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THE CORN FIELD.

Summer time amid the corn,
Summer odors, eve and morn,
Floating round it every way,
Perfuming night and scented day;
Meadow sweet, whose creamy tress
Is twined with pink convolvulus,
Spotted foxglove, harebell blue,
Forget-me-not, to lovers true,
That grows with wild mint by the stream,
In which their pale blue shadows gleam;
Eye bright white and golden green,
By the rose-a-ruby seen;
Crimson ling and purple heather,
Bending all their heads together
O'er the scarlet pimpernel;
All these throw their mingled smell
Around Summer's fading bowers,
Forming her last wreath of flowers.

Corn rustles on the upland lea,
Like the murmur of the sea
That comes at pleasant eve-tide,
Where the beach winds smooth and wide;
Bird boys call heard loud and long,
Clapper chiming in his song;
From early morn to evening gray
Doth he scare the birds away,
And his cry comes in between
The stop and stir of branches green;
Little pauses, through which creep
Faint jinglings of the bells of sheep;
While the shepherd dog's deep bark
Starts from the corn the frightened lark;
And as the village children sing
While through the cornfields wandering,
Convulvul, and poppies red,
They twine around each other's head.

Sun tanned reapers 'mid the corn,
From the earliest peep of morn,
Long before the dew has dried,
Leaving the worn ears spread wide,
'Till the sun's red rays come down,
And give them that rich golden brown
They wear when bunched in plummy sheaves.
His labor off the reaper leaves,
And on the cool stream's flowery brink,
Lays him down, full length, to drink
In shadow of the woodedholt,
Where the sign browses with her colt.
Like a figure in a dream,
Fast asleep beside the stream,
Lies a maiden by her sickle,
The ripples o'er her bare feet trickle,
While bells 'murmur in the shade,
And lull to sleep the weary maid.
Close at her head the harvest mill
Has on three corn stalks built her house;
Wonder to all learned men
How she feeds her children ten,
In compass of a cricket ball?
How she reaches them at all
Without being smothered? How they rest
In such a small, close woven nest?

Now the barred gate's thrust aside,
Making passage clear and wide
For the heavy laden wain;
Piled so high with ripened grain,
Take toll from the rocking load,
'Till their branches cease to stoop
The weight of gold that from them droop.
In a huge rock beside the grange,
They the heavy sheaves will range,
Placing all the cars inside.
The long tailed field mouse there will hide,
Sleep and feed the winter through,
Without a care about the mow.

In the leafless fields are seen
Rustic groups who've come to glean;
Children always with an eye
To where the dinner baskets lie,
And they think it very hard
Meal-times are so long delayed.
There the pretty village maid,
Who has lately left her place,
Throw the ringlets from her face,
And, as she doth upright stand,
Straightens the long ears in her hand.
The mother, smiling by her side,
Looks on her sunburnt cheeks with pride,
Talks of the days that she has seen,
'And now to think I'm forced to glean!
Talks of the harvest feasts that she
Enjoyed in her prosperity,
Talks—and forgets her poverty.

THE PERPETUAL GAMESTER.

"My love," a childing wife would say,
"You always loost, yet always play:
When will you leave your gambling o'er
And be the sport of chance no more?"
"Madam," said he, "I'll do it when
You cease coquetting with the men."
"Alas! I see," replied the wife,
"You'll be a gambler all your life!"

Old Maids.

Among the foolish prejudices which discredit the judgment of mankind, the prejudice against old maids is one of the most foolish. The fact that a lady is an old maid, is of "ought to be creditable." It is an evidence that she possesses prudence, foresight, and a refined taste; admirable qualities in woman. It is better to be over prudent, particularly cautious, than not prudent and cautious enough. The old maid generally has the virtue of prudence in its perfection—she has had offers of marriage, no doubt—what lady of thirty and upwards has not?—She has rejected several suitors, most likely, and doubtless she had her reasons for so doing. It had been well for many a wedded woman had she practised the same caution. Much better is it to be a happy old maid than a miserable wife. So thought the old maid, and thought correctly, when she rejected Mr. so and so. Perhaps she has lived to see one of her former lovers hanged; another in the penitentiary, and a third in the almshouse. Perhaps one whom she was censured for refusing has since proved a drunkard and a vagrant—or, having succeeded in getting a wife, has made her eminently wretched. All this mischief the old maid may have foreseen, and by her prudence escaped it.

Old maids are often, very often, women of superior minds: and such are most likely to be old maids, for more than one reason. In the first place, they have the discretion to be slow in selecting their partners for life; and as three fourths of mankind have not the qualifications to make good husbands, it may be supposed that a direct and judicious woman will reject three out of four of those who solicit her hand. This of course makes her chances of marriage fewer, but it makes her chance of happiness greater. The second cause why sensible women are apt to become old maids is, that most men dread a sensible woman. It is not uncommon to hear a man, who is not a fool himself, make disparaging remarks concerning "female Solomons." "Plates in petticoats," &c. Who has ever known very highly gifted ladies to be very popular among their male acquaintance?—Men are apt to think talents do not belong to the female mind; and even when they have discernment enough to admire a gifted woman as a friend or occasional companion, they rarely think of making her a companion and a friend for life. All these things tend to show that sensible and gifted women are most likely to be old maids; and the converse of the proposition holds good, with few exceptions—old maids are generally sensible and gifted women.

Where is the woman who knows how to conduct business?—Is she not an old maid?—The most meritorious are almost invariably old maids. Where is the lady who has become eminent in any art or science? In nine cases out of ten she is an old maid. Every year your most celebrated singers and dancers are unmarried; and presumed to be old maids—though they seldom allow themselves to look old. Where is the woman distinguished or celebrated for any thing, from Queen Elizabeth to Miss Martineau? Aye search her out and see an old maid, or something truly wonderful and rare, viz: an exception from a rule very general. Glory to the old maids say we. Let them flourish—let them have statues erected to their honor.

WATER-PROOF BOOTS.—If hot tar is applied to boot soles, it will make them water-proof. Let it be as hot as the leather will bear without injury, applying it with a swab and drying it by fire. The operation may be repeated two or three times during the winter, if necessary. It makes the surface of the leather quite hard, so that it wears longer, or, as well as keeps out the water. Oil or grease softens the sole, and does not do much in keeping the water out. It is a good plan to provide boots for winter during the summer, and prepare the soles by tarring, as they will become before they are wanted to wear, almost as firm as horn, and will wear twice as long as those unprepared.

A NIGHT-CAR BROKEN.—General Robinson is troubled with a class of stragglers who roam out of his lines with the object of being taken prisoners; and then sent home. The General is said to be much incensed at this new contrivance of desertion, and has accordingly issued the most stringent orders against straggling. Those who disobey, and are purposely made prisoners and give their parole will certainly be sent back to Camp Chase with night-caps as their uniform.

Joe Parsons, of Baltimore.

Joe enlisted in the 1st Maryland Regiment, and was plainly a "rough" originally. As we passed along the hall, we first saw him crouched near an open window, lustily singing "I'm a bold soldier boy" and observing the broad bandage over his eyes. "What's your name, my good fellow?" "Joe, sir," he said, "Joe Parsons." "And what is the matter with you?" "Blind, sir—blind as a bat." "In a battle?" "Yes—ab Antietam. Both eyes shot out at once." "Poor Joe was in the battle of Antietam, and a minie ball had passed directly through his eyes, across his face, destroying his sight forever. He was but twenty years old, but he was as a lark!" "It is dreadful," I said. "I'm very thankful I'm alive, sir. It might have been worse, ye see," he continued. "And then he told us his story. 'I was hit,' he said, 'and it knocked me down. I lay there all night, and next day the fight was renewed. I could stand the pain, ye see, but the balls were flying all around, and I wanted to get away. I couldn't see nothin' though so I waited and listened, and at last I heard a feller groanin' beyond me. 'Hello!' says I, 'Hello, yourself,' says he. 'Who be yer?' says I—'So I am,' says I. 'What's the matter with you?' My leg's smashed,' says he. 'Can't yer walk?' 'No.' 'Can yer see?' 'Yes,' says he, 'of I ken. Then I says, Well, ole butter, I can't see nothin'. My eyes are knocked out, but I ken walk. Come over yere. Let's get out of this. You pint the way, as I'll tote yer of the field on my back.' Bully for you I says he. And so we managed to get together. We shook hands on it. I took a walk outen his camp, and he got on to my shoulders. I did the walkin' for both and he did the navigatin'. And if he didn't make me carry him straight into a rebel colonel's tent a mile away, I'm a liar. However, the colonel came up, and says he, 'Whar'd yer come come from? whar be yer?' I told him. He said I was done for, and couldn't do no more sloopin'; and sent me over to our lines. So after three days, I came down here with the wounded boys, where we're doin' pretty well, all things consid'ered."

"But you will never see the light again, my poor fellow!" I suggested sympathetically. "That's so," he answered glumly; "but I can't help it, you notice. I did my dooty, and shot pop in the eye—and that's my misfort'n, but by fault—as the ole man said to his blind hoss. But I'm a bold soldier boy."

He continued, cheerily renewing his song; and we left him his singular meritorious "Pop," sightless, mule-like, but stout-hearted "Joe Parsons."—*Alexander's Correspondence Boston Traveller.*

THE NEUTRONIC BACCHUS.—They certainly know how to drink in Germany, whatever we may say as to their taste in eating; for their warden maintain that horses make better beef than cows, and that a sirloin from the flank of a Bismarck is superior to a porter-house cut from the best "brindle" in existence. The "gout of Young Germany" therefore, we cannot always endorse, when it comes to the more solid supplies of the table. In the matter of drink, however, room for the Teutons. The "stalwart English," as Richardson calls him, can do well in this respect; but your substantial German can excel him unquestionably. Here, in the city of New York, it has been proved in court, that some Teutons actually enjoy a seven-gallon keg of lager-beer per day; and at a late banquet in Vienna, eighteen hundred men drank ten hundred and fifty bottles of champagne; thirty-six hundred bottles of other wines, and eighty cases of beer. If these cases held, as is stated, one hundred gallons each, each banquet must have imbibed, on an average, two and a half bottles of wine and four and a half gallons of beer. If this is not "drinking," and to some purpose, we should like to see it exceeded. Where they can put so much bibbible matter, unless it be in their boots, it puzzles us to imagine.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

If Humphrey Marshall wants to crush the Union cause in Kentucky, he had better sit down upon it. The war has made a nation of mourners, but we thank God we have not yet to mourn a lost Union.

Perilous Experiment.

READ, IF YOU WOULD LIVE.—Our public hospitals need reform. Neither the food nor the treatment of their inmates is what it ought to be. The great object in most of these institutions seems to be, to doctor the sick at the least possible expense. As Captain Bunsby might say, "if they live so, if they die so, also." The worst feature of the whole is, that the patients are used as living subjects for young practitioners to experiment upon. These doctors of the medical school expect to obtain the knowledge necessary to private practice by testing the properties and powers of medicines upon the helpless wretches placed under their charge. Dony this who will, we know it to be true.

For our own part, we are far from placing implicit faith in the prescriptions of the faculty. An contrary, we have infidelity more confidence in the world-prevaling remedies of Professor Halloway, than in all the tinctures, decoction, anodynes, and cathartics recommended in the professional text-books. Doubtless, the egotistic nabobs at the head of some of our medical institutions, would denigrate his Pills and Ointment, as empirical preparations. But we say, no. Empirical experiment upon the diseased system; but he does not. He claims the trust and confidence of invalids on sure grounds—and unbroken series of cures, embracing all internal and external complaints, and running through no less a period than the century. Can imagination conceive of more conclusive testimony than this? Does not such a voucher, bearing the indorsement of the sick in every clime and backed by the favorable opinions and friendly decrees of some of the leading governments of Europe, carry more weight with it than a whole stack of diplomas?—*Sunday Times.*

WORKING DUFF.—Japan varies in very good thing in its way; but the Japanese ambassadors have not been able, in London, to furnish over their hotel bills as nicely as they did in New York. Here, they persuaded our city authorities to get only liquidate all their extravagant obligations, but to get up a magnificent ball and banquet, and saddle all the expenses upon the public treasury. In London, they ran up an enormous hotel bill, as usual, lived like "Arabian Night" princes, and presumed to hand over the sum total to Mr. John Bull for settlement. But Mr. Bull is not so impulsive nor so chivalric as Brother Jonathan. He commonly investigates the items in an account before he liquidates. In this case, Mr. Bull promptly refused to be responsible for debts he had no voice or hand in incurring, and the Japanese were decidedly "stuck." We can't help suspecting that Mr. Bull was right. These Japanese embassies are superb humbugs. The United States was fooled "to the top of its bent" by one of them, and Europe, generally, has been as completely imposed upon by another. Great Britain has respectably declined to become a dupes in the premises, and a remarkable proof it is of her business sagacity. Let us take a hint from it.—*N. Y. Exchange.*

WELL-SERVED.—A pastor, was making a call on an old lady, who made it an habitual rule never to speak ill of another, and had observed it so closely that she always justified those whom she heard evil spoken of. Before the old lady made her appearance in the parlor, her several children were speaking of this peculiarity of their mother, and one of them playfully added, "Mother has such a habit of speaking well of every body; that I believe if Satan himself were the subject of conversation, mother would find out some virtue or good quality even in him." Of course, this remark elicited some smiling and merriment at the originality of the idea, in the midst of which the old lady entered the room, and on being told what had just been said, she immediately and involuntarily replied, "Well, my dear children, I wish we all had Satan's industry and perseverance."

We guess that the rebel government will find Humphrey Marshall an unprofitable speculation. It is a notorious fact that nobody could ever make him pay. Our troops who are waging war against the Indians on the prairies complain that they can find no trees to hang the red devils on. The Grenada Appeal denies that General Bishop Polk is generally drunk.—We suppose then he is always particularly so.

LOUISVILLE JOURNALISMS.—The Democrat suggests the expediency of shutting the Confederates up in Virginia.

But would it be quite constitutional to make a position of the Old Dominion? The Gratiot (Miss.) Appeal quotes the Chattanooga Rebel as saying that the ladies of that place intend to use their surplus garments in making comforts for the soldiers if they can get cotton to line them with. Now we don't think that it is either chivalric or fair for the rebel soldiers to be dressed by the ladies in surplus chemises, petticoats, and crinolines. It looks like taking petticoat protection. How are our troops to know whether they are encountering in the field an army of men or of women? A rebel lady writing to the Richmond Examiner about what she saw on the field near Circleville after the battle, says, "There lay a bloody sword, there a bruised pistol, and next perhaps a musket with its lock shattered or its breech broken off." We fear that her modesty was sadly shocked if she saw many guns or "sons of guns" without their breeches.

And so General Hindman, the great Arkansas fire-eater, the terrible fellow who has talked cannon balls and bomb shells, breathed swords, pikes, and bayonets, belched powder and gun-cotton, and hiccupped blue flames and brimstone has got into an Arkansas jail as a thief in law for the instability of rebel greatness.

The Richmond Examiner says that a Southern lady, with a riding whip alone, can disperse a dozen Federals. If she were very good looking and rode gracefully, and twirled her riding whip prettily, and sported her hat jauntily, and wore her cotton temptingly, she might probably take a dozen young fellows like an captive.

Twelve pairs of boots, containing twelve bottles of whiskey, were taken from beneath the crinoline of a female fugitive at Memphis recently; fast as she was passing into Dixie. There are sometimes nice things within the broad circumference of crinolines. But alas! they are lost to our country.

That big rascal Humphrey Marshall complains bitterly that in every military movement, he is "obstructed" by his superior in command. As to be obstructed is to be damned, we suppose we may say of Humphrey (notwithstanding the rather ugly sound of words) that he is damned rascal.

An artist tells somewhere of a boy who was placed with him by his father for the purpose of being made an historical painter. The poor lad was found crying bitterly in his studio, over his clumsy drawing. "What is the matter?" said the artist. "Boo-boo-boo," sobbed the boy. "What do you mean?" "I can't draw," said the boy.

Humphrey Marshall said in a speech at Frankfort the other day that Kentucky was not worth one drop of Confederate blood. I would guess he is afraid that the attempt to conquer her will cause a "long drop" of his huge carcass from a high platform.

It is said that a large portion of Blagg's troops lately in the neighborhood of Nashville were so destitute of clothing that no woman—except perhaps strong-minded rebel women—could venture to visit the camps.

One Col. J. Harness advises through a Little Rock paper, that "every Federal prisoner taken in battle shall be shot the moment the battle is over." We have often heard of this in harness, and here it is in harness.

Mr. Buchanan expressed the opinion that Gen. Scott must to some extent have forgotten what occurred during the last administration. Mr. Buchanan might well pray God for power to forget it himself.

Gen. Hindman is in jail after all. We thought it quite strange that the rebel authorities should imprison him for stealing. They might rather be expected to imprison him if he would stand by them.

The Charleston Mercury says, "The Yankees love the nigger." The complexion of a large portion of the white population of the South is a pretty strong indication that the Chivalry love the nigger.

Commodore Porter promises the opening of the Mississippi as a Christmas present to the United States. If he keeps his promise he will be Santa Claus worth talking about.

THE SECRETARY AND THE SOLDIERS.

It is about twenty years since one of the members of the present Cabinet was a member of Congress from a distant western state. He had the usual right of designating a single candidate for admission to the West Point Academy. The applications made to him for a vacancy which then existed were not many but among them was a letter from a boy of seventeen years of age, who, without any accompanying recommendations or references, asked the appointment of himself. The member dismissed the appeal from his mind, with perhaps a passing thought of the forwardness and impudence of the stripling who could aspire to such a place on no other grounds than his desire to get a good education at the public expense.

But happening a short time afterwards to be in the little village, whence the letter was mailed, the incident was recalled to his memory, and he thought he would beguile the few hours of leisure that he had by looking up the ambitious youth. He made his way by dint of much inquiry, to a small tailor's shop on outskirts of the town, and when he was admitted at the door he found a boy sitting cross-legged upon the tailor's bench, mending a rent in an old pair of pantaloons. But this lad had another occupation besides his manual toil. Near by, on a small block of wood, rested a book of abstract science, to which he turned his eyes whenever they could be transferred from the work in his hands. The member accosted him by the name given in the letter, and the lad replied, "I am the person." "You wish, then, to be appointed a cadet at West Point?" "I do," he rejoined. "Why?" asked the Congressman. "Because," answered the tailor youth, "I feel that I was born for something better than mending old clothes." The member talked a further while with him, and was so pleased with his frankness, his spirit, and the rare intelligence he evinced, that he procured him the appointment.

The member is the Secretary Smith, of Indiana, and the youth General Burnside, Commander in Chief of the Army of the Potomac. We should not be surprised if that boy—an excellent specimen of our northern youths—were destined to hoist the American flag to its old place on the Capital at Richmond.

WHISKEY AND NEWSPAPERS.—A glass of whiskey is manufactured from perhaps a dozen grains of corn, the value of which is too small to be estimated. A pint of this mixture sells for one shilling, and if of a good brand, is considered well worth the money. It is drunk in a minute, or two—it fires the brain, sharpens the appetite, oranges and weakens the physical system. On the same cardboard upon which this delicious beverage is served lies a newspaper. It is covered with half a million of type, it brings intelligence from the four quarters of the globe. The newspaper costs less than the glass of grog—the juice of a few grains of corn; but it is a large portion of the community who think corn juice cheap and the newspaper their friend at home.

A soldier who lost a leg in battle was married the other day in Nashville. We congratulate him. A single leg is hard enough for one, but three will answer pretty well for two.

The Richmond papers announce that Gen. Bragg has been confined. We hope he will be delivered of something better than his late pronouncements.

The Editor of the Boston Courier says, "The law is mightier than the sword." If he were to have both sides on him, he might be mightier than either.

The Petersburg Express boasts that a rebel sharp-shooter named Jay shot four Yankees in one skirmish. His mug must be a poppin' one.

The Secretary of the War is asking for bread and receiving a stone. The rebels ask for salt and give them saltpetre.

The Editor of the Richmond Whig threatens to print fifty thousand copies of "The Virginia Soil." What that should come up!

Stupidity is considered a valuable quality in a soldier. We guess the rebels will be cool enough this coming winter.

Those who commend Humphrey Marshall's talents so extravagantly do not properly distinguish between talent and tallow.