

The Mariettian.

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F. L. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE PARTING.

I've said a thousand times my heart,
With all its woe, might love no more—
That memory never from life could part,
Nor love e'er haunt my soul's dark shore;
Yet now I know the ashes gray
But wait, and ere they spring to flame,
Until thy hand should tune my heart
To breathe forever thy dear name.

Yes, now I know the ashes that died
And left my heart a lonely thing,
But vanished that, from ashes dead,
A fainter bloom might spring.
If I might tell thee all I feel,
And paint the rainbows in my heart,
Then thou would'st know, for woe or weal,
I still am thine where'er thou art!

If I might pluck the fadeless bloom
That blossoms in my life for thee,
To light thy earth-life's weary gloom,
I'd do it though 'twere death to me,
If all I e'er love I've lost or know,
If all the bliss I've hoped might be,
If all the maddest raptures flow
Were mine, I'd give them all to thee!

If roses crowned earth and star gemmed sky
Their rarest treasures gave to me,
And joy would come if I should die,
I'd give them all and life to thee.
I try to hush my pleading heart,
And quell the rising memories there,
To let thee quietly depart,
And reason triumph o'er despair.

And yet a sad, wild, anguish'd moan
Breaks like a maddened ocean wave,
A voice that sighs "Alone—alone
With memory and a hidden grave."
A voice of love across the hush
Of woe that locks my shaded breast—
A tiny plant no storm may crush,
A flower that breathes of peace and rest.

Forever love's fair fadeless bloom
Across my weary life will creep,
A star amid fate's cruel gloom,
Until they lay me down to sleep.
Ah! it were madness now to dream
Of joys that gild the vanished past,
Of hopes that shed a transient gleam
Too bright, too beautiful to last.

For oh! the smiles of fate have flown,
And I must say farewell to thee—
Must hush my wrung heart's pleading moan,
And turn me back to misery!
So memory, by night and day,
Falls cold and ceaseless on my heart,
Nor wears the throbbing pulse away,
But whispers e'er how dear that art!

And rings forever through my brain
A mingled song of hope and fear,
A note of joy, a cry of pain,
A smile of bliss, a scolding tear;
And ever thus till life hath past,
And pulseless lie my heart and brain,
Thy love a radiant gleam shall cast
Across this parting's bitter pain.

A meteor o'er my life's dark sky,
A blossom on a desert place,
Will be the memory of thine eye—
The memory of thy worshipped face.
And when life's weary task is done,
Its pleasures and its sorrows o'er,
When earth is past and heaven is won,
I'll be thine own for evermore!

A very sharp thing occurred some time since in Philadelphia, in which the Rev. Dr. Hodgson took an unenviable part. The story is that a meeting of Methodists was held in Philadelphia, some time since, and the speeches being patriotic, a good deal was said about the flag, &c. The Rev. Dr. Hodgson being present was seriously annoyed at all this, and getting the floor, he said he was opposed to all this talk about the flag, the Stars and Stripes, &c.—Rev. Wm. Barnes rose promptly when he remark was made and said "I never knew an Englishman that was not opposed to the Stars and Stripes!" The meeting was convulsed with laughter, and the Divinity Doctor subsided.

The greatest men are men of simple manners. Parade, show, and a profusion of compliments are the artifices of little minds, made use of to swell them into an appearance of consequence, which nature has denied them.

Death has nothing terrible in it but what life has made so.

THE INSULT.

General Waring strode up and down stiffly biting his lips, working his fingers and clenching his teeth from time to time. His eyes were fixed staringly upon the ground, breath was stentorous, his face was flushed almost purple, and it was evident, in a word, that he was suffering a paroxysm of wrath.

From the glances that the general cast about him occasionally, it seemed that he expected some one. Very soon a tall, grave-looking man scrupulously neat and military in his bearing and attire, appeared. The general took no notice of his salute, but blurted out, impetuously:

"Colonel Carey, your regiment left its post, on the railroad, yesterday, against my order, and lost fifty thousand dollars worth of stores for us. Why was that, sir?"

"I know nothing about it, general.—I was away the whole time, on engineering service. Lieutenant Colonel Carter was in command."

"Carter? I don't know—let me see why, he's dead."

"Carter dead?"

"Yes. Who is your major?"

"Major Godfrey."

"Ah! Send him here."

Colonel Carey, not altogether pleased with the interview, took his time, and finally sent Adjutant to find out who commanded the regiment, the day previous. Sure enough, the lieutenant colonel had been killed in the early morning, and the command had devolved upon Major Godfrey, quite a young man. The colonel informed this officer that General Waring wished to see him, hinted that there were charges to be made.

"Keep your temper," said he, "and don't be bullied. You know what you may expect."

Major Godfrey sought the presence of the irate general, and stood some moments awaiting his word.

"Who are you?" asked Waring, perceiving that the young man was awaiting.

"Godfrey, sir; Major of the Sixteenth."

"O! You are the man that ran away from the supply-depot yesterday. I shall have you cashiered, sir. I want no cowards at the head of my regiments."

Major Godfrey measured his superior officer from head to foot with a cold, expressionless stare—about the most impudent thing one can do, in a quiet way. Then, shrugging his broad, manly back full on the astonished commander, and walked away without a single word of reply.

The general of the division in which was General Waring's brigade, was a very different sort of person from that officer, and Major Godfrey knew him personally. He went to the headquarters, then, and stated, in brief, that Waring had forgotten himself so far as to offer him an irretrievable insult.

"I cannot serve longer in a position from which my superior officer has threatened to have me cashiered," he said; "but I am particularly desirous of taking part in all the actions that may occur here on the peninsula. If you can give me a temporary command—I don't care how humble—I will guarantee that no disgrace shall come of it. The reason why I withdrew the 16th Regiment from the post assigned it by General Waring, was that General McClellan himself ordered it."

"Why did you not explain that to General Waring?"

"His words were such as no gentleman could reply to."

A captaincy in another regiment was offered to the major, and it was also promised that a full investigation should be made into the affair.

This was on the fourth day of the protracted battle that attend the transfer of the Army of the Potomac from the Chickahominy to the James River.—There had been some gallant fighting every day, and the army was thinned and weary, but undaunted. When the line of battle was formed, on the following morning, Major Godfrey found himself put in command of a handful of heroes, gathered from several annihilated companies, and formed into a new one.

As he walked down this line of incongruously-assorted men, soiled, grimed, and in many cases wounded, he spoke a few stirring words.

"Boys," he said, sternly, "you look like fighters, and fighters are just what I want. I shall not ask you to cut away for me anywhere; but I shall ask you to follow me wherever I choose to lead you. And I shall lead you into some

jolly places. If you don't follow—I'll go alone!"

A cheer was the response to this address, for the men saw that their captain was in earnest—that he had a difficulty with destiny. And the only men who do anything altogether well, whether it be singing, or preaching, or what-not, are the ones who are working out a mighty quarrel with fate.

The battle came on later this fifth day than on the previous mornings, for both armies were severely harassed and wearied by repeated attack, repulse, attack, and retreat. The lines were not so firm and steady as on the first day, and some regiments showed great gaps, that told most eloquently of the courage and determination with which they had met the enemy.

Still, when the ball was fairly opened and the cannonade music began to make the air tremble and collapse at every moment, the tired soldier plucked up a new energy, and fought—pardon me the little egotism—as I believe only Americans can fight, North and South.

Captain Godfrey kept his word. He did lead his men, and "into some jolly places." He seemed to think that he had command of a division instead of a company, and could therefore, cope with almost any odds. The enemy, astonished by the reckless brilliancy of his charges, could but think that he was supported by a powerful force, and often fell back when they might have surrounded the entire company.

During one of these savage onslaughts a cavalry-sabre happened to alight upon the young officer's forehead, knocking off his cap and leaving a fine crimson trench from his hair to his eye-brow. After this, he looked more like the man he led. They were all blood, and dust and powder grime; and when they came crushing down, in close order, with bayonets fixed, called on by their dauntless leader, coatless, hatless, with a bloody handkerchief upon his head, and his sword dropping gore as he waved on the charge, it was not so strange that the foe gave way, even when they outnumbered this desperate band five to one!

The colonel of the regiment in which Godfrey was detailed to serve, was delighted. He could not see what fault General Waring could have found with such an officer, and spoke many encouraging words to the young man.

"If he ever comes out of this," said he, "he will be set up two or three pegs higher at once, if I am a judge. He means fight; and that is the kind of a man we want."

There was some confusion, for a few minutes, on the right of the regiment, and the men evinced a tendency to a fall back, that, to do them justice, was perfectly natural. The Confederates had advanced their lines, and a battery of twelve pounder field-guns had been so placed as to sweep, diagonally, the ground occupied by the regiment, while a heavy body of infantry, concealed in a woody ravine, kept up a murderous cross-fire of musketry.

The result of the storm of death; the two currents of which intersected just at the right of the line, was frightful, and for a moment a panic seemed inevitable.

In the confusion, when the different companies lost their order, and parties of stragglers began wandering to the rear, Captain Godfrey drew up his men in position, and stepped out to the front.

"Who will go to glory with me, now?" he asked, pointing to the battery with his bloody sword. "Whoever isn't afraid come on! If you won't follow, I shall have to take that battery alone!"

This magnificent price of hyperbole must have been heard to be appreciated. The whole scene agreed with its tenor. A field covered with ghastly corpses and wounded men; a wreck of arms and equipage scattered everywhere; a smoky, smothering atmosphere, quivering and pierced by the terrible yells and cries of the dying, the awful scream of wounded horses, the horrible concussion of heavy cannon incessantly fired, and the fierce howl of a thousand shot and shell; a disordered and broken host of men, trembling on the verge of flight, with officers galloping hither and thither cursing, praying, threatening, and imploring by turns—this was the exaggerated and wonderful background to the picture. In front, amid the wreck, and ruin, and pools of gore, and gorges of piles of dead, a company of the sixty or seventy heroes, without coats, often without shirts, without knapsacks, without a flag; with uniforms of half-a-dozen patterns, and arms as ill-assorted, muddy, dusty, bloody, bruised, blacken-

ed, lowering of eyes and defiant of lips and before them all, the tall, manly figure of their leader, with his face covered with blood from the bandaged gash on his forehead, his broad chest exposed, his sleeves rolled up, and his hands arms, legs, and feet, imbedded and clogged with gore like those of a butcher, waving that crimson blade, and roaring forth his determination, too impossible for a threat and too splendid for a boast—that was the situation.

Without waiting for a murmur of assent from his men, this mad creature cried: "Now then! Double quick! Charge!" and ran forward at full speed toward the battery that opened its "deathful, grinning mouths" at short intervals, to omit tongues of fire and from that licked up men, and horses, and trees alike. The scattering regiment saw the charge and paused. Several companies, not yet disordered, got into line and followed, but Godfrey and his command were already far in advance.

Flame and fury whirled down in red-hot sheets of destruction from the battery; thick smoke and darkness lurked behind. It was an inky cloud, stifling and heavy, but charged with the splendors and horrors of pandemonium. The air gaped and closed with terrific blows and the ground trembled and quaked at the awful detonations.—Lights gleamed, and glared, and scorched the very eye-balls of those who looked. All was vague and bewildering with dizzy noises, and roaring as of a million wheels and voices, and the brain soon got befogged and dazed by the awful magnificence of the ascent into the teeth of the guns that shouted defiance, and leaped back living foes.

Into the centre of this hell went Captain Godfrey, crying as he ran:

"I was called a coward, yesterday, boys! what do you think of this?"

As the devoted remnant of the company—for forty men exactly before the front of the battery—came reared before the guns, a sudden discharge of grape-shot roared along the hill, breast high, and a storm of musketry followed. The few companies that had accepted the example of the first, replied by a volley as they charged within a few moments the hill was covered with a mass of determined men, pouring up in increasing numbers, stretching down to the ravine beyond, where the enemy had already begun to waver. The ice was broken the path was shown by Captain Godfrey's men, and the regiment had followed, unable to stand still and see such a deed of daring done.

The battery withdrawn with the marvelous speed and address, but the infantry that had supported was a successful repulse, and due entirely to the unflinching heroism of the little band that led.

And that band! I know nothing of it, save that Godfrey's body was found where the centre of the battery had been. His sword, still grasped in his hand, was through an artilleryman's ribs, and a musket ball had gone into his own chest, just over the heart. There were seventeen other wounds upon him, but that one killed him. As for his man, the hill was as an old sergeant said, "carpeted with corpses"; I suppose theirs were a portion of the carpet.

THE LIMITS OF SCIENCE.—A Western steamer burst her boiler a few days since, and a gentleman found on reaching the ground; that an iron bar, six feet long, had gone in at his stomach and projected from his back. A surgeon informed him that if the bar remained it would cause mortification, and if it was removed it would cause him to bleed to death. "Science has its limits," remarked the doctor, "and you have your choice."

The most agreeable of all companies is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness—who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one, we gladly exchange the greatest genius; the most brilliant with the profoundest thinker.

The rebels are all Cæsars; they are seizers of men, horses, mules, food, cotton, leather, and everything they can lay their hands upon.

Dean Swift said with much truth, "It is useless to attempt to reason a man out of a thing he was never reasoned into."

The things which are remembered are few and unimportant, compared with those which are forgotten.

Fast Life And Swift Decay.

The only Countercheck—The times in which we live teem with wonders.—Nothing seems impossible; for the impossibilities of one year become the commonplace events of the next.—Lightning presses, instantaneous communication between the most distant points, and innumerable inventions for compressing vast amounts of business into small spaces of time, and for curtailing the processes of production and manufacture, are among the marvelous era. Under such circumstances, we may truly be said to live a "fast life." But whether the whirl and rush by which we are borne along is really conducive to our happiness is another question.

Certain it is that the average duration of human life is decreasing in the midst of this excitement. The modern phase of disease seems to puzzle and baffles the faculty, and with two remarkable exceptions, viz., Holloway's Pills and Holloway's Ointment, no medicines appear to make the desired impression upon internal or external disorders. These two celebrated remedies are said, however, to be accomplishing the most wonderful cures throughout the length and breadth of our land. Liver complaint and disease of the stomach and bowels, which in a majority of cases are produced by over-exertion and over-excitement in business, yield to the Pills when all the resources of the druggist and apothecary have failed, and eruptive and scrofulous complaints seem to be equally under the control of the ointment. We congratulate Doctor Holloway on the signal success of his great medicines in this country. From what we know of the man, we have no doubt that the profits derived from that success will afford him far less satisfaction than the knowledge of the good his remedies have effected.—N. Y. American.

CHANCES OF DEATH IN WAR.—General Rosecrans, in his report of the battle of Murfreesboro', estimates that of 20,000 rounds of artillery, fired by the Unionists, 728 hit the enemy, and of 2,000,000 rounds of musketry, 13,832 were effectual. This would show that 27 cannon shots, or 155 musket shots, were required to hit one man. Averaging the latter at one ounce each, the weight of metal required in bringing down an enemy would be 9 pounds, while of the former it would require about 226 pounds, or one and a half the weight of the human body. As, however, the proportion killed or dying from wounds would be only about one-fourth of the number put hors d'combat, the figures given above must be increased to the same degree. It will readily be seen how much more destruction is dealt by the musket than the loud-mouthed cannon, when firing either round shot or shell.

CAPABILITIES OF HUMAN STRENGTH.—Dr. Windship has now acquired a lifting power of over twenty-five hundred pounds. His remarkable apparatus is in his office, No. 1 Park street, Boston, where it may be seen by the curious.—It is on record that one Richard Joy, of Kent, England, in the year 1703, succeeded in lifting a weight of twenty-two hundred pounds. Dr. Windship has surpassed this by three hundred, and finding his strength increasing in an undiminished ratio, is still confident of reaching, within a reasonable time, his ultimatum of three thousand pounds.—His motive in carrying physical development to this extreme is purely scientific; but he has not yet, we believe, recommended any one to be in this respect his imitator.

DISPROPORTION OF THE SEXES.—The great excess of males in new territories, illustrating the influence of emigration in effecting a disparity in the sexes.—The males in California outnumber the females near sixty-seven thousand, to about one-fifth of the population. In Illinois the excess of males amounts to about ninety-one thousand, or one-twelfth of the entire population. In Massachusetts the females outnumber the males some thirty-seven thousand six hundred. Connecticut, seven thousand. Michigan shows near forty thousand excess of males; Texas, thirty-six thousand; Wisconsin, forty-three thousand. In Colorado the males are as twenty to one female. In Utah the numbers are nearly equal; and while in New York there is a small preponderance of the females, the males are most numerous in Pennsylvania.

Talent and virtue are less frequently hereditary than the gout.

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Of Columbia, Lancaster County, Penn'a.
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This Company continues to insure Buildings, Merchandise, and other property, against loss and damage by fire, on the mutual plan either for a cash premium or premium note. The large and increasing capital of the Company, consisting of premium notes given by its members, and based upon

\$1,475,789 85!
INSURED ON THE MUTUAL PLAN,
Affords a reliable guarantee equal to ten times the average loss on the amount insured; and the Directors pledge themselves to deal as liberally with those who may sustain loss or damage as the case will admit of, consistent with justice to all parties concerned.
Amount of PREMIUM NOTES, \$165,620 49
Balance of Cash premiums unexpended, January 1st, 1863, \$1,668 67
Cash receipts during the year, \$6,329 73
Less Agents' commissions, 6,781 47
Cash receipts in January, 1863, 895 80
Losses and expenses paid during the year, 1862, \$6,329 73
Balance unexpended, Feb'y 2, 1863, 3,016 11
\$9,345 84

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We invite the lover of a good Segar to call at our examine our stock, for it is unquestionably the best ever offered in Lancaster County.
We have the best—
HAVANA AND YARA SEGARS
The Baltimore market affords, and we are determined to give this branch of our business particular attention.
CALL AT WOLF'S
AND SEE
MARIETTA, MARCH 23, 1863-6mos*
MISHLER'S BITTERS.
An Agency for the sale of
Mishler's Celebrated Herb Bitters,
has been established at
WOLF'S VARIETY STORE,
where one bottle, or one hundred bottles can be had. This medicine has cured when all others have failed. Look at the cards in the Lancaster Express, of A. Fair's wife, John W. Colvin Jack, Levi E. Rife, Henry Cramer, E. F. Benedict, John Weidman, John Hines, Thomas Wallis, Jay Caldwell, J. T. Eckelby, John Lamon, Abraham Fairer, and a host of others.
Marietta, March 23, 1863.*

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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 Chestnut and Second streets, a few doors below the M. E. Church, and immediately opposite the old Oberlin Coach Works. [Aug. 3-ly.

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WYATT & HEULINGS, PROPRIETORS.
DRIED FRUIT now selling cheap at DIFFENBACH'S.
BUY one of those beautiful SOFT HATS at CARTER'S, 93 Market-st.