They should be from three to six inches in width, and from four to ten yards in length. They should be pieced by lapping one end over the other and sewing the piecing securely, the edges need not be turned in. No scivages or hard seams should be allowed on them.

Upon the back of a ten dollar Treasury note, returned to the department of destruction, the following lines appeared, neatly written: "She hath done what she could."

This bill was presented by Miss Laura McCoe, of Foster's Point, Illinois, for the benefit of volunteers at the same offering ten more to any young man who would volunteer. Miss Laura's father and brother are in the United States army, while she teaches school for ten dollars per month to support herself and mother.

The custom of the M. E. church in this country is for the conferences of that body to assign to their ministers the stations they are to occupy, without consulting the wishes of either the pastor or his assigned charge upon the subject. In England, the plan of the Wesleyan body is to send a schedule of the preachers proposed for the various stations in advance of the meeting of the conference, in order that all concerned may have the opportunity of making objections or suggesting alterations. The New York Methodist, we observe, is advocating the adoption of the English plan, and characterizes the present system as one of "Spartan severity."

Hundreds of convalescents of the various hospitals in Washington vacated their quarters on Saturday, and will be sent from the city to make room for patients from the recent battle-field who are arriving.

Parson Brownlow has addressed a letter to the Governor of the loyal States, making several specific recommendations, among which are the following: "Enter your most solemn protest against half of the members of the Cabinet looking to the Presidency, and shaping their conduct of the war accordingly. Call upon the President, whose honesty and patriotism I do not question to reorganize his Cabinet and the army, and to place men at the heads of both who will study how to kill off the leading rebels without hurting them; advise the civil and military authorities of the country, and the politicians, to cease this war upon everlasting 'niggers' until we conquer their white masters and arrest the onward march of their desperate and arrogant owners. Meanwhile, let negroes be seized upon and urged in every possible way to crush out this infernal rebellion!"

General Loan ordered a Lieutenant in Price's army to be shot at Laclede. He was charged with several crimes, among them the killing of the pilot of the White Cloud. He was once before condemned to be shot by a military commission in Missouri, but escaped.—He confessed almost everything charged. After a full examination, he was sentenced by Gen. Loan to be shot to death. After informing him of the verdict and sentence, and asking him if he had any word to leave his friends, or any thing to say, he said he had not, and told them to shoot and be d—d. He was led beside his coffin, and ordered to kneel, but he swore he never did kneel before the face of clay, and never would, and standing up, he received his volley and fell dead on his coffin.

Adjutant-Gen. Cooper, of the rebel army, who issued the order declaring that event of the capture of Generals Butler and Hunter they should be treated as felons, is a native of the State of New York, having married a southern wife, a sister of one of the rebel leaders. This double-dyed traitor was during Buchanan's administration, Adjutant-General of the United States, the same position he now occupies among the rebels.

The Portland Press declares that there are Knights of the Golden Circle in Maine, and adds: "The members of that infernal organization in this State are not idle. They are as busy here as in Illinois, although not so numerous.—But the eye of the Government is upon them, and in due time their iniquitous proceedings will be exposed to an indignant and outraged people."

It is stated that in quarters whose information is entitled to be considered entirely trustworthy, that the government has at length fully determined to arm drill, and discipline the blacks of the Department of the South. So says an exchange. Let us see it. The people are ready.

Hon. John O. Knox, of Philadelphia, has been appointed, by the President, Judge Advocate General of the army corps commanded by Major-General Wool. Gen. Wool's military jurisdiction includes Philadelphia and the eastern part of Pennsylvania.

From New-Orleans we have the order of Gen. Butler ordering the enrollment of the free negroes of Louisiana for military service in defence of that city. They are to be known as the "Native Guards." Gen. Butler has decided at last to use all means to crush.

The Michigan gentleman who advertised, that for one dollar sent by mail, he would inform any man how to escape the draft, and then answered all remittances by advising his correspondents to "enlist," was no swindler. His advice if followed, was worth ten times what he charged for it.

Even if the Government tolerates Wendell Phillips's treasonable speeches in Boston, why do the people? Are there no hens in Boston that lay rotten eggs for emergencies?—*Prentice.*

The rebels pretend that they set fire to and blew up the Arkansas themselves. According to their own account, they have now sacrificed three rams as burnt offerings to their god of war.

The people of rebel cities point proudly to the long, rank grass in their streets as proof of the astonishing fertility of the Southern soil in comparison with the sterile North.

Moses' rod divided the sea, and Jeff Davis foolishly thinks that his can divide the land.

## Pugnacity of Humming Birds.

A writer on humming birds thus describes their fighting propensities: "It is a most pugnacious bird. Many a time have I thought to secure a fine male which I had, perhaps, been following from tree to tree, and had at last seen quietly perched on a leafless twig, when my deadly attention has been anticipated by one less so in fact, but, to all appearance, equally so in will. Another humming bird rushes in, knocks the one I wish off his perch, and the two go fighting and screaming away at a pace hardly to be followed by the eye. Another time this flying fight is sustained in mid air, the belligerents mounting higher, till the one worsted in battle darts away, seeking shelter, followed by the victor, who never relinquishes the pursuit till the vanquished, by doubling and hiding, succeeds in making his escape. These fierce raids are not waged alone between members of the same species. The exquisite frill-necked Coquettes and Royal Blue Myrtles suckers are greatly addicted to fighting. The pugnacity of this species is very remarkable. It is very seldom that two males meet without an aerial battle. The contest commences with a sharp choleric shriek; after which, with dilated throats the feather of the whole of their bodies erected on end, and their tails outspread they begin to fight with their bills and wings, and the least powerful soon falls to the ground or flies away. I have never known one of these battles last longer than ten seconds; and in the specimens I have had under my notice in cages, their fighting has mostly ended in the splitting of the tongue of one of the two, which then surely dies from being unable to feed."

MORE BIG GUNS.—The Fort Pitt Works are turning out the immense fifteen inch guns now at the rate of three a week. We doubt if there be in the world an establishment capable of anything like this. These guns weigh each in the rough about 70,000 pounds, and apart from the difficulty in casting, the labor of hauling, turning and finishing such a mass of metal must be immense. There are four of these guns now in the lathes, and by the time these are out others will be ready to take their place. It is the intention to turn out three a week. We believe, for the balance of the year. These guns are intended for the new "Monitors," and are the most formidable of their character in the world. Arrangements are now in progress for casting a twenty inch gun. This latter gun will throw a ball of one thousand pounds, and is expected to have a range of four miles.

The American Standard, printed at Uniontown, Fayette county, says that the wife John Sickles, a resident of Wharton township, in order to prevent her husband from enlisting, cut off the two front fingers of his right hand with an axe! It is said he had told her, she was determined to enlist, which so excited her, that she resolved at once to render him incompetent to bear arms, and during the night, while he was in a deep sleep, she drew his head to the bed rail and dropped the ax carefully on his fingers, taking them clean off at the first joint. Such depravity is almost without a parallel and its truth might be reasonably doubted had we not seen the identical fingers, which were exhibited in this place on Saturday evening by a gentleman who procured them at the residence of the unfortunate victim.

A correspondent of the London American, writing from Frankfort-on-the-Main, gives the following extract of a letter from Charlotte Cushman, in reference to our war: "I only wish to Heaven I could go and be of some service at such a time as this in the United States. I hate the incompetency of womanhood. As a man, I could give my brains, my speech, my life, if necessary; as a woman, I can only wait the course of human events. How and to be obliged to wait, and that, too, at a time when there appears to be so much heart-sickening in the land!"

An abundance of arms in the possession of the government is claimed by the National Intelligencer of the 3rd. It says that the War Department, with the providence and energy which marks its present management, has arms, in readiness for all the troops which have so far been mustered into service and its arrangements for the future ensure a full supply as more troops take the field.—There is no foundation for the reports that there is a scarcity of arms, and that the Department will therefore be forced to pay high prices.