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F. L. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

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We invite the lover of a good Segar to call and examine our stock, for it is unquestionably the best ever offered in Marietta.
We have the best
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AND SEE
Marietta, March 23, 1863-6mos*

MISLER'S BITTERS.
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Misler's Celebrated Herb Bitters,
has been established at
WOLFE'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
John Gilman, A. Fairer's wife,
John W. Colvin Jack, Levi E. Rife,
Henry Chamber, E. F. Benedict,
John Weidman, John Hines,
Thomas Wallis, Jay Caldwell,
J. T. McCully, John Lemon,
Absolem Fairer, and a host of others.
Marietta, March 28, 1863.*

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 Funk'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. 49-ly

A GENERAL Assortment of Hammered and ROLLED IRON, H. S. Bars, Norway, Nail Rods, American and German Spring and Cast Steel, Wagon Box, Iron Axes, Springs, &c., for Smiths.
For sale by PATERSON & CO.

MY BACHELOR UNCLE'S STORY.

"Harry, my boy, you are not going in that atrocious piece of felt?"
I clapped my hand rather nervously to my hat.

"Why not, uncle Simon? isn't it respectable enough?"
"Harry, you are my favorite nephew. Sit down, and you shall hear how I lost my wife—that should have been—through a bad hat."

I passively obeyed.
"Weston Thorn and I were room mates in our young days, and, as perverse fate would have it, we both fell desperately in love with the same girl—Fanny Trevor. Talk of your modern beauties—I never saw a prettier creature than Fanny was: cheeks like an apple blossom, sir, and even that fairly made you wild with her coquettish sparkle. She wore her auburn hair in bright braids within a net, and I've liked ever since."

"Simon," said Weston Thorn, one night, "I'm in love."
"So am I, Thorn," I answered.
"And I'm in love with Fanny Trevor."

"Are you!" said I. "So am I."
"Weston and I looked at each other steadily for about five minutes.
"So," said he, "will you give her up?"
"No!"

"Nor will I. So here's to the health of him who wins the brightest jewel that ever shone on human breast!"
"He tossed off a glass of champagne as he spoke. I pledged him; and although forty years and more have passed, yet I taste the sparkle of that bright wine whenever I remember the hour."

"Well, our twin suits progressed with varying success for weeks. Sometimes Fanny made Thorn desolate by dancing with me—sometimes she woke the spirit of Cain the murderer in my heart by wearing Weston Thorn's white roses in her belt. At length, one day, we went arm and arm to ask Mr. Trevor's permission formally to address his daughter. Papa Trevor was a jolly old soul, and laughed quite heartily at our amicable rivalry.

"Go in, boys, and win," he exclaimed. "Fanny may take her choice. Whichever it is, she'll be pretty sure of a good husband!"

"Weston," said I, on our way home, "I shall invite Fanny to that picnic up the river to-morrow. No place more favorable to the declaration of love than umbrageous shadows and green river shores!"

"Just my opinion," said Thorn. I shall also write a note of invitation.
"I took special pains to keep a sharp look out on the next morning. Hurry as I would, however, Thorn walked out of the house, kid-gloved and Panama-hatted, just two minutes and a half before I could succeed in tying my confounded cravat to suit myself. I gave my hair one parting rake with the unyielding bristles of the brush, dived into the wardrobe for my hat, and started full run for the street. I could always walk faster than Thorn, so I felt little apprehension on the score of not overtaking him.

"I had a dim idea that the young ladies in the hotel corridor looked rather comically at me as I sprang down stairs, and the little boys in the street gazed and commented as I passed, but I was in too great a hurry to pause for reflection, until a full length mirror, standing by way of advertisement at the door of a looking glass and picture-frame store, suddenly showed me to myself—a young gentleman got up in the extreme of fashion, all but the head, which might have belonged to a Bowery loafer!

"Good fates! what a villainous hat! it would have made a rowdy of Lord Palmerston himself—rusty, battered, seedy! I thought I had committed that hat to the flames weeks ago! Weston Thorn must have fished it out from its obscurity, and put it in provoking convenience to my hand. All my own fault—of course it was; why hadn't I the common sense to know what I was putting on my head?"

"I felt hurriedly in my pockets.—There was only just change enough to meet the exigencies of the day. There was no help for it—back I must trot.

"The sun had mounted high enough to make the homeward walk no pleasant thing to take in a hurry. Of course, my trembling fingers selected the wrong key at first, and it was some time before I could turn the wards so as to admit myself. However, in I walked at last, and opened the wardrobe with nervous haste. There hung the real hat in pro-

voking neatness—and it was no small aggravation to my state of mind to think I could not blame Thorn for my own carelessness. As I turned to go out, the dressing glass displayed to me such an enflamed and perspiring visage that a moment's delay in cologne sprinkling was indispensable. This completed, off I started for the second time on a run.

"What a jerk I gave Mr. Trevor's bell-pull—I wonder it had not come off in my hand. The scared servant answered the jingling summons as if she had expected no finer news than that the house was on fire.

"Miss Trevor, is she in?"
"No, sir; she has gone to the boat with Mr. Thorn."

"I could have stamped with rage. The boat left at eight precisely. I then glanced at my watch, and saw that it wanted just three minutes and a half of that hour. Perhaps I yet might be in time. I recollect little of that chase to the pier, save that it was a series of diving under horses' heads, skilful dartings around fat old ladies, and abrasing my ankles against boxes and barrels.

"Has the boat gone?" I gasped, too breathless for distinct speech, as I approached the pier.
"Don't know," said a heartless stevedore; "do you suppose there ain't but one boat in the world?"

"If I could but have been a magistrate, with power to put that wretch into handcuffs! But there was no time at last. Surely, she was not moving? Yes, she was! The plank had just been drawn on board, and the boat was swinging away from the pier, amid ringing bells, groaning ropes and gushing steam. Too late! Yet I would not despair. I could surely spring over those few feet of heaving, turbid water, and I leaped forward—only, however, to find myself drawn back by strong arms!

"Don't be crazy, mister!" said my friend the stevedore. Do you want to be drowned?"
"I didn't much care whether I was or not at that moment, for I had just caught sight of Weston Thorn on the upper deck, waving his handkerchief to me, and the blue ribbons of Fanny's gipsy hat were fluttering at his side.

"When they came back they were engaged young people. To this day I cannot meet Mrs. Judge Thorn without a curious stirring at my heart, although she, like myself, is old and gray. But she was very pretty then. And now, Master Harry," concluded my uncle Simon, "go and put on a respectable beaver, and remember that your uncle's whole destiny turned on the pivot of an old hat!"

I followed my uncle Simon's advice, secretly remembering Rochefoucauld's maxim, that "in the sorrows of our best friends there is something agreeable to us;" for, if my uncle had worn the right hat and married Miss Trevor, I should not have inherited his fortune. It is a selfish world!

A BIG BUG STORY.—A few evenings since, in our private club, there was a learned dissertation on the subject "Bed bugs and their remarkable tenacity of life." One asserted of his own knowledge that they could be boiled and then come to life. Some had soaked them for hours in turpentine without any fatal consequences. Old Hanks who had been listening to an outsider, here gave his evidence in corroboration of the facts. Says he: "Some years ago, I took a bedbug to an iron foundry and dropping it into a ladle where the melted iron was, had it run into a skillet. Well my old woman had used the skillet pretty constantly for the last six years, and here the other day it got broke all to smash, and what do you think, gentlemen, that insect just walked out of his hole, where he'd been laying like a frog in a rock, and made tracks for his old roost up stairs! But!" added he by way of parenthesis "he looked mighty pale!"

A DELICATE DESSERT.—Lay half a dozen crackers in a tureen, pour on enough boiling water to cover them. In a few minutes they will be swollen to three or four times their original size. Now grate loaf sugar and a little nutmeg over them, and dip on enough sweet cream to make a nice sauce, and you will have a simple and delicious dessert that will rest lightly on the stomach—and it is easily prepared. Leave out the cream, and it is a valuable recipe for "sick room cookery."

They say the allegator has his tender spot somewhere about his belly. That's the rebels' tender spot just now.

How Some People Marry.

A young man meets a pretty face in the ball-room, falls in love with it, marries it, goes to housekeeping with it, and boasts of having a home and a wife to grace it. The chances are nine to ten that he has neither! Her pretty face gets to be an old story, or becomes faded, or freckled, or fretted; and as the face was all he wanted, all he paid attention to, all he sat up with, all he bargained for, all he swore to love, honor and protect, he gets sick of his trade, knows a dozen faces which he likes better, gives up staying at home evenings, consoles himself with cigars, oysters, and politics, and looks upon his home as a very indifferent boarding house. A family of children grow up about him; but neither he nor his 'face' knows anything about training them; so they grow up helter-skelter, made tops of when babies, dolls when boys and girls, drudges when men and women; and so they pass year after year, and no one quiet, homely hour is known in the whole house.

Another young man becomes enamored of a "fortune." He waits upon it to parties, dances the polka with it, exchanges *billet doux* with it, pops the question to it, gets "yes" from it, takes it to the parson, weds and calls it "wife," takes it home, sets up an establishment with it, introduces it to his friends, and says (poor fellow) that he, too, is married, and has got a home. It is false! He is not married, he has no home. He is in the wrong box, but it is too late to get out of it. He might as well hope to escape from his coffin. His friends congratulate him, and he has to grin and bear it. They praise the house, the furniture, the new cradle, the new Bible, the new baby; and then bid the "fortune" and him who husbands it good morning! As if he had known a good morning since he and that gilded fortune were declared to be one.

Take another case. A young woman is smitten with a pair of whiskers.—Curled hair never before had such charms. She "sets her cap" for them; they take. The delighted whiskers make an offer, proffering themselves both in exchange for her heart. The dear miss is overcome with magnanimity closes the bargain, carries home the prize, shows it to pa and ma, calls herself engaged to it, thinks there never was such a pair of whiskers before, and in a few weeks they are married. Married! Yes, the world calls it so, and we will. What is the result? A short honeymoon, and then unlucky discovery that they are as unlike as chalk and cheese, and not to be made one, though all the priests in Christendom pronounce them so.

THE MAN WHO WON'T PAY THE PRINTER.—A country editor, who works for glory and prints for trust, is responsible for the following anatomical aspirations on the man that won't pay the printer:—"May he have sore eyes and a chestnut burr for an eye stone. May he every day of his life be more despotic than the Day of Algiers. May he never be permitted to kiss a handsome woman. May his boots leak; may his gun bang fire, and his fishing lines break. May his coffee be sweetened with flies, and his soup seasoned with spiders. May his friend run off with his wife, and his children take the whooping cough. May his cattle die of murrain, and his pigs destroy his garden. May a regiment of cats caterwaul under his window by night. May his cows give sour milk and rancid butter. In short, may his daughter marry a one-eyed editor, and his business go to ruin, and he go to ——— the Legislature."

"What are you about?" inquired a lunatic of a cook, who was industriously stripping the feathers from a fowl. "Dressing a chicken," answered the cook. "I should call that un-dressing," said the crazy chap in reply. The cook looked reflective.

It is said there is not a chicken in Mississippi. The people down there are so hungry for something in the poultry line that they could eat the weather-cock on a church steeple.

What is the difference between a mischievous mouse and a beautiful young lady? One harms the cheese, and the other charms the he's.

A man comes to church and falls fast asleep, as though he had been bro't in for a corpse, and the preacher were preaching at his funeral.

Which is the easier to spell—fid-dle-dee-dee or fiddle-de-dum? The former, because it is spelt with more e's.

FASHION.

We clip the following from *Prentice's Louisville Journal*, which is, decidedly the most sharp and truthful article on the subject we have yet seen:

Fashion is the conservator of society throughout the civilized world. It regulates the habits, customs, and deportment of patrician and plebeian—peer and parvenu. Barrington quaintly but truthfully remarks in his "Sketches" that "dress has a corresponding influence upon address." When the dress is coarse, careless, and begrimed—the beard unshaven, the hair unkempt, and the hat "shocking bad," the effect produced is coarse conversation, careless habits, and unpolished deportment. A well-dressed person is disposed to the genteel and gravitates to the polite; for it would be vastly inconsistent with the attire to be otherwise, no matter how coarse the natural instinct may be.

Society in general tolerates the well-dressed person and repudiates the contrary, no matter whether the latter be the result of studied eccentricity or weakness of habit. But there is a vast distinction between the male dandy and the gentleman, equally so between the female dandy and the lady, so far as dress is concerned. Fashion, in the exercise of arbitrary power, regulates the temporary custom of dress, and all submit to the exaction as a necessity of social law. The serving-girl spends her hard-earned wages in imitation of the refined dress of her mistress. What becomes the one is ill-fitted for the other. The happy contrast of color, the well-chosen garment of taste, is trampled in the flaunting ribbons, the gorgeous flowers, and the loud pattern of the imitator.

As a general rule there is more excuse for carelessness in dress in man than in woman. The cares and vicissitudes of business, and the many reverses which fortune brings upon man, are frequent apologists for unwonted neglect in him; while a slattern can have no refuge from the odium necessarily entailed. The wife generally exercises a healthy influence in this regard over the husband. The most palpable instance of this kind was publicly noticed in the case of the late Senator Douglass.—Previously to his marriage with Miss Cutts, of Washington, Judge Douglass was the incarnation of the sloven.—Hardly had he mated a day, when the public was agreeably surprised to find him the pattern of neatness. The dirty, careless statesman was translated into the well-clad, dignified Senator. All who remember this transformation must admit the benefit of the change.

Among the well known and distinguished authors of the day, Willis was ever the grand, great dandy of the *littérature*. He was always "on his shape."—Tall, well-moulded, graceful in the extreme, his dress was faultless, and his style unexceptionable. His hair clustered in silken curls about a well-shaped head, betokening the genius of his character; and he would have passed current for the modern Adonis, were it not for a gait at once finical and dandyish. Now that he is in the "sere and yellow leaf," he still struggles with the decay which time has wrought, clinging with fondness to the time long past, and in blissful forgetfulness of the crow's-feet and wrinkles of his face.

Greeley, the sage philosopher of Graham bread, Fourierism, and Abolition, owes half his reputation to the battered hat and old white coat so well and perseveringly worn by him. His gait is almost without comparison—something between a stringhalt and a spavio; and he shambles along, looking for all the world like a street beggar or an inmate of the poorhouse on the rampage. Benevolent individuals, ignorant of his identity, are said to force coppers into his hands, in the exercise of the great spirit of charity. His wife is reported occasionally to steal away his torn unwhisperables, substituting another pair, while the abstruse philosopher is ignorant of the change. It would be safe to wager a basket of Heidsieck that no one would imagine, seeing Greeley perambulating Broadway, that such a miserable looking, wretchedly-clad individual was the learned pundit of the Tribune, and the generalissimo of the famed "first battle of Bull Run."

Fitz Greene Halleck presented the appearance of anything but the ideal of a poet. William Cullen Bryant assimilates the imaginary *persona* of a Bank President, Secretary of an Insurance Company, or a well-fed and successful merchant in hides and tallow. General George P. Morris is a rotund, bluff buck of the old school—more like a city Al-

german than a poet; although his pleasant face might indicate the charitable propensity which induced him to intimate to the "woodman" that it would be highly and eminently proper to "spare that tree."

The pictorials now-a-days are busy in publishing the counterfeit presentments of the great military, naval, and civil heroes of the day. There was a time when the same wood cut would answer for the portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, or Polly Bodine. *Naus avons changez tout cela.* General Grant's phiz would never answer for Sherman, nor Rosecrans for Burnside. Hunter would never do for Sigel, nor Sickles for Fremont. This is now the fashion of literature, and the public taste is confused between the stories of Bonner's Ledger, and the portraits in Harper and Leslie.

One of the remarkable incidents of fashion in this country is the difference which its votaries exhibit in dress. A New Yorker dresses differently from a Philadelphian or Bostonian; while a Baltimorean is an admixture of all three—both in male and female attire. Louisville is said to be the city of pretty women and mocking birds—a curious association of beauty and ornithology.—There is certainly a plethora of mocking-birds, who whistle their plagiarisms in almost every barber shop and saloon in this city. But of pretty women there can never be a surfeit—the more the merrier; and Louisville can really boast of her female beauty. One of the fashionable eccentricities of the Louisville ladies is the universal donning of the little, saucy, gypsy hat, which has become epidemical to a degree. It sets off and well becomes a youthful, budding girl, but is abhorrent upon the face of age. The staid, stately, three story and attic bonnet is sadly in the vogue among the mature, who persistently and viciously adopt this little gypsy hat, to the damage of the patent-right of youth.

As a safeguard to this peculiar institution of Louisville, would it not be a good suggestion to petition the Common Council for a protective ordinance—punishing by severe penalty any married woman or female of *uncertain* age who wears a gypsy hat, unless it be a bride pending the honeymoon?

During the reign of Bonaparte the arrogant soldiery affected to despise all civilians whom they, in their barrack, one day essayed a general officer: rack-room slang termed Pekins. Talley-What's the meaning of that word 'Pekin'?"

"Oh," replied the General, "we call all those Pekins who are not military."
"Exactly," said Talleyrand, "just as we call all people military who are not civil."

A little boy had lived some time with a penurious uncle. The latter was one day walking out, with the child at his side, when a friend accompanied by a greyhound, accosted him. The little fellow never having seen a dog of slim and slight texture, clasped the creature round the neck with the impassioned cry, "O, doggie! doggie! and did ye live 'n' your uncle, too, that you are so thin?"

"I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman," said a gentleman who was hiring a boy. "You say you were born in Ireland." "Och, your honor, if that's all," said the boy, "small blame to that. Suppose your cat were to have kittens in the oven would they be loaves of bread?"

A chap down in Connecticut, after the passage of the Conscription act, got married to evade the draft. He now says, if he can get a divorce he will enlist, as if he *must fight*, he would rather do so for his country. This fellow made a mistake matrimonially.

Referring to Beecher, probably, Prentice says: We sometimes find a preacher, who, knowing that it isn't allowable for his people to go to the playhouse, is willing to gratify them by making a playhouse of his church.

All of our people owe allegiance to the Government, but with some of them it is like the other debts they owe—they'll never pay it.

The editor of the *Cattanooga Rebel* says that he flings the Confederate flag to the breeze. He had better fling it to the waves—pitch it into the first stream he comes to.

Tongues are apt to be unruly, for as we can't see them, it is impossible to keep a watch on them.