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F. L. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—All who have friends and relatives in the Army or Navy, should take special care, that they be amply supplied with these Pills and Ointment; and where the brave Soldiers and Sailors have neglected to provide themselves with them, no better present can be sent them by their friends. They have been proved to be the Soldier's never-failing friend in the hour of need.

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Will soon disappear by the use of these invaluable Pills, and the Soldier will quickly acquire additional strength. Never let the bowels be either confined or unduly acted upon. It may seem strange that Holloway's Pills should be recommended for Dysentery and Flux, many persons supposing that they would increase the relaxation of the bowels, a great mistake, for these Pills will correct the liver and stomach and thus remove all the acid humors from the system. This medicine will give tone and vigor to the whole organic system, however debilitated, while health and strength follow as a matter of course. Nothing will stop the relaxation of the bowels so sure as this famous medicine.

VOLUNTARIERS ATTENTION!

Sores and Ulcers, Blotches and Swellings can with certainty be radically cured if the Pills are taken night and morning, and the Ointment be freely used as stated in the printed instructions. If treated in any other manner they dry up in one part to break out in another. Whereas this Ointment will remove the former from the system and leave the Patients in vigorous and healthy man. It will cure as little perseverance in bad cases to insure a lasting cure.

For Wounds either occasioned by the Bayonet, Sabre or Bullet, Sore or Bruises.

To which every Soldier and Sailor are liable, there are no medicines so safe, sure and convenient as Holloway's Pills and Ointment. The poor wounded and almost dying sufferer might have his wounds dressed immediately, if he would only provide himself with this matchless Ointment, which should be thrust into the wound and smeared all around it, then cover it with a piece of linen from his knapsack and compressed with a handkerchief. Taking night and morning 6 or 8 Pills, to cool the system and prevent inflammation.

Every Soldier's Knapsack and Seaman's Chest should be provided with these valuable Remedies.

IMPORTANT CAUTION!—None are genuine unless the words "HOLLOWAY, NEW YORK and LONDON," are distinctly stamped in the center of every leaf of the book of directions, around each pot or box; the same may be plainly seen by holding the leaf to the light. A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same, knowing them to be spurious.

Sold at the Manufactory of Professor Holloway, 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world, in pots, at 25c, 50c, and \$1 each.

N.B.—Directions and the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each pot.

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At very short notice and at prices to suit the times. He can be found at his mother's residence on the corner of Chesnut and Second streets, a few doors below the M. E. Church, and immediately opposite the old Oberlin Coach Works. [Aug. 3-ly]

CHEAP LAMPS.

A FRESH SUPPLY OF
Coal Oil Lamps and Lanterns of every pattern, suitable for the Parlor, the kitchen and the Chamber; Hanging and Side Lamps for Halls, Churches, Stores and Offices. Having purchased them from the manufacturers in large quantities at the lowest cash rates, we can sell them much under the usual retail prices, although every other description of goods are advancing.

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O'Leary, over Taylor & McDowell's Book
Store, Columbia. Entrance between the Drug
and Book Stores.
Columbia, May 1, 1862-17.

TRIFLES.

How is it that o'er the strongest mind,
That trifles hold such sway?
A word—nay, e'en a look unkind,
May darken all life's day.

Oh! in this world of daily care,
The thousands that have erred,
Can any hardship better bear
Than they can bear a word.

The man who with heroic heart
Can stern misfortune meet,
Undimmedly perform his part,
And struggle against defeat,
With faith unaltered—yet can lose
His temper, e'en for ought
Which falls not as his will would choose,
Or proves not what he sought.

And woman can forgive a wrong,
Which casts her on the world,
Far better than forgive the tongue
That may some sinner have hurled;
A thousand times prefer a lot
As hard as want deplores,
Than feel or think herself forgot
By one her heart adores.

Alas! the human mould's at fault,
And still by turns it claims
A nobleness that can exalt,
A littleness that can shame.
Or strength and weakness still combined,
Compound of the mean and grand;
And trifles thus will shake the mind
That would a tempest stand.

Give me that soul superior power,
That conquest over fate,
Which sways the weakness of the hour,
Rules little things as great;
That lifts the human weal of strife
With words and feelings kind,
And makes the trials of our life
The triumphs of our mind.

WHAT IS DIRT?—Old Dr. Cooper, of

South Carolina, used to say to his students: "Don't be afraid of a little dirt, gentlemen. What is dirt? Why, nothing at all offensive when chemically viewed. Rub a little alkali upon that 'dirty grease spot' upon your coat, and it undergoes a chemical change and becomes soap. Now rub it with a little water and it disappears; it is neither grease, soap, water, nor dirt. That is not a very odorous pile of dirt you observe there. Well, scatter a little gypsum over it, and 'tis no longer dirty. Everything you call dirt is worth your notice as students of chemistry. Analyze it! It will separate into very clean elements. Dirt makes corn, corn makes bread and meat, and that makes a very sweet young lady that I saw one of you were kissing last night. So, after all, you were kissing dirt—particularly if she whitened her skin with chalk or Fuller's earth. There is no telling, gentlemen, what is dirt, though I may say that rubbing such stuff upon the beautiful skin of a young lady is a dirty practice. Pearl powder, I think, is made of bismuth—nothing but dirt."

BORROWING THINGS.—Blessed is he

that has nothing to lend. People will borrow, and some of them with a vengeance; of such is an individual named George Leslie, of Chicago, whose disposition to borrow has just been made public at the expense of numerous friends. He was connected in some way with the Massachusetts house, as porter or waiter, and on Friday last conceived the brilliant idea of borrowing everything he could and then leaving. Acting on this new suggestion, he, within the space of two hours, borrowed a vest, coat, and a pair of pants, and a gold watch from a friend at the Massachusetts House, to wear at the same party; from another a coat and an opera glass to go to the theatre; from the clerk of the Girard House, \$125 in money; from a chambermaid at the Dearborn House, \$35 in money, and smaller amounts from a dozen others. He then purchased a ticket for Toronto, Canada, and departed.

SIDNEY SMITH ON KISSING.—The Rev.

Sidney Smith once said in writing of kissing: "We are in favor of certain degree of shyness when a kiss is proposed, but it should not continue too long, and when the fair one gives it let it be administered with warmth and energy—let there be soul in it. If she closes her eyes, and sighs deeply immediately after it, the effect is greater. She should be careful not to slobber a kiss, but give it as a humming bird runs his bill into a honeysuckle—deep, but delicate. There is much virtue in a kiss when well delivered. We have the memory of one we received in our youth, which has lasted us forty years, and we believe it will be one of the last things we will think of when we die."

Major Stiemmer, who was dangerously

wounded at Murfreesboro, is the same officer that defended Fort Pickens.

A PINE WOOD'S WEDDING.

The Red River Republican gives the following sketch of life amid the forests of the Southwest. It is very unlike our ideas in this latitude, but it is perfectly natural nevertheless. After describing a rural feast, and the beauty of the ladies, present thereat, the following is recorded as an unexpected interruption, for a time, to the festivities.

Mounted on a mule which had evidently been debarred the rights of his share to corn fodder for a serious time, were two beings, certainly of primitive origin—a gay cavalier and a captivating dulcinea! The charger not exactly caparisoned like a palfray of the Elizabethan age, walked deliberately, and we thought at the time, with amiable, a forethought, up to a decayed pine log, and came to a dead stand. Off rolled the knight to a perfectly "don't care a d—n" manner, and without casting a glance at the fair one by his side, or giving her the slightest assistance in dismounting, he drew a bee line for the encampment, jumping over everything that offered any obstruction to his passage, and singing at the top of his voice—

"Come all ye Virginians, galls,
And listen to my noise—
Never do you wed
With the Carolina boys;
For if you do
Your portion it shall be
Corn cake and hominy,
And jansantanga tea,
Bom-sassa, a Mary,
Bono om-um, &c."

By the way of accompaniment he cracked "with inimitable grace," a huge whip, which he flourished above his head, and gave a yell that would have met the approval of a committee of Camanche braves.

"He's some," said a friend near by, who was indulging in a cachemire fit at the strange phenomena.

"The wild man of the woods, for a V!" cried a wag on our right, who had mounted a log to have a clear view of the critter.

"Two to one he's the feller that butted

the bull of the 'bayou bridge'!" exclaimed Ben Bower from Snake-creek.

Our hero heard not, or heeded not these complimentary remarks, but with a dignified air, made his way up to the company in fine style. He was indeed an original. His height could not have been less than six feet four, without shoes or stockings, which he considered useless appendages. He wore a shocking bad hat, with a hole in the top, through which a tuft of red hair found egress, and waved to and fro, like the cap of a corn stalk on a windy day. His coat was of nut-dyed, home manufacture minus the skirt, which he had lost, in an encounter with a wild cat he had slain with on the road. His shirt collar was thrown open, disclosing a breast tanned by the sun of some twenty years, and his inexpressibles, which appeared to be on bad terms with his feet leeward, were hitched up on one side with a buckskin brace, giving him a zig zag appearance, decidedly unique. Surveying the assemblage for a moment, with the attention he would have given to a meagerie of wild beasts, he broke forth thus:

"Fellers I'd just like to know if there's

a 'squire in these parts?"

"Do you mean the parish Judge?"

asked an estimated citizen.

"Yes, I s'pose—don't care a pine knot

so he can do the thing," replied the stranger, giving his whip a peculiar crack.

"What may be your business, friend?"

inquired a demure, sovereign in the crowd.

"Nothin' much no how," replied the

modern Nimrod. "I only wants the feller, that can harness me and that gal on old Ritter, yonder. She is just the loudest gal I reckon in the settlement—

as slick as peeled maple, and a clear

grit as a skinned tater rolled in the sand

and I'm called 'a whole team and a big

dog under the wagon.' I've snaked

about these woods for a week looking

for a 'squire to hitch us, and wore out a

pair of deerskin britches looking for

him; and I wish I may be, rammed

through a gum tree head foremost, if

I'm going to pack Suz any further. I

came here to yoke her, and here I'm

going to."

The roar of laughter that followed

this simple recital was deafening. We

lost four buttons in convulsive fits, and

it is quite probable we should have suffered

largely in that line had not the

Parish Judge arrived at that moment,

and given a new turn to affairs. The

same officer that defended Fort Pickens,

although we have authority in saying that he is a "native, and to the manor born." Unlike the great poet's justice, "In fair round belly with good capen lined, With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut, Full of wise saws and modern instances."

He is as lean as a Grahamite, lying, entirely on bran, puddings and fricasseed radishes. With the audacious seal of an Israelite, he thunders forth anathemas against four footed animals, and considers ornithology a fit study for cannibals. These are the sentiments of the Judge, albeit in politics he strangely enough, "goes the whole hog." At one time, we learn, he was expounder of the Methodist faith, and traversed the country in company with the Rev. and exemplary Father Redwine. This may account for the serious cast of countenance peculiar to him. On the present occasion he was dressed in the might of fashion. He wore a "west of England" invisible green coat the collar of which was perpendicular and corded all a'colligien, giving the wearer quite a magisterial appearance. His cashmere vest was buttoned up to his chin, over the top of which protruded an enormous pair of jet whiskers, such as are worn by brigands, whom sensitive young ladies hold in such high esteem. His pantaloons, of fancy stripes, were neatly strapped to a pair of patent leather boots; and French kids encased his small, delicate hands, in which he held the license that was to bind together "two willing hearts."

The Judge now proceeded to business calling on the gay Lothario we have imperfectly described, to "trot out" his bride.

"You're the man for my yaller quarter," [Half eagle], said our hero in exultation, and away he went in a run for Suz. With one effort of his brawny arm, he took her from the mule and brought her to the centre of an enclosure formed by the companions; his eye dilating and his whole frame exhibiting signs of joy unspeakable. The bride was a bouncing prairie beauty on whom Time had smiled in his rapid course.

She wore a blue, calico dress, full in every part, thus permitting

"Every grace,

To run a race."

A string of blue beads, ornamented a good, substantial neck—none of your "swan-like" things—and her head gear was a cotton handkerchief with scarlet stripes, and yellow ground work, tied gracefully under the chin, and concealing the flaxen curls that struggled for liberty. Her shoes might have given your fashionable ladies the hysteric, but they "united comfort and durability and effectually closed the door to that fell destroyer, consumption."

In the hurry of the moment, doubtless she made an invidious distinction between those necessary appendages classically called "insect destroyers," one of which lacked the blue stock—but this was an omission, not a fault. Her blue eyes, as it rested on the chosen one, and her handsome face was wreathed in smiles.

The Judge glanced at the paper in his hand, and then in a solemn impressive tone demanded of the groom—

"Will you take Susan Jenkins as your

lawful, wedded wife?"

"Well, boss, I reckon I will. I

wouldn't have rid since daylight and

packed her here, if I didn't mean to do

the clean thing," answered our hero.

"And you Susan, will you take Cyrus

Snorter, as your lawful, wedded husband?"

"Yes, 'squire, that I will. Dad said I

oughter married Bill Swizzle; but I'll

see him hanged first. He danced with

old ugly Bets Foler, and give her a brain

new shawl. Besides that he got drunk,

fell off his horse and broke his leg. Sy

is good enough for me," replied the

spirited beauty.

This was too much for Sy. He jump

ed for joy, and clasped the adorable

"Suz" to his bosom giving her a smack

that resembled the noise created by

the popping of a cork from a champagne

bottle.

"Stop sir" said the Judge, "the ceremony is not complete."

"Go it my 'squire," shouted Sy. "I

will be as a wild cat catching a deer."

The silken knot was now tied, and

amid the huzzas of the men, and smiles

and white kerchiefs waving of the ladies,

Sy carried his blushing bride to the

mule, placed her behind him, and in a

twinkling was on the road to home

and happiness.

Horace Vernet, the great historical

painter, died at Paris, on the 17th of

January, aged 74 years.

DEATH OF A CELEBRATED ANIMAL.

The Court Journal announces the death of a celebrated little animal. White Velvet has just paid the penalty of nature at the age of forty-seven. White Velvet was a pony that our Queen, when a little child, used to ride, and was the first she ever mounted. Poor White Velvet, from the stables of the late Duchess of Kent, became one of Astley's great attractions, where he remained many years, till an accident caused him to become lame. He was then sold for £1 to a Richmond (Yorkshire) baker, when he was harnessed to a cart that contained the bread for distant customers. This work he continued so long that White Velvet became well known all round the neighborhood; and, finally, a Yorkshire squire, with a fine estate close to Richmond, in sheer pity, bought him and turned him out in a field, and there left him to enjoy the remainder of his eventful life in peace and comfort.

WILL HAVE TANGLE-FOOT.—The boys in the service will have their tangle-foot, despite the efforts of provost marshals to prevent its flow into the lines of the army. At the General Postoffice Department recently, a number of dead letters and packages were, in the regular course of business, received. On examination, one of the packages was found to contain, addressed to a gallant soldier in our army, a chicken, which had been cooked and dressed in an elegant style for a Christmas dinner.

More than this, in the interior of the fowl was discovered a neat little can, filled with about half a pint of good whisky! This little contraband article was detected through the efforts of a rat somewhere on the route. Scenting the savory contents of the package in some postoffice, his rathip had succeeded in purloining a portion of the chicken, which disclosed the top of the can. Who would go to the same trouble to send a soldier a copy of the Ten Commandments?

COST OF A BAY THE FIRST YEAR.—Hall's Journal of Health says: "A hearty infant will swallow, during the first year of its life, fourteen hundred pounds of milk, in which are twenty-one pounds of cheese, thirty pounds of butter, and a hundred and twelve pounds of sugar. At six cents a quart, with the necessary sweetening, each 'dear' little creature costs for food alone, fifty dollars for the first year." We had no idea before of the cost of the little glut-ton. But the calculation is made for babies that are brought up, as the phrase goes, by hand; a wet nurse would cost about three times as much.

COURT PLASTER.—We clip the following substitute for court plaster, for cuts and bruises upon the hand in cold weather, from that excellent family journal the Germantown Telegraph. Take half a dozen pig's feet, well cleaned for cooking, and boil to a jelly of say about half a pint or less—then spread with a brush on any waste scraps of silk and we find it equal to any adhesive plaster we have ever used. Any fatty substance in the boiling of the feet raises to the surface, and when cold can easily be removed.

ORIGIN OF KISSING THE POPE'S TOE.—An old writer, Mathew of Westminster, says, "Formerly it was usual to kiss the hand of his holiness, but toward the end of the 8th century, a certain lewd woman, in making an offering to the Pope not only kissed his hand, but also pressed it. The Pope—his name was Leo—seeing the danger, cut off his hand, and thus escaped the contamination to which it had been exposed. Since that time the precaution has been taken of kissing the Pope's toe instead of his hand."

SIZE OF NAILS.—Why are nails designated by the terms sixpenny, eightpenny, &c.? In Sheffield, England, they used to be sold in small quantities by the hundred; and the terms, fourpenny, sixpenny, &c., referred to such nails as were sold at fourpence, sixpence, &c., per hundred nails. The length of the nails of that day, that were so designated, were exactly the same with nails that are now known by those designations.

When you feel physically "out of sorts," leave off eating, and instead of seeking something "to take," seek something "to do."

Second-thoughts are best; man was God's first thought; woman his second.

What is taken from you before

you get it? Your portrait.

Swarming of the Medical Hives.

Consolation for the Sick.—Considering the enormous number of M. D.'s in our medical colleges turn out every year, we certainly ought (if there be any virtue in "regular physicking") to be a much healthier people than we are; but the bills of mortality do not shorten as the list of doctors lengthens. Quite the reverse! Shall we say, then, with Macbeth, "Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it?" No, that will not do. Nature, when attacked by disease, needs an ally to sustain her. An ally, remember; not a depleting agent, that helps the disease and exhausts her energies. We verily believe that most of the drugs administered in acute diseases have this effect. Such, however, is not the operation of one medicine now generally used in this country for complaints of the stomach, liver, and bowels. We mean, Holloway's Pills. Of course our readers are aware that both the Ointment and Pills, which bear the name of that distinguished physician and philanthropist are in the highest possible repute all over the world; but we have only had an opportunity to witness the effects of the Pills. It gives us pleasure to testify to their efficacy. In dyspepsia and liver complaints they unquestionably work the most marvelous cures. Nay, we will even go so far as to say that, with this remedy within their reach, no man or woman need ever be long troubled with dyspepsia. The pills remove the distress at the stomach, and restore the strength and appetite with a rapidity that is really astonishing. The curative action seems to be the same in all cases, without reference to age, constitution, or sex. Such, at least, is the conclusion to which our experience and observation point.—N. Y. Advocate.

ANECDOTES OF MATTHEWS.—Matthews the comedian, stepped into an auction room, one evening.

"Who bids more?" cried the auctioneer.

"I bid more," cried a voice from the far end of the crowd.

"And pray, sir, what do you bid?" cried the auctioneer, in contempt.

"I bid you good night," said Matthews and then left.

The auction room was in a roar at the time.

During Matthews's last illness, his attendant intended to give the patient draught of medicine; but, in a few moments after, it was discovered that the medicine was nothing but milk, which had been taken from the bottle by mistake, and his friend exclaimed—

"Good heavens? Matthews, I have given you junk."

"Never mind, my boy, never mind," said Matthews, faintly. "I'll swallow a bit of bloating paper."

"MAN IS A DISSATISFIED MORTAL."—

When poor, he sighs for wealth, which

gained, he longs for freedom from the

cares imposed by riches. In health, but

perplexed by business embarrassments,

he persuades himself that relief from

care would be cheaply purchased at the

price of a lingering illness, and then,

when sickness comes, he prates like a

priest of the inestimable value of health,

as superior to all other blessings, and

wisely believes he would value it above

everything else of earth. And thus all

through life our desires are invariably

at enmity with our conditions and pro-

fessions, and we are never really satisfied.

Don't Eat too Much.—The celebra-

ted Abernethy once remarked to a

friend: "I tell you what I believe is

the whole cause of the complicated mal-

adies of the human frame; it is their

gormandizing, and stuffing, and stimu-