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[From the Louisville Journal.]

THE BOMB AND BIRD.

Before the White-House portals
The careless eyes behold
Three iron balls uplifted
Adusk in summer gold.

In dreamy mood I wandered
At Sabbath sunset there
While the wild city's murmur
Hummed, vaguely, everywhere.

"Black seeds of desolation,"
I said, "by War's red hand
Scown in the fierce Sirocco
Over the wasted Land!"

"Unholy with the holy,
What do ye here to day,
Symbols of awful battle
In Sabbath's peaceful ray?"

Angel of Dusk and darkness,
I heard thy woful breath
(With noise of all earth's battles)
Answer: "Let there be death!"

I thought of many a midnight,
Where sprang terrific light
Over wide woods and marshes;
Fierce fireflies lit the night.

I saw beleaguered bastions
Leap up from dreams of May,
Wide rivers all transfused
Awake in dreadful day.

Asleep in peaceful sunshine
Glimmer'd the warlike things:
Into their hollow horror
Flew tenderest summer wings!

Deep in the awful chambers
To guard the giant Death,
The wren her nest had builded
And dwelt with loving breath.

Angel of Resurrection!
Over all buried strife,
I heard thy bird-song whisper,
Sweetly, "Let there be life."

A RAT SUCKING A COW.—A correspondent of the London Field wrote to that paper the following:—On going into my own cowshed a short time since to see a newly-calved cow, I found her lying down, quietly chewing the cud, and to my astonishment, observed a huge rat lying at full length between her hind legs, sucking vigorously at one of her teats. My first impression was that the rat was dead, however he got there; but I soon discovered the bright eye of the rat turned toward me, the point of the cow's teat in his mouth, and the quick suction movement of his jaws and throat. So fascinated did the rat appear with his refreshing occupation, that he took no further notice of my entrance than by watching me out of the corner of one eye, and was not even disturbed by my calling to the gardener, at the lower end of the yard, to come and witness the novel sight. His exclamation on seeing it was, "Well, sir, I'm sure I never did see such a thing in my life." Nor was it until he stooped with the intention of seizing the thief by the tail that the rat attempted to move.—He then sprang suddenly from his soft bed, and made a dash toward the corner of the pen, where he quickly met with the reward of his temerity, and was knocked over with a stick. It had been remarked that the cow seemed to have less milk than she should have had soon after calving, and it may readily be supposed that the supply was actually and perhaps materially diminished by the visits of this audacious thief, and others, no doubt, of his thievish fraternity, to the friendly fountain.

DRAFTING IMMORAL.—There is a man in Loraine county, Ohio, who, having been examined by the drafting Surgeon for various diseases, and pronounced sound as to all of them, fell back upon the morals of the question, and declared a draft immoral and unconstitutional, because it was a game of chance.

The rebels are unable to conceal the fact that they mean to have a monarchical Government. Their cat is too itgy for their bag.

[WRITTEN FOR THE MARIETTIAN.]
REFLECTIONS IN A POTTERY.

"Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor, and another unto dishonor." In business periginations through the suburbs of the city, I approached a pottery, and being in a reflective mood I entered in, and for nearly a whole hour I stood and observed the various operations of the workman, from the tempering of the crude material, up through all its various stages of progress, until it terminated in smoothly and symmetrically finished pots,—and this, in an almost endless variety of sizes and forms. How simple seemed the process; and how few the mechanical implements required, thought I, in making a pot.—Only the two naked hands, which the Lord has given to all perfectly formed men; a piece of wire about two feet in length; and a circular horizontally revolving platform—that is all—saving a rude and simply constructed tubular press, through which the clay is forced in the kneading process. Surely, tho' I, any simpleton can make a pot—I can make a pot; and yet, upon continued observation and reflection, I found that it required a combination of mechanical and mental power to produce a pot, that I little dreamed of in the beginning.—How many men can perform a rotary motion around the crown of their heads with one hand, and with the other tap themselves upon the breast, without experiencing an almost irresistible inclination for both hands to perform the same motion? This must be also the first experience of the potter, in a greater or less degree—although no one has told me so—for the rotary motion of the lump of clay upon the circular platform, and the treading motion of the foot which produces the former, must be akin to the two opposite or diverse motions before alluded to. Upon a closer scanning of the countenance of the potter, I found that it exhibited energies, that indicated the stronger workings and determinations of the inner will; and that when he placed the lump of clay upon the platform, the size and form of the pot seemed to be already built up in his mind, and to have a real spiritual existence there, even though it never should have been ultimated in a material form. The whole controlling power, over the mass of unformed matter before him, seemed to consist in a concentrated and steady determination of the mind to a single purpose, and that purpose the formation of a vessel of a particular form and capacity; and an energetic perseverance in that direction always produced the desired result. But this power over the lump of unformed clay was not acquired in a moment, nor in a day, a week, a month; nor yet perhaps in a year. The ability to form a pot, and to attain to that degree of proficiency in the art, which was exhibited to me on this occasion, must have come "little by little," after the potter had received "line upon line" of instruction from a competent master or Teacher.—And doubtless after "precept upon precept" had been laid down to him, he for a long time felt that same awkwardness and inability that the young apprentice or student in any other art or science does—that sympathetic disposition which the one hand manifests to follow the motions of the other, to the total defeat or frustration of the object aimed at,—instead of the concentration of those combinations of power, which are necessary in producing perfect harmony, beauty, and form. By unbending and unyielding energies however, all directed towards a common end, and that end the perfect control of the untempered clay from where it reposed an integral portion of "mother earth" to where it adorned the shelves of the vender's shop—a degree of proficiency was acquired in the end, that gave the potter a perfect mastery power over his work, reflecting approximately, the Creator in the creature. But, I observed too, that before the potter attempts to form a vessel, he first kneads and tempers his clay, very much after the manner that an energetic and frugal housewife would knead and temper her dough for a batch of bread. This process, although more laborious, seemed still more simple than the forming process, and yet, it also, required much energy and patient experience to gain a perfect practical knowledge of it.

Witnessing these things for the first time, during a life that had been graciously prolonged already to half a century, and musing upon the apostolic quotation with which I have introduced these reflections, I mentally ejaculated,—
"Are not all men in some sense potters?" Are we not every day of our

lives engaged in forming vessels to honor or to dishonor? Let every individual mind, carry these questions to every individual heart, and ponder them there—let all the motives, aims, and ends of life, and all the biases, prejudices, and inclinations that constitute the starting point of those motives, aims and ends, be assigned before the tribunal of an illuminated human judgement; and doubtless such an array of contorted and mishapen forms will be exhibited there as will fill the mind with undisguised astonishment, if not with uncontrollable dismay. If men were asked individually, and in detail, whether they had sufficient moral control over their actions to abstain from lying, from stealing, from the commission of adultery, and from murder, they most undoubtedly would answer—with emphasis if not with indignation—in the affirmative; and yet those same men might assert in a general way, that no man can keep the commandments—that no man has sufficient control over his moral nature, to make of it a vessel either of honor or dishonor. Nevertheless we are, consciously or unconsciously, giving forms to our minds, that will stand out in bold relief, when our disembodied spirits shall have assumed that undisguisable status, which characterizes the inhabitants of an eternal world. Look at the energy, the industry, and the perseverance with which men pursue a course of evil, and the perverse habits of life which are engendered by such a course. Is not this giving a special form to their minds and their affections, for which they may with justice be held personally responsible? and can any one doubt that an opposite course, as earnestly and as perseveringly pursued, would have been crowned with the blessings of an opposite result? This forming process is continually going on, and the material, whether for good or evil, is more susceptible and more impressive during the ductility of youth, than it is during the induration of age; and therefore it behooves us all to examine ourselves daily.—and by that lump which can only now reflect itself through the pages of Holy Writ—in order that we may see the formative tendencies of our minds, and if necessary, change them from vessels of dishonor to those of honor. This is a work that cannot be done by proxy.—Each individual, by the help of God, must do it for himself. There is a general and perpetual influx from heaven into the minds of men, which manifests itself according to the particular receptivity of the individual, and that receptivity is according to the receiving vessel which he has formed. If acting in "freedom according to reason," he has formed of his mind a vessel of honor, then its contents will be ultimately in a life of goodness and usefulness; but if, acting under the "slavery of insanity" he has formed a vessel of dishonor of his mind, then its ultimatens will only be evil and unuseful. The formative process of the mind, and hence of the character of the man, has also its first beginnings, or incipient stages, just as the mechanical process of forming the vessels of the potter has. First, there is the crude untempered clay, which may be regarded as analogous to the unsophisticated state of the mind of childhood when it possesses, as yet, nothing but bare possibilities, and which—according to the correspondential relations existing between mind and matter,—signifies the lowest state of natural good, of which the unistructed and unengendered mind, can at all be susceptible.—That species of "good whereof the mind, or man of the church, is formed"—that is, good for the sake or love of good,—good that is done from disinterested motives, or singleness of purpose: "consequently the good of charity." But still only a latent or powerless good until tempered with the waters of truth, as it comes down from the fountain of truth, just as the potter makes use of natural water, as it flows from its fountain, to temper and knead the crude mass which he digs out of the bowels of the earth, imparting to it that ductility which renders it capable of being moulded by his hands into almost any and every conceivable form. But until the crude earth has imbibed the water, and until the two elements become perfectly incorporated, it does not acquire the consistency that is necessary in forming it into symmetrical receiving and containing vessels. Even so the intermixture and patient and persevering kneading of goodness and truth, in their due proportions, in the human mind, gives that mind a capacity to be formed into a receiving vessel—a vessel which, if formed in obedience to the oracles of Divine Truth, becomes a vessel of honor, but if

perversly formed in obedience to the dictates and behests of mere human selfhood, must necessarily be a vessel of dishonor. The potter does not make the earth, the water, the clay, nor any other elementary principle or chemical substance that enters into the composition of a pot, nor any implement that is necessary in forming one. He, only, by the will-power, which has been vouchsafed to all men, concentrates the energies of his mind upon the material which he finds in the vast storehouse of nature—furnished to his hand, by the Creative energies of an infinite and incomprehensible mind: and out of these, through the exercise of human volition, he produces the tangible evidences of his handiwork. Through "line upon line," "precept upon precept," and "here a little, and there a little" he acquires knowledge, and this is a "lamp to his feet and a light to his path," in the execution of the determinations of the will. And yet, although the appearance is that man does all these things of himself alone, he nevertheless, has no power that originates with himself; and he is only a recipient of life and power from his Creator. His own co-operation with the operations of the Infinite, is all that he is capable of contributing, and yet, he must exercise his energies as if everything proceeded from himself, and as if success depended upon himself alone,—otherwise he could not work at all. After the potter has formed his vessel out of the material, and through the mechanical forces which had an existence long anterior to his own; if he is wise he will not say, "I did this through the exercise of powers that originated within me," but he will rather say, "by the help of God I have acquired, through experience, the necessary directing forces to accomplish this thing—by that same help I have formed these vessels, and to that Help all the glory, and honor, and power is due." Surely then every man is a potter—every man, woman and child is engaged every day of their lives, in giving form, tone, and consistency, to their habits of thought, of feeling, and of action. They are doing this "little by little," like everything else is acquired—some more rapidly than others—but still not immediately, but gradually and progressively, either upward or downwards. There is first the seed, then the blade, "then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

As I left the Pottery deeply reflecting upon these things, I could not help asking myself, what sort of a vessel I had been forming out of the elementary principles of my own mind for the last quarter of a century. Was it beautiful and symmetrical, and calculated to contain that which was "just, humane, and kind"—that which was pure, elevated, and charitable? or was it distorted and mishapen, and only the receptacle of that which was unjust, inhuman, and ferocious; that which was impure, degraded, and selfish? In reply to these interrogations something seemed to say—"Write these things,"—and, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear!"

GRANTLETT'S.
Major-General Jesse L. Reno, who fell at the battle in Middletown Valley, on Sunday, was a resident of Pennsylvania, though born in Virginia, and a graduate of West Point. He was captain of ordnance when the war broke out, but was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and was attached to Burnside's command. He showed rare qualities as a General in the engagement in North Carolina, and was a soldier who enjoyed the confidence as he inspired the courage of his soldiers. He had war for his courage and ability, and was wounded at Chapultepec. General Burnside regarded him as one of his most valuable and reliable officers.

A novel experiment is to be tried by a steam fishing vessel lately fitted up at Leith. Her traveling gear, which is very heavy, is to be wound up by a capstan driven by steam power, and all living fish thus taken will be put into a well, or salt water aquarium, having a constant circulation of water through it, and thus the fish will be kept in existence until brought to market. This is said to be the first direct application of the steam engine to the purpose of catching fish.

An exciting hoax was played upon the Evening Post a few evenings since, directing on authority of Provost Marshal Kennedy; the removal from the bulletin of the report that Gen. McClellan had been put in chief command over the armies of Virginia, as "likely to discourage enlistments." The reasoning was sound if the report was not.

Shoeblacking an Elephant.

"I don't understand what makes your animals look so bright," said Casper one day to one of the keepers.

"Come here to-morrow morning early when we make their toilets, and you'll see," replied he laughing. "Why there's that old hog of a lion, he's as savage and snaptions before he has his medicine, as a corporal; and looks as old as Methusalem until we arrange his beard and get him up for the day. As for the elephant—ugh!"

Casper's curiosity was aroused, and the next morning, early, he was in the menagerie. The first sight that struck his eyes was the elephant, kneeled over on one side, and waving his trunk about evidently as a sign of distress; while his keeper and another man were—blackening pot and brushes in—going all over him, from stem to stern.

"Good day," said the keeper to him "here's a pair of boots for you? put outside the door to be blacked every morning, for five francs a day. It's the dearest job I ever undertook—and the boots are ungrateful! Here Pierre," he continued, to the man who helped him, "he shines enough; take away the brushes, and bring me the sand-paper, to rub up his tasks. Talk about polished bears! I believe, myself, that we beat all other shows to pieces on this point. Some beasts are more knowing than others; for example, them monkeys in that cage, there. Give that big fool of shimpanzy, that brush, Pierre, and let the gentleman see him operate on t'other monkeys."

Pierre gave the large monkey a brush and to Casper's astonishment, he saw the animal seize it with one paw, then springing forward, catch a small monkey with the other paw, and holding him down in spite of his struggles, administer so complete a brushing over his entire body that every hair received a touch. The other monkeys in the cage, were in the wildest excitement, evidently knowing from experience that they would all have to pass under the large one's hands; and when he had given a final polish to the small one, he commenced giving a chase for his mate an aged female, who, evidently disliking the ordeal, commenced a series of ground and lofty tumblings that would have made the fortune of even the distinguished Leotard. In vain, after a prolonged chase, in which the inhabitants of the cages flew around so fast that it appeared to be full of flying legs, tails and fur, the large monkey seized the female, and, regardless of her attempts to liberate herself, he brushed her from head to foot to the great delight of a Swiss soldier, an infantry corporal, who had entered the menagerie a few minutes before the grand hunt commenced.

"Ma voi!" said the Swiss, pronouncing French with a broad German accent, "it would keef me krates pleshar to have dat pig monkey in my company, He would mak' virst raat private."

The keeper, who was still polishing away with sandpaper at the elephant's tasks, and who evidently regarded the soldier with great contempt and said to him:

"He would have been there long since—only he knows too much."

"Ma voi! that's the reason you're draining him for a Vrench gavalry company. Well, I likes dat."

"Oh! no," said the keeper, "his principles an't going to allow him enter our army."

"Vell, what are his principles?"

"To serve those who pay best!" quoth the Frenchman, who in the firm faith that he had said a good thing, called to Pierre to help him adorn the lion, and turning his back on the Swiss, who in revenge, amused himself feeding the monkeys with an old button, stump of a cigar and various wads of paper.

The keeper then gave the lion a narcotic, and after this medicine, combed out his mane and tail, waxed his mustache, and thus made his toilet for the day. The tiger and leopards had their stripes and spots touched up once a week with hair dye, and as this was not the day appointed, Casper missed this part of the exhibition. The hyenas submitted to be brushed down, but showed strong symptoms of mutiny having their teeth rubbed with a tooth brush and their nails pared.

In half an hour more the keeper's labors were over, and Casper, giving him a present for inviting him to assist as a spectator at la toilette bien bete or beastly dressing, walked off to breakfast evidently thinking that art was not dead in that menagerie; whatever Bojjean might say of his state of health in the world at large.

"To think," soliloquized Casper, "to think of that a bootless thing it is to shoeblack o'er an elephant!"

Java Coffee and Pepper.

In extent, Java is about seven hundred miles in length and varies from eighty to one hundred and forty miles in width. Its area is less than twenty thousand square miles. The face of the country is more or less broken by mountains, but the soil generally is rich and productive. The produce are rice sugar coffee, pepper, spices, and a profusion of the finest tropical fruit. Coffee is cultivated to as great perfection as in any other part of the world. It grows upon large bushes and the grains of coffee are formed two in a berry about the size and shape of our common plum.—The skin of the berry is about as thick as that of the plum, and the color, when ripe, a pale scarlet.

The bush is very productive. Every branch is loaded with the berries, which grow two in a place on the opposite side of each other, and about an inch and a half apart. When ripe the skin bursts open and the grains of coffee falls out upon the ground; but a more generally way is to spread something under the bush and shake the coffee down. After the outer skin is taken off there remains a kind of husk over each kernel which is broken off (after being well dried in the sun) by heavy rollers. The coffee after this needs winnowing in order to be freed from the broken particles of the husk. It has been said by some writers that one bush with another, will not average more than a pound of coffee.

Black pepper is also raised to some extent on the Island of Java; Sumatra, which lies just across the straits, is by far the most celebrated for this commodity. Her pepper is perhaps, the finest and most abundant of any one country in the world. Black pepper grows on a vine very much like our grape vines.—The pepper grows and looks, when grown very much like our currants. There is this difference, however, the currant has each its own distinct stem, but the pepper has not, every grain grows hard on to one common stem, just as each grain of Indian corn does on the cob. The color of the pepper, when first ripe, is almost a bright red, and changed to the dead black by being exposed to the heat of the sun.

The white pepper is nothing more than the common black with the outer skin taken off. It is first soaked until this skin bursts open, which is then rubbed off and the grain dried. The white is not considered so pungent as the black, though it is nicer and more expensive as more labor is necessary in order to prepare it.

Nine out of every ten horsemen start in their seat whenever a horse shies, and then the horse is either by whip or spur driven up to the object. This makes horses look at any very singular object with more nervousness, for they expect a thrashing at the same moment. The rider should neither shy himself, nor notice it in his horse, and far less punish him.

A little fellow, weeping most piteously, was suddenly interrupted by some amusing occurrence. He rushed his cries for a moment—the train of thought was broken. "Ma," said he, renewing his snuffle, and wishing to have his cry out, "Ma—ugh! ugh! what was I crying about just now?"

A little ten-year-old of our acquaintance, while playing with a dog, discovered for the first time that the animal had claws, whereupon he ran into the house, exclaiming with open eyed wonder, "O, mother, Fido has got teeth in his toes!"

"Snobbs," said Mrs. Snobbs to her husband, the other day, after the ball. "Snobbs, why did you dance with every lady in the room last night before you noticed me?" "Why, my dear," said the devoted Snobbs, "I was only practicing what we do at the table—no serve the best for the last."

A writer in the Richmond Dispatch threatens the "cutting off of the ears and noses of the Yankees." But, if the poor fellows' noses are cut off, what will they have to talk through?

A female rebel may put on as many airs as she pleases, but we take the responsibility of telling he she is "no gentleman."

A writer in the Atlantic Monthly says that "taxation is no burden." We wish then he would take our share of it.

The war has lasted more than a year, but we don't believe that it will continue long enough to become chronic.

Our armies won't hang fire; they will be more likely to hang fire-eaters.