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Marietta, August 24, 1861-ly

BEANE & CO.,
Druggists & Pharmacists,
MARKET STREET, MARIETTA, PA.,
Opposite Difenbach's Store.

HAVE just received a new and fresh stock

Drugs, Chemicals,
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Flower Seeds, consisting of some of the finest varieties.

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Orders by mail addressed as above, will meet with prompt attention. Prices to suit the times.

Z. SUPPLEE,
T. R. SUPPLEE.

Columbia, October 20, 1860. 14-ly

MARIETTA MARBLE YARD.

Michael Gable, Agt.,
MARBLE MASON AND STONE CUTTER,
Opposite the Town Hall Park,
Marietta, Pa.

THE Marble business in all its branches, will be continued at the old place, near the Town Hall and opposite Frank's Cross Keys Tavern, where every description of marble work will be kept on hand or made to order at short notice and at very reasonable prices.

Marietta, June 29, 1861. 48-ly

OUT OF WORK.

Suffering and sad!
Knowing not where to go,
Wandering the city through,
Having no work to do,
Wishing he had!
Wishing all day in vain,
With a heart filled with pain,
And a hard, bitter strain,
Driving him mad!
What shall he do for bread?
Where shall he lay his head?
Suffering and sad!

Cheerless and lone!
There is no joy to him;
There is no hope for him;
Tear-drops his eyes bedim—
Grief in his tone;
Dark is the heavy cloud,
Coming down like a shroud,
Over his spirit proud—
Over it thrown;
Where all was bright and fair,
Placing a spectre there,
Cheerless and lone.

Troubled with care!
With a strong, manly arm,
Wishing to do no harm,
Finding in toil a charm—
Labor his prayer;
With a strong pair of hands,
Waiting the loved commands,
Sadly he anxious stands,
Sunk in despair,
Where shall he go and find
Work for his arm and mind?
Troubled with care!

Aching with dread!
When the long weary day
Once more has passed away,
And he goes home to lay
Down on his bed,
What shall he say to her
Who was his comforter?
Only, the grief to stir—
"I have no bread;
I have no work to do;
I don't know what to do!"
Aching with dread!

Sighing with fears!
There are his little ones—
(Who has had sweeter ones?)
Who has had dearer ones?
Waiting in tears;
They have the hunger pain,
In this broad land of grain,
And they look up in vain,
When he appears;
With a soul nearly wild,
Clasping his guiltless child,
Sighing with fears!

Haunted by night!
In his sad, fearful dreams,
Mournful the morrow seems,
Even with sunny beams
Never so bright!
There is no work to do,
All the wide city through,
Let him the search pursue
While there is light;
When the shades fall around,
Still is the toiler found
Haunted by night!

Brother, be strong!
It shall not always be!
There is still joy for thee;
There are bright days to see—
Do thou no wrong!
Keep to the true and right;
Watch for the coming light:
It shall break on thy sight,
Though it be long!
If thou shalt well endure,
So shall thy soul be pure—
Brother, be strong!

THE LOVE KNOT.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied the raven ringlets in;
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and
chill;
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race
All over the happy, peach-colored face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful, dimpled chin.

And it blew a color bright as the bloom
Of the pinkiest fuchsia's tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl,
That ever imprisoned a roaming curl,
Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill—
Madder, merrier, cherrier still
The western wind blew down and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

Oh, western wind, do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?
To gladfully, gleefully, do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where he has gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?

Oh, Ellery Vane, you little thought,
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

A minister, putting his hand upon
A young urchin's shoulder, exclaimed:
"My son, I believe the devil has got
hold of you." "I believe he has, too,"
was his reply.

MY COURTSHIP.

I am not a bashful man. Generally speaking, I am fully as confident and forward as most of my sex. I dress well, dance well and sing well; I don't tread on ladies' dresses when I make my bow; I have not the trick of coloring to the roots of my hair when spoken to. Yet there was one period in my life when all my merits seemed to my own eyes insignificant, and I felt very modest, not to say bashful. It was when I was in love. Then, sometimes, I did not know where to put my hands and feet. Did I mention that in the same hands and feet consists my beauty? They are both small.

Three years ago I fell in love. I did not go into it quietly, weighing my idol's perfections against her defects; I fell in, head-and-ears, two seconds after the introduction.

"Mr. Haynes, Miss Arnold," said a mutual friend; and lo! I was desperately in love.

She was a fairy-like figure, with long brown curls floating over a snowy neck, and shoulders, and falling down on the waist of an enchanting sky blue dress. Her large, dark blue eyes were full of saucy light, yet how tender and loving they could look. This I found out later.

Of all the provoking, tantalizing little coquettes that ever teased the heart of a poor man, Susy Arnold was the most bewitching. I would pass an evening with her, and go home certain that one more interview would make me the happiest of men; but the next time I met her, a cool nod and indifferent glance threw down all my castles. She was very cautious. Not a word did she drop to make me believe that she loved me; and yet her hand would linger in mine, her color rose if I looked my feelings, and her eyes drop to be raised in a moment, full of laughing defiance. She declared her intention to be an old maid most emphatically, and in the very next sentence would add—

"I never did love; but if I should take a fancy to anybody I should love him like—a house on fire. Though," she would say carelessly, "I never knew anybody yet worth setting my thoughts upon."

I tried a thousand ways to make her betray some interest in myself. Propose outright I could not. She had a way, whenever I tried it, of looking in my face with an air of grave attention and profound interest that was equivalent in its effects to knocking me down, as it took all the breath out of me.

One evening, while there, being troubled with a headache, the gipsy, putting on a grave face, gave me a lecture on the subject of health, winding up with—

"The best thing you can do is to get a wife to take care of you, and to keep you from overstudy. I advise you to do it if you can get anybody to have you."
"Indeed," I said, rather piqued, "there are only too many. I refrain from selection for fear of breaking other hearts. How fond all the ladies are of me!" I added, conceitedly; "though I can't see that I am particularly fascinating."

"Neither can I," said Susy, with an air of perfect simplicity.
"Can't you?" said I, "I hoped—hoped—"

Oh! that dreadful attentive face of hers!
"That is, Miss Susy, I thought—perhaps—oh! my head! my head!" and I turned my face in the cushion.
"Does it ache you very badly?"
She put her cool little hands among my curls. I felt the thrill her fingers gave me all the way to my toes. My head being very painful, I was obliged to leave; but, all the way home, the soft cool touch of those little fingers lingered upon my brow.

Soon after this, it became necessary for me to leave the city on business. An offer of a lucrative partnership at a distance, in the office of a lawyer friend of mine, made me decide to extend my trip, and see how the land lay. One thing was certain—I could not leave home, for months, perhaps, without some answer from Susy. Full of hope, I went to Mr. Arnold's. Susy was at the piano, and alone. She was playing "I've something sweet to tell you." At the words "I love you! I adore you!" she gave me such a glance that I was ready to prostrate myself; but, sweeping back the curls with laughing defiance she warbled—
"But I'm talking in my sleep."
"Then," I cried, "you love me when you sleep. May I think so?"
"Oh! yes, if you choose; for Rory O'More says dreams go by contraries, you know."

I sat down beside her.
"Ah!" I said, sighing, "Rory's idol dreamed she hated him."

"Yes," said Susy; "that was the difference between his case and yours."
We chatted for a time. At last I began—

"Miss Susy I came up this evening to tell you that I—"

How she was listening! A bright thought struck me. I would tell her of my journey, and in the emotion she was sure to betray it would be easy to declare my love.

"Miss Susy," I said, "I am going to the west to-morrow."

She swept her hands across the keys of the piano into a stormy polka. I tried to see her face, but her curls fell over it. I was prepared to catch her if she fainted, or comfort her if she wept. I listened for the sobs I fancied the music was intended to conceal; but, through the curls with a sudden toss, she struck the last chord on the piano, and said, gaily—
"Going away?"
"Yes; for some months."

"Dear me, how distressing! Stop at Bessie's, and order me some extra pocket handkerchiefs for the melancholy occasion, will you?"
"You do not seem to require them," I said, rather piqued. "I shall stay some months."

"Well, write to pa, won't you? And if you get married, or die, or anything, please let us know."

"I have an offer to be a partner in a law office, in the west," I said, determined to try her, "and if I accept it, as I have some thoughts of doing, I will never return."

Her face did not change. The old saucy look was there as I spoke; but I noticed that one little hand closed convulsively over her watch chain, and the other fell upon the keys, making for the first time a discord.

"Going away forever?" she said with a sad tone, that made my heart throb.
"Miss Susy, I hoped you, at least, would miss me, and sorrow in my absence."

She opened her eyes with an expression of profound amazement.

"I?"

"Yes, it might change all my plans, if my absence would grieve you."

"Change all your plans?"

"Yes, I hoped—I thought—"

Oh! that earnest, grave face. My cheeks burned, my hands and feet seemed to swell, and I felt cold chills all over me. I could not go on. I broke down for the third time.

There was an awkward silence. I glanced at Susy. Her eyes were resting on my hand, which lay on the arm of the sofa. The contrast between the black horsehair and the flesh seemed to strike her.

"What a pretty little hand!" she said.

A most brilliant idea now passed through my brain.

"You may have it if you will," said I, offering it to her.

She took it between her own hands, and, toying with the fingers, said—
"May I?"

"Yes, if you will give me this one," and I raised her beautiful hand to my lips.

She looked into my face. What she read there I cannot say; but if ever eyes tried to talk, mine did. Her color rose, the white lids fell over the glorious eyes, and the tiny hand struggled to free itself from my grasp. Was I fool enough to release it?

What I said I know not; but I dare say my wife can tell you. Five minutes later, my arm encircled the blue dress, the brown curls fell upon my breast, and my lips were in contact with another pair.

From Hall's Journal of Health. POSITION IN SLEEPING.

It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents of it are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs, and that of the food resting on the great vein of the body near the backbone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of blood more or less. If the arrest is partial the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent and hearty the arrest is more decided; and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate effort to get rid of it, arouses us, and sends on the stagnating blood; and we wake in a fright, or trembling or perspiration, or feeling exhaustion, according to the degree of stagnation, and the length and strength of the efforts made to escape the danger. But, when we are not able to escape the danger—when we do fall over the precipice—when the tumbling-building crushes us—what then? That's death! That is the death of those of whom it is said, when found lifeless in the morning—"That they were as well as they ever were the day before," and often it is added, "and ate heartier than common!" This last is a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal.—This we do know with certainty, that waking up in the night with painful diarrhoea, or cholera, or bilious cholice ending in death in a very short time, is properly traceable to a late large meal. The truly wise will take the safe side.—For persons who eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it; while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast so promising of a day of comfort.

A WIDOW'S GENTLEMAN-VICTIM!

A London paper gives the following affecting particulars of an affair:—"A tall, aristocratic-looking, handsome man, with moustache-shaded lip, and very glossy, luxuriant hair, but who had a very weak voice, made an affecting application to the Clerkenwell police magistrate on Saturday. He said he had been victimized by a young and designated widow. He had met her at a friend's house and she being young, fair, handsome, with large oval eyes and slender white hands, he had at last fallen in love with her. He took an early opportunity to declare his love, and he was sorry to say, was accepted. He purchased for her several presents, lent her money, and at her request also purchased several articles of furniture, which he gave to her, and had even gone so far as to pay the money for putting up the banns. A day or two after he had done so, he spoke to her in a kind manner about the necessity of her prohibiting the frequent visits of a male cousin, on which she became very excited, said she loved the little finger of her cousin better than she did the whole of his (applicant's) person, and ordered him to leave the house, and never let her see him any more. Since then she would not see him, and had married her cousin; and what made the matter worse, when he had applied for his articles of furniture to be given back to him, she declined to see him, but sent a message to say that if he annoyed her, her husband would give him a sound thrashing. He wanted to know if he could not compel her to let him have his presents back, and whether he could not compel her to repay the money he had lent her. The magistrate said he could not compel her to give him back his presents, and if he wanted his money, he had better sue the husband in the County Court. The applicant, who seemed quite cheery, then left the court."

"What are you looking after, my dear?" said an affectionate mother to her daughter at a watering place. The daughter looked around, and replied, "looking for a son-in-law for father."

It is a very easy thing for a man to be wise for other people.

What the breaking of an Egg led To.

A young couple had passed the first few weeks of their marriage at the house of a friend. Having at length occupied their new home, they were taking their first breakfast, when the following scene took place:

The young husband was innocently observing a boiled egg in a cup. The bride observed that he was breaking the shell at what she thought the wrong end.—"How strange it looks," said she, "to see you break your egg at the small end my dear! No one else does so; and it looks so odd."

"Oh, I think it is quite as good, in fact, better than breaking it at the large end, my love; for when you break the large end the egg runs over the top," replied the husband.

"But it looks very odd when no one else does so," rejoined the wife.

"Well, now, I really do think it is a nice way you have got of eating an egg. That dipping strips of bread and butter into an egg certainly is not tidy. But I do not object to your doing as you please, if you will not let me break my egg at the small end," retorted the husband.

"I am sure my way is not quite as bad as eating fruit-pie with a knife, as you do, instead of using a fork; and you always eat the syrup, as if you were not accustomed to have such thing. You really do not see how very bad it looks or I am sure you would not do so," added the wife.

"The syrup is made to be eaten with the pie; and why should I send it away on the plate?" asked the husband.

"No well-bred persons ever clear their plates as if they were starved," said the bride, with a contemptuous cast of her head.

"Well, then, I am not a well-bred person," replied the husband angrily.

"But you must be, if we are to live comfortably together," was the sharp answer of fastidious lady.

"Well, I must break my egg at the small end, so it does not signify; and I must also eat the syrup."

"Then I will not have neither fruit-pie or eggs at the table."

"But I will have them," petulantly exclaimed the husband.

"Then I wish I had not been married to you," cried the young wife, bursting into tears.

"And so do I," added the now incensed husband, as he rose and walked out of the room.

This domestic quarrel was followed by others equally trifling in their origin, and disgraceful in their character, until the silly couple made themselves so disagreeable to each other that their home became unendurable, and they separated.

A DUTCH WAR SAXON.—"Mine friends," said a Dutch chaplain to a company starting for the war, "ven virst you comed here you vas poor and humble, and now, mine friends, you isht prout, and sassy; and you has gotten on your uniforms and dem fit you like dogs upon a hog's pack. Now, mine friends, let me tell you dis—a man ish a man if he is no pigger as my dumb. Ven Tavid vent out to vite mit Gollah, he took noting mit him but one sling. Now don't mistake me, mine friends, it was not a rum sling; no, nor a gin sling; no nor a mint water sling; no, it vos a sling made mit von sikory stick. Now, ven dis Gollah seed Tavid coming, he said: "You vor ish scoundrel, does you come to vite me? I vill give you to de birds of the fields and de peasts of de air." Tavid ivy, "Gollah, Gollah, de race ish not always mit de shwitz, nor ish de battle mit de strong; and a man ish a man if he is no pigger as my dumb." So Tavid fixed a shstone in his sling and drows it at Gollah, and knocks him right in de forehead, and Tavid takes Gollah's sword and cuts off his head; and den all de puffly cats of de shwitz comes out, add strowed flowers in "his" way, and sung, "Saul ish a great thing, for he has kilt his thousands; but Tavid is greater as he, for he has kilt Gollah."

Mr. Jefferson Kenny, who left Bourbon County, Kentucky, two years since, and entered the Rebel service, has just returned and reported at Burnside's headquarters. He is tired of the Rebellion, and wants to take the oath. He says the South is now in a wretched condition, and entirely destitute of food and clothing; thousands would leave the Rebel service if they had a change.

The earth is exceedingly dirty, but the sea is very tidy.