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THE BLIND BOY.

It was a blessed summer day,
The flowers bloomed—the air was mild,
The little birds poured forth their lay,
And everything in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on,
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade
Till suddenly I came upon
Two children who had thither strayed.

Just at an aged birch-tree's foot
A little boy and girl reclined,
His hand in hers she kindly put,
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near,
A tree concealed me from their view,
But all they said I well could hear,
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor boy,
"That little bird sings very long;
Say, do you see him in his joy,
And if he preys as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird, on yonder tree."
The poor boy sighed, and gently said,
"Sister, I wish that I could see!"

"The flowers you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there—
How beautiful for one who sees!"

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made."

"So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! He has not given;
Put tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward, there all see—
But why ask me a thing so odd?"
"Oh, Mary, He's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God!"

Ever long, disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy, so meek and mild;
His widowed mother wept and prayed,
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said, "O, never weep for me,
I'm going to a bright—bright place,
Where Mary says I God shall see."

"And you'll be there, dear Mary, too;
But, mother, when you get up there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—
You know I never saw you here!"

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled
Until the final blow was given—
When God took up the poor blind child,
And opened first his eyes in heaven!

THE LAST FLY OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last fly of summer,
Left buzzing alone;
All its black-legged companions
Are dried up and gone.
Not one of its kindred,
No blue-bottle nigh,
To sport 'mid the sugars,
Or in the milk die.

Pit not doom thee, thou lone one,
A victim to be,
Since the rest are all vanished,
Come dine you with me.
Thus kindly I scatter
Some crumbs of my bread,
Where thy mates on the table
Lie withered and dead.

But soon you will perish,
I'm sadly afraid,
For the glass is at sixty
Just now in the shade.
When wasps have all vanished,
And blue-bottles flown,
No fly can inhabit
This bleak world alone.

"Ah, Jemmy, Jemmy," said kind hearted Dr. Fosonby, Bishop of Derry, to a drunken blacksmith, "I am sorry to see you beginning your evil course again and Jemmy, I am very anxious to know what you intend to do with that fine lad your son?" "Intend, sir," said Jemmy, "to do for him what you cannot do for your son." "Eh! how's that—how's that?" To which Jemmy, with a burst of genuine feeling, said, "I intend to make him a better man than his father!"

SALUTATIONS AMONG DIFFERENT NATIONS.

The expressions used as salutations among different nations have, under their common aspect, something characteristic and interesting even for the most casual observer.

In the East, the expressions savor, in more or less degree, of the scriptures, and of the serene and patriarchal sentiments of the inhabitants. One recognizes the immobility of these pastoral and warlike people, standing aloof from all human progress. Nearly all have a foundation in religious sentiments, and express peace to those whom they are addressed.

The salutation used by the Arab, "Salam," or "Shalem," means peace, and is found in the world, Jerusalem. The Arab salutes his friend thus: "May God grant you a happy morning!" "May God grant you his favors?" "If God wills it, you are well." This last expression betrays their fanaticism.

Turks have a formula which can only be used in a sunny clime: "May your shadow never be less." An Englishman would never think of wishing a fine shadow.

The climate of Egypt is feverish, and perspiration is necessary to health; hence the Egyptian, meeting you, asks: "How do you perspire?"

"Have you eaten?" "Is your stomach in good order?" asks the Chinaman—a touching solicitude, which can only be appreciated by a nation of gourmands.

"Good cheer!" says the modern Greek in nearly the same language that the ancients were wont to greet their friends. A charming salutation, which could only have originated among the happy, careless Greeks.

The Romans, who were heretofore robust, indefatigable, and laborious, had energetic salutations expressing force and action: "Slave," "Be strong," "Be healthy"; and, "Guidavis?" "What do you do?" or "What makes you?"

The Genoese of modern times says: "Health and wealth," which is very appropriate for an active and commercial people.

The Neapolitan devoutly says: "Grow in sanctity"; and the Piedmontese:—"I am your servant." The "How stand you?" of almost all Italy, forcibly indicates the unbalance of that sunny land.

The Spaniard, grave, haughty, and different, wishes you "Good morning," to which we respond: "At your service, sir." Another salutation which the Spaniard uses, "God be with you, signor," shows a melange of respect for one's self and religious sentiment.

The ordinary salutation of the German is: "Wis Gehts?"—"How goes it?"—and has a vagueness somewhat of the dreamy character of German. To bid one adieu, he says: "Leben sie wohl!"—"Live quiet and be happy!"—This last plainly indicates his peaceful nature and love for the simple joys of life.

The traveling Hollander asks you: "Hoe waartage?"—"How do you go?" The thoughtful, active Swede demands: "Of what do you think?" whilst the Dane more placid, uses the German expression: "Liv vel!"—"Live well." But the greeting of the Pole is best of all: "Are you happy?"

The English have the "Good-bye," a corruption of "God be with you," and some others; but that which best exhibits the character of the English is, "How do you do?" as the activity of the people is shown in this demand where the do is spoken twice. Nothing is more characteristic, more lively, or more stirring than this.

The "Comment vous portez-vous" of the Frenchman is equally characteristic. The Frenchman is more active than laborious—more ardent, more passionate than thoughtful; and hence the principle with him is not to do, but to go—to be lively, to show himself. There is something in this expression: "Comment vous portez-vous?"—which bespeaks at once his frank manner and pleasant face.

VERY LAMENTABLE.—A wooden-legged amateur happened to be with a skirmishing party lately, when a shell burst near him, smashing his artificial leg to bits, and sending a piece of iron through the calf of a soldier near him. The soldier "grinned and bore it" like a man, while the amateur was loud and emphatic in his lamentations. Being rebuked by the wounded soldier, he replied, "Oh, yes, it's all well enough for you to bear it. Your leg didn't cost anything, and will heal up; but I paid \$200 cash for mine."

TO CLEAN PAINT.—Mix together one pound of soft soap, half a pound of pumice stone, powdered; and half a pound of pearlsh, with hot water, into a thin paste; take a painting-brush, and lay on this mixture over the paint which requires cleaning, and in five minutes wash it off with boiling water.

Gen. Howell Cobb drinks to excess. He's generally a corned Cobb.

AN EVIDENCE OF ILL-BREEDING.

There is no greater breach of good manners—or, rather, no better evidence of ill-breeding—than that of interrupting another in conversation, while speaking—or commencing a remark before another has fully closed. No well-bred person ever does it, or continues a conversation long with one who does. The latter often finds an interesting conversation abruptly waived, closed or declined, by the former, without even suspecting the cause. It is a criterion which never fails to show the breeding of the individual. A well-bred person will not even interrupt one who is in all respects greatly his inferior. If you wish to judge the good breeding of a person with whom you are but slightly acquainted, mark such person strictly in this respect, and you will assuredly not be deceived.

However intelligent, fluent, easy, or even graceful, a person may appear for a short time, if you find such individual guilty of this practice, you will find him or her soon prove uninteresting insipid and coarse. It is one of the surest, and most infallible tests ever applied for any purpose whatever. It is often amusing to see persons priding themselves on the gentility of their manners, and putting forth no little effort to appear to advantage in many other respects, so readily betray all this particular.

SHOOING GOVERNMENT MULES.—In Washington, from 200 to 500 mules and horses are continually waiting for their turn at the shambles. The *modus operandi* in shoeing government mules is novel. The most of these mules being very careful of their feet, will not allow them to be handled. Consequently a machine is built called the "stocks." The mule is pounded into it, two straps under his belly, and then hoisted up, so that his feet will just touch the beams below. In that situation each foot is fastened to the beam below by iron bands—the bands being tightly fastened between the hoof and joint above. After being made secure, he commences his frightful struggle, which lasts until he finds himself powerless, when four workmen approach him, one at each foot, and in five minutes he is "done, finished." There are two of these shops in that vicinity, shoeing about 1000 mules daily.

WHAT NEXT.—A gentleman who has just returned from the borders of the State relates the following: After the rebel cavalry left Chambersburg, on their way towards Gettysburg, when about twelve miles distant from the former place, they met a funeral procession, which they ordered to come to a halt. Dismounting from their own horses, they selected forty-three of the best horses in the procession, and amongst them the horse attached to the hearse. No violence was used; but, to the contrary, the greatest politeness was displayed towards the surprised mourners. At length one of the funeral escort demanded to know by whose orders their horses were thus taken. The reply was, "By order of Gen. McClellan; they are wanted for the army." As soon as the funeral horses were properly secured by their captors, they pursued their way to the Potomac, leaving the afflicted friends to find their way with the corpse to the place of burial as they best might.

THE RAISE OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.—When George III came to the English throne there was a little boy at Frankfurt who did not dream of ever having anything to do, personally, with the sovereigns of Europe. He was in the first stages of training for the Jewish priesthood. His name was Meyer Anselm Rothschild. For some reason or other he was placed in a counting house at Hanover, and he soon discovered what he was fit for. He began humbly as an exchange-broker, and went on to be the banker of the Landgrave of Hesse, whose private fortune he saved by his shrewdness, when Napoleon overran Germany. This incident made his fortune, for he soon became a royal banker, and when he died left a colossal fortune to his five sons; who settled in five great cities of Europe, and who are each richer at this day than their father ever was.

CELEBRATED AUTHORS.—Steele wrote excellently on temperance—when sober. Sallust, who declaimed so eloquently against the licentiousness of the age, was himself a habitual debauchee.—Johnson's essay on politeness is admirable, but he was himself a perfect boor. The gloomy verses of Young give one the blues, but he was briskly lively man. "The comforts of Human Life," by B. Heron, was written in prison, under the most distressing circumstances. "The Miseries of Human Life," by Beresford, were, on the contrary, composed in a drawing room, where the author was surrounded with every luxury. All the friends of Sterne knew him to be selfish man; yet, as a writer, he excelled in pathos and charity, at one time beating his wife, at another wasting his sympathies over a dead monkey. So Seneca wrote in praise of poverty on a table formed of solid gold, with millions let out at usury.

IF it is a bad thing when Generals are fighting and their troops not.

BEARD WEARING.

In his "Five Lay Sermon," Dr. Brown, thus talks of the masculine prerogative:—"I am for beards out and out, because I think the Maker of the beard was and is. This is reason enough; but there are many others. The misery of shaving; its expense, its consumption of time—a vast corporation existing for no other purpose but to shave mankind. Campbell, the poet, who had always a bad razor, I suppose, and was late of rising, said he believed the man of civilization who lived to be sixty, had suffered more pain in litters every day in shaving, than a woman with a large family had from her children."

"This would be hard to prove; but it is a process that never gets pleasanter by practice; and then the waste of time and temper, the ugliness of being ill or unshaven. Now we can easily see advantages in it; the masculine gender is intended to be more out of doors, and more in all weathers than the smooth-chinned ones, and this protects him and his Adam's apple from harm. It acts as the best of all respirators to the mason and the east wind. Besides, it is a glory; and it must be delightful to have and stroke a natural beard, not like bean-stalks or bottle-brush, but such a beard as Abraham's or Abd-el Kader's."

"It is the beginning ever to cut, that makes all the difference. I hazard a theory that no hair of the head or beard should ever be cut, or needs any more than the eyebrows or eyelashes. The finest head of hair I know is one which was never cut. It is not too long, and is soft and thick. The secret where to stop growing is in the end of the native untouched hair. If you cut it off, the poor hair does not know when to stop; and if our eyebrows were so cut they might be made to hang over our eyes, and be wrought into a veil."

"Besides, think of the waste of substance of the body in heaving a way so much hair every morning, and encouraging an endless rotation of crops.—Well, then, I go in for the beards of the next generation, the unshorn beings whose beards will be wagging when we are away; but of course they must be clean. But how are we to sup our porridge and kail? Try it when young, when there is just a shadow down on the upper lip, a woman must expect to hear do all this 'elegantly' even. Nature is slow and gentle in her teaching, even the accomplishment of the spoon."

PLANTING TREES IN FALL.—We find that transplanting fruit trees in the fall is preferred by many, so far as it relates to apples and cherries. For pears and small fruits, spring is better. Our own experience would make the locality, rather than season, the guide in making the selection. In uplands, or other lands of a naturally dry, silicious nature, we should choose autumn; but in moist, heavy or argillaceous soils, spring is undoubtedly the best, without reference to the variety of the fruit. And we should adopt this course whether in regard to shade or fruit trees—always excepting the evergreens, which we do not think do nearly so well in fall as spring.

The best time to transplant in the fall is as soon as the trees are done growing which can be determined by the change of the leaf. By this early operation the roots have time to seize upon the soil before winter sets in, and the tree is thus ready for an early start in the spring, and is also better prepared to the severities of winter. Large trees, especially, should be transplanted very early, or not until the ground is frozen hard.—*German Town Telegraph.*

YANKEE INGENUITY.—A Washington correspondent writes as follows:—"Peddlers of newspapers, pies, cakes and small wares, drive a thriving trade among the soldiers near Washington. Near Fort Richardson a party of men have taken possession of an orchard and cider press, and sell great quantities of the liquor they manufacture to the soldiers. An enterprising firm have started a bone-boiling establishment on the river bank, and are making money by producing a fertilizer from the cast-off bones of the camps. Carts permeate through all the roads and by-paths collecting grease, which is sold to the soap and candlemakers."

COWS HAIR FOR CLOTHING.—In some parts of the South cow's hair is used for the manufacture of clothing, in the place of wool which has become exceedingly scarce. The hair is washed perfectly clean, and pulled or beat so as to have no bunches. After it is dried, it is ready for use. Like wool for ordinary cloth it is used only for filling, and mixed only with about one-third cotton.

A man with a scolding wife, when inquired of respecting his occupation, said he kept a hot-house.

Gen. Mitchell promises to be "restless" in his new command. We hope he will not make the country so.

To whip the rebels is the only way to make England and France bear civil tongue in their mouths.

We know not how long-lived the war may be, but it and the rebellion will perish together.

THE EMPIRE OF HEALTH.—Who Wields its Scepter.

Universal Empire has been the darling object of scores of despotic dynasties, and states, from the time of the Pharaohs to that of Napoleon le Grand. Sewers 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, overtop the highest peak of the Himalayan mountains. Rome came nearest the consummation, yet even she was never, in truth, the absolute "Mistress of the World."

Yet there is a species of universal empire 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 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 Ointment 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 beneficial 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 healing operation of the Ointment.

Surely the noblest of all universal empires is that which stretches its healing sceptre over the maladies of all nations!—*"Day Book."*

ADVISE TO WIVES.—A wife must necessarily learn to form her husband's happiness, in what direction the secret lies; she must not cherish his weaknesses by working upon them; she must not rashly run counter to his prejudice; her motto must be, never to irritate. She must study never to draw largely on the small stock of patience in a man's nature, nor to increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him; never, never, if possible, to have scenes. I doubt much if a real quarrel, even made up, does not loosen the bond between man and wife, and sometimes, unless the affection of both be very sincere, lasting. If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear from most men a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild, as well as stern men, are prone to his exaggeration of language; let not a woman be tempted to say anything sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitterest repentance must needs follow if she do. Men frequently forget what they have said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases; for whilst asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong. Give a little time, as the greatest boon you can bestow, to the irritated feelings of your husband.—*English Matron.*

ELECTIONS take place to-day in Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Iowa. If out will could prevail, not a solitary individual of rebel sympathies would be elected in either of the five States.

The Richmond editors are all in favor of the emblem of the "skull and cross-bones." They have such a fancy for the cross-bones that they are said to write all their editorials cross-legged.

Humphrey's youngest son, his namesake and fac-simile, belly and all, was slightly wounded a few weeks ago, in a skirmish at Newcastle, and the citizens say that he roared like a great bull calf.

Jeff Davis's oppressions are fast becoming intolerable. The frogs, toads, and tadpoles of the rebellion will soon be croaking to heaven for help from the devouring stork.

General McDowell is at Washington, preparing a statement of his case. Centerville was the place where he should have prepared his case for the nation's verdict.

"I want a safeguard," said a violent rebel to General Negley the other day. "Hang out the American flag," replied the General, "that is the best safeguard I know of."

The Golconda (Ill.) Commercial says that Buckner and Tilghman were exchanged for a blind teamster and a lame mule. The Yankees always were sharp at a bargain.

The rebels will soon find their cup of gall and wormwood commended to their own lips. The invaders will be invaded, the despoilers despoiled, the coercors coerced, the hangman hung.

Cesar and Perry are immortalized for their brief announcements of victory.—Gen. Rosecrans has surpassed them both. His dispatch was: "I-ukered the enemy."

Gen. T. W. Sherman, in command at Memphis, has ordered that for every boat that is fired on ten secession families shall be expelled from the city.

Humphrey Marshall's performances have been of the most insignificant character. Humphrey must be the mountain that brought forth a mouse.

LOUISVILLE JOURNALISM.—Poindexter, the rebel chief, held as a prisoner in a Missouri village; has had one of his legs amputated. It is to be hoped the young ladies of the village will be considerate enough to invite him to their next hop.

The Southern papers call the Federals "dirt eaters." 'Tis no wonder they are so much afraid of them. They are, no doubt, apprehensive that the dirt eaters, when they get South, will eat up not only the production of the soil but the soil too.

There is a vast deal of disease in the Southern armies. Dr. Abernethy said that "all human diseases come from two causes, stuffing and fretting." If the fact is so, the rebel troops must fret tremendously, for they certainly don't get much to stuff with.

Kirby Smith made the people of Lexington carry all their cooking-stoves to the foundries to be cast into shot and shell. He probably considered that, as he had seized and appropriated everything they had to cook, their cooking-stoves were to them a superfluity.

It is said that Buckner in the battle of Chaplin Hills, hearing the bullets whistle all around him, sought safety by lying down flat upon his belly. It wasn't the first time by a good many of his getting out of a tight place by lying.

Mrs. Swishem says that the popularity of her paper in Minnesota is due to the fact that people are always expecting she will say something she ought not to. She might add that she is too good-natured to disappoint them.

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