

# The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal: Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, News of the Day, Local Intelligence, &c.

F. L. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

Established April 11, 1854.

VOL. NINE.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1863.

NO. 26.

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

OFFICE on Front Street, a few doors east  
of Mrs. Flury's Hotel, Marietta, Lancaster  
County, Pennsylvania.

TERMS, One Dollar a year, payable in advance, and if subscriptions be not paid within six months the \$1.25 will be charged, but if delayed until the expiration of the year, \$1.50 will be charged.

No subscription received for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

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## THE CHILDLESS MOTHER.

With one hand pressed against her head,  
This, to herself, the lady said:

But Sorrow cannot always weep,  
Nor Grief be ever making moan!  
For tears will dry, and sighs will sleep,  
And Memory be left all alone;  
To pace the chamber of the mind—  
With gloomy shadows overcast—  
And see if she can soothed find,  
Among those pictures of the past,  
With which it every where is hung,  
The living mingling with the dead;  
And round the shifting circle swung  
So quick—I look on all in dread.

Thus over on the past I gaze,  
What was, still linked to what is now,  
Like one, who in a widening maze  
Goes round about, but knows not how;  
I sleep! but in my love awake,  
Still feel about for him in bed,  
Shifting my arm, as if to make  
A pillow for his pretty head,  
And in my dreams again I fold  
My darling closer to my bosom;  
Then wake to find the spot is cold  
Where nestled once my blue-eyed blossom.

His form in many a thing I see,  
In many a sound I seem to hear him  
Calling, as he once called to me,  
And start, as if I still were near him,  
As when I hummed some plaintive ditty,  
Of babes who in the woods lay dead,  
And woke his childish tears of pity—  
The only happy tears we shed.

Quiet doth now the kitten lie,  
Which he in turn did tease and nurse;  
It played about when he was by;  
Still is the creaking rocking horse,  
Of which I did so oft complain,  
When mounted there he shook the floor.

Oh! could I have thee back again,  
My child! I ne'er would murmur more;  
That rocking woke the bird,  
And it would sing, and thou wouldst shout  
Until the very house seemed stirred;  
New—a sad silence hangs about,  
Made sadder if that poor bird sings;  
I fix my eyes upon the door,  
For back another voice it brings,  
Whose music I shall hear no more.

Worse than a desert unto me  
My garden seems; I sit for hours,  
And all the while I only see  
A little coffin filled with flowers;  
And then sometimes I sit and mend  
The garments in thy gambols torn;  
And while I o'er them fondly bend,  
Forget they will be no more worn;  
Think how this rent was made in my play,  
And that while climbing on my knee;  
And then I throw the work away,  
And clasp my hands in misery.

The mat on which thou knelt'st to pray,  
My folded hands enclosing thine,  
I now bow down on thine a day;  
To me it is a holy shrine;  
I doze at times, and Fancy brings  
His footsteps sounding on the stair;  
His little hands untie my strings,  
His busy fingers pull my hair;  
And then I waken with a start,  
And wonder how the inward eye  
Makes such a fluttering at the heart,  
Then say, "This love can never die."

I fondly hoped I should have seen  
Thy children gathering round my knee;  
Pictured the comfort they'd have found  
In my old age to thee and me,  
With her thou to thy heart wouldst fold;  
But while I sat and wove the chain  
In fancied links of lengthening gold,  
It suddenly was snapped in twain.

I saw thee in my dreams last night,  
Sitting beside a starry gate,  
'Mid other children robed in light,  
Who for their mothers seemed to wait,  
As if they feared to go alone,  
Where golden pillars stretched away,  
Lost in the brightness of a throne;  
And in my dreams I heard thee say,  
"My mother now will soon be here;  
She is already on her way."

And then I seemed to enter there,  
And thou didst lead me by the hand,  
And to an angel named my name,  
Who by the starry gate did stand;  
And while I hung my head in shame,  
And feared he would not let me in,  
I heard these pleading words from thee—  
"Angel! my mother's greatest sin,  
While upon earth, was loving me!"  
And then we knelt at his feet,  
While heavenly music 'gan to sound;  
And voices, for this earth too sweet,  
Anthem'd within, "The lost is found!"

## A Word about Dress.

One the gravest mistakes in our dress is the very thin covering of our arms and legs. No physiologist can doubt that the extremities require as much covering as the body. A fruitful source of disease; of congestion in the head, chest, and abdomen, is found in the nakedness of the arms and legs, which prevents a fair distribution of the blood.

A young lady has just asked me what she can do for her very thin arms. She says she is ashamed of them. I felt of them through the thin lace covering, and found them freezing cold. I asked her what she supposed would make muscles grow. "Exercise," she replied. "Certainly but exercise makes them grow only by giving them more blood. Six months of vigorous exercise would do less to give those naked, cold, arms circulation than would a single month, were they warmly clad."

The value of exercise depends upon the temperature of the muscles. A cold gymnasium is unprofitable. Its temperature should be between sixty and seventy, for the limbs should be warm. I know that our servant girls and blacksmiths, by constant and vigorous exercise, acquire large, fine arms, in spite of their nakedness. And if young ladies will labor as hard from morning till night, as do these useful classes they may have as fine arms; but even then it is doubtful if they would get rid of their congestions in the head, lungs, and stomach without more dress upon the arms and legs.

Perfect health depends upon perfect circulation. Every living thing that has the latter, has the former. Put your hand under your dress upon your arm. Now put your hand upon your arm. If you find the body is warmer than the arm, you have lost the equilibrium of circulation. The head too much blood, producing headache or sense of fullness; or the chest has too much blood, producing cough, rapid breathing, pain in the side, or palpitation of the heart; or the stomach has too much blood, producing indigestion; or the liver has too much blood, producing some disturbance; or the bowels have too much blood, producing constipation or diarrhoea. Any or all of these difficulties are temporarily relieved by immersion of the feet or hands in hot water, and they are permanently relieved by such dress and exercise of the extremities as will make the derivation permanent.

Again I say the extremities require as much clothing as the body. Women should dress their arms and legs with one or two thicknesses of knit woolen garments which fit them. The absurdity of loose flowing sleeves and wide-spread skirts, I will not discuss.

Do you ask why the arms and legs may not become accustomed to exposure like the face. I answer, God has provided the face with an immense circulation, because it must be exposed. A distinguished physician of Paris declared, just before his death, "I believe that during the twenty-six years I have practised my profession in this city, twenty thousand children have been borne to the cemetery, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of naked arms." When in Harvard many years ago, I heard the distinguished Dr. J. C. Warren say, "Boston sacrifices five hundred babies every year, by not clothing their arms." Those little arms should have thick, knit woolen, warm sleeves extending from the shoulder to the hand.—*Dr. Dio Lewis.*

The convention of Western paper manufacturers held their first meeting in Chicago, on the 3d ult., and their second on the 23d ult. At the latter there were exhibited several samples of pulp made from straw, corn husks, sorghum and bass-wood. The experiments are to be prosecuted to a more successful test. Messrs. Butler and Hunt, at St. Charles, and Mr. Boardley, at Elkhardt, and two mills at Beloit, Wis., are engaged in efforts to introduce a cheaper article for the manufacture of paper than rags afford. There are thirty-five paper mills in five of the North western States.

A precocious youth in a country town in this State had arrived at the age of nine years, when his father sent him to school. He stood beside the teacher to repeat the letters of the alphabet. "What's that?" "That's a harrier," vociferated the urchin. "No, that's A." "A." "Well, what's the next?" "Ox-yoke." "No, it's B." "That's neither! It's an ox-yoke. Croch' all hemlock! Think I don't know?"

## Politeness Necessary Among Friends.

The common fallacy is, that intimacy dispenses with the necessity of politeness. The truth is just the opposite of this. The more points of contact there are, the more danger of friction there is, and the more carefully should people guard against it. If you see a man only once a month, it is not of so vital importance that you do not trench on his rights, tastes, or whims. He can bear to be crossed or annoyed occasionally. If he does not have a very high regard for you, it is comparatively unimportant because your paths are generally so diverse. But you and the man with whom you dine every day have it in your power to make each other exceedingly uncomfortable. A very little dropping will wear away rock, if it only keep at it. The thing that you would not think of if it occurred only twice a year, becomes an intolerable burden when it happens twice a day. This is where husbands and wives run aground. They take too much for granted. If they would but see that they have something to gain, something to save, as well as something to enjoy, it would be better for them; but they proceed on the assumption that their love is an inexhaustible tank, and not a fountain depending for its supply on the stream that trickles into it. So, for every little annoying habit, or weakness, or fault, they draw on the tank without being careful to keep the supply open, till they awake one morning to find the pump dry, and, instead of love, at best, nothing but a cold habit of complacency. On the contrary, the more intimate friends become, whether married or unmarried, the more scrupulously should they strive to repress in themselves everything annoying, and to cherish both in themselves and each other everything pleasing. While each should draw on his love to neutralize the faults of his friend, it is suicidal to draw on his friend's love to neutralize his own faults. Love should be cumulative, since it cannot be stationary. If it does not increase, it decreases. Love, like confidence, is a plant of slow growth, and of most exotic fragility. It must be constantly and tenderly cherished. Every noxious and foreign element must be carefully removed from it. All sunshine, and sweet airs, and morning dews, and evening showers must breathe upon it perpetual fragrance, or it dies into a hideous and repulsive deformity, fit only to be cast out and trodden under foot of men, while, properly cultivated, it is a Tree of Life.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

TOM THUMB'S MARRIAGE is the irrefragable Barnum's last bid for a sensation, and his success in getting long articles about it in the morning papers promises a new and money-making demonstration of Barnumism. As the story is now put forth, the famous Bridgeport dwarf, who is worth a cool hundred thousand, has fallen in love with her, dwarfship, Miss Lavinia Warren, the last "card" of the Museum, and peremptorily demands her hand in marriage. He is here to urge his suit, and having been conditionally accepted by the little thing, has sent to her parents, at Middleborough, for their consent. To intensify the present attractions of Miss Lavinia, who is not drawing the crowds that General Thumb will not allow Lavinia to be exhibited for money after their marriage, but will immediately convey her to Europe, there to be introduced to his old friends, the illustrious crowned heads. All this, you will notice, sounds very Barnumish, and will probably be followed by a public marriage of the dwarfs on the stage, (at the Academy of Music, perhaps,) with a great crowd to visit the characteristic *coup de theatre*. Then, of course, the diminutive pair will be induced, for a fabulous sum, to appear together at the Museum, whether all New York will go to see them. With Websterian pertinacity, Mr. Barnum "still lives."—*New York correspondence of the Press.*

UNDER FIRE.—A French soldier, who first smelt gunpowder at the battle of Solferino, thus describes his sensations: "How each shot electrifies you! It is like a whip, on a racer's legs. The balls whistle past you, turn up the earth around, kill one, wound another, and you hardly notice them. You grow intoxicated, the smell of gunpowder mounds to your brain. The eye becomes bloodshot, and the look is fixed upon the enemy. There is something of all the passions in that terrible passion excited in a soldier by the sight of blood and the tumult of battle."

## Home Tyrants.

Thackeray never spoke truer words than in describing the domestic Gorilla, (one of whom we have in our mind's eye,) which he does in the following language: "For his rule over his family and for his conduct to his wife and children, subjects over whom his power is monarchical, any one who watches the world must think with trembling of the account which many a man will have to render. For in our society there is no law to control the king of the fireside. He is master of property, happiness, life almost. He is free to punish, to make happy or unhappy, to ruin or to torture. He may kill his wife gradually and be no more questioned than the grand seigneur who drowns a slave at midnight. He may make slaves and hypocrites of his children, or freemen; or drive them into revolt and enmity against the natural law of love. I have heard politicians and coffeehouse wiseacres talking over the newspapers and railing at the 'tyranny' of the emperor, and wondered how these, who are monarchs too in their way, govern their own dominions at home, where each man reigns absolute. When the annals of each little reign are shown the 'Supreme Master under whom we hold sovereignty' histories will be laid bare of household tyrants' cruel as Amurath, savage as Nero, and reckless and desolate as Charles."

TOM THUMB'S MARRIAGE to little Lavinia Warren, as invented, ordered, prescribed, and engineered by the all-prevailing Barnum, is officially announced to take place on the 10th of next month, at a fashionable up-town church. Gorgeous cards of invitation will be issued to local aristocracy and to the friends and relatives of the parties, admitting them to the sanctuary, and also to the subsequent "reception" of the happy pair at one of the hotels. After the reception, the bride party will start for Philadelphia, there to rest themselves until they shall be ready for Baltimore and Washington. For make the "sensation" particularly striking, the ceremonies will be conducted with all the pomp and circumstance of a full-grown "diamond wedding," special Jenkins being employed to extol the beauty of the bride's complexion, dress and ornaments; the magnificence of the bridegroom, and the superlative aristocracy of the equipages attendant.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The following beautiful thoughts are from the pen of Geo. D. Prentice:

There is but a breath of air and a beat of the heart between this world and the next. And in the brief interval of painful awful suspense while we feel that death is present with us, and that we are powerless and he all powerful, and the last pulsation here is but the prelude to endless life hereafter, we feel in the midst of the stunning calamity about to befall us that earth has no compensating good to mitigate the severity of our loss. But there is no grief without some beneficent provision to soften its intensity. When the good and the lovely die, the memory of their deeds, like the moonbeams, on the stormy sea lights up our darkened hearts and lead to the "surrounding gloom" a beauty so and so sweet, that we would not if we could, dispel the darkness that environs it.

Among the strangers on the floor of the United States House of Representatives, one day last week, was a rebel prisoner, a cousin of Mr. Garnett, of Virginia, who used to make fire-eating speeches in Congress. The prisoner was one of Stuart's Cavalry, and out from the Old Capitol prison on parole. As he was not known by the doorkeeper, he was admitted to the floor of the House to see Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, who is lame, and cannot go outside to see callers. Some one speedily recognized the prisoner as an old Virginia fire-eater and a doorkeeper went up to him and asked if he was not a rebel. He acknowledged that he was. "I am out on parole," said he, "and a d—d mean parole it is, a Yankee parole," whereupon the doorkeeper thought it was about time to invite him out of the hall. The Peace Democrats present, if they had known the facts, would, doubtless, have invited him to take a seat of honor among them.

There are no less than eighty-five languages spoken in New York City by natives of as many different nations.

Soldiers don't win laurel-leaves by leaves of absence.

The cheapest of lawyers—Keeping one's own counsel.

## Gentleman Courtships.

BY LADY BLESSINGTON.  
GENERAL CONDOP.

There is no character more contemptible than what is called a general lover. He can have no magnanimity of mind, and resigns all pretensions to dignity. He is an imitator, and commonly a very poor one, of the vain and heartless who have gone before him. He is generally laughed at by both sexes, and what would be most annoying to his self-complacency, by those whom he seeks to conquer. No one thinks seriously about him, except when he succeeds in sacrificing the peace of some victim to his selfishness and vanity.

A young man should be very careful how he gasconades in the presence of ladies. If he boasts of his qualifications, be they what they may, his fair critics will be sure to find out his real pretensions. They are quick to intuition in matters of this nature, and their skill in making a fop and a boaster; ridiculous, is far greater than that possessed by men. He who is in the habit of talking before the fair sex of his accomplishments, courage, connexions, and especially of his gallantries, is generally a weak and not very truthful pretender, and those who hear, know and test him accordingly.

To enter with seeming candor into the society of ladies, and then to mistake the mere amenities of good breeding for special attentions, is the part of pitiable vanity, but to affect to mistake such kindness for feelings of deeper interest, and then to make these assumed conquests, the subject of boasting in other quarters; is the part of a mean and dishonorable man, in whose face the menials of respectable families should be instructed to shut the door. He is beneath the attention of fathers and brothers, and the natural protectors of weakness and innocence.

DRESS. In dress, a lover, must be guided by his good sense and taste, more than by any rules which can be laid down. Extremes, however, should be avoided. Excessive elaborateness in dress is absurd, where intercourse is frequent and confidential, while carelessness is disrespectful. It would be ridiculous to see a young man dressed out on every visit as for a levee day, or drawing-room; but certainly it would not be complimentary to appear always in undress, as if the trouble of moderate decoration was more than the occasion required. An elegant and manly simplicity, is perhaps the best standard; particularly where the lady has discernment and taste.

## PROPOSAL TO THE LADY.

When a young man admires a lady, and thinks her society necessary to his happiness, it is proper before committing himself, or inducing the object of his admiration to do so, to apply to her Parents or Guardians for permission to address her; this is a becoming mark of respect, and the circumstances must be very peculiar which would justify a deviation from this course. This mode of proceeding is perfectly consistent with the highest regard, and moreover indicates an honorable and delicate concern for the feelings and happiness of the lady. Should parents or guardians prove unreasonable or obstinately hostile, it will still be a source of satisfaction, and will prevent subsequent reproach, that no point of respectful and honorable observance has been willfully omitted.

There is no rule without an exception, especially in matters of the heart, and there may be circumstances in which an attachment is formed, so rapidly and imperceptibly, that the affections are engaged and mutual pledges virtually if not actually exchanged, before any considerations of prudence have had time to be weighed. This state of things is always undesirable, though perhaps not always to be guarded against. When matters have proceeded the length described, it then becomes the gentleman to lose no time in communicating with the parents or guardians of the young lady, frankly stating his wishes and making known his pretensions and proposals.

Everything secret and unacknowledged is to be avoided, as the reputation of a clandestine intercourse is always more or less injurious through life. The romance evaporates, but the memory of indiscretion survives.

We cannot have all things our own way; some things must be allowed to God's way.

Dandruff is a vegetable formation in the human system.

## An Excellent Custom.

In Munich, Germany, all boys found in the streets asking alms, are taken to an asylum established for that purpose. As soon as they enter the door, and before having been cleaned, or their dirty clothes removed, a portrait of each one is taken, representing him in the same form as when found begging. When the portrait is finished, he is cleansed, and presented with a new and neat suit of clothes. After going through a regular course of education, appointed by the directors of the asylum, they are put to learn a trade, at which they work until they have earned enough to liquidate all their expenses from the first day they entered the institution. When this is completed, they are dismissed from the institution, to gain their own livelihood. At the same time, the portrait, taken when they first entered, is presented to them; which they swear they will preserve as long as they live, in order that they may remember the abject condition from which they have been redeemed, and the obligations which they are under to the institution for having saved them from misery, and given them the means of feeding themselves for the future.

## Going Through the Motions.

There was a fellow who, unfortunately for himself and family, from being a pretty good husband, took to drinking, and soon became an idle, trifling vagabond. Coming home one night, after having, as usual, been on a debauch, he began to call lustily—

"Wife! wife! I say, give me some supper!"

The poor wife who, while she could do so provided food for the family by her own toil; informed him, with tears in her eyes, that there was nothing to make a supper out of.

"What," said he, "haven't you a piece of cold meat?"

"No!"

"Give me a crust of bread, then."

He was told there was nothing.

"What I have you nothing—nothing?"

"Nothing at all," replied the poor wife, not even a crumb."

After a pause—"Very well, very well! give me a clean plate, knife and fork. By Jupiter! I will go through the motions anyhow, if I starve afterwards!"

AN ISLAND OF SALT.—The salt works that Com. Buchanan attempted to destroy at Petit Anse, Western Louisiana, proved to be only a storehouse for rock salt, which constitutes almost the bulk of the island. The discovery of this remarkable salt-mine has only recently been made. The immense value of this mine of wealth can scarcely be realized. A million dollars was offered to its owner by a company of persons in the neighborhood, but refused. This island of salt—possibly three or four miles long and one wide, of irregular form, and covered from fifteen to twenty feet with rich soil—bears on its surface immense pecan and live oak trees.—Some 500 prisoners and deserters have from time to time come into possession of Com. Buchanan; also large quantities of sugar; also 300 bales of cotton, and some other articles of value.

COMING EVENTS.—We notice that some very knowing wiseacres are already busy in predicting what may, and what may not occur during the year upon which we have just entered. Without countenancing their correctness we insert the following specimens of their shrewdness. It is asserted that the year 1863 will be a very eventful one—to every maiden who gets married.—Throughout the whole course of the moon waxes the night become dark. Whoever falls in love this year will think his sweetheart an angel—and whoever gets married will find out whether its true or not. He that loses his hair this year will be bald—and he that loses his wife will certainly be a widower.

SHARP PRACTICE.—At the poor house in Pittsford, Massachusetts, two paupers, respectively sixty-seven and fifty-four years of age, were recently married. The reason given by the overseer of the poor for this proceeding, is that he was crowded for room, and gained the use of an apartment by the marriage.

Good diet makes healthy children and the South Sea Islanders think that healthy children make good diet.

There is a man in Virginia who is so aristocratic that he has cut his own acquaintance.