

The Mariettian.

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

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1864.

VOL. 10.—NO. 40.

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson,
Philadelphia, Pa.

IS NOT A BAR-ROOM DRINK, OR A
SUBSTITUTE FOR RUM,
Or an Intoxicating Beverage, but a highly con-
centrated Vegetable Extract, a Pure Tonic,
free from alcoholic taint or injurious drugs,
and will effectually cure

Liver Complaint,
Dyspepsia, and
Jaundice.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF
Chronic or Nervous Debility, Disease of the
Kidneys, and Diseases arising from a
Disordered Stomach.

OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS
resulting from disorders of the digestive organs:
Constipation, Inward Piles, Sea-sickness, Food
to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea,
Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or
weight in the Stomach, sour eructations, sink-
ing or fluttering of the Pit of the Stomach,
swimming of the Head, hurried and difficult
breathing, fluttering of the heart, chilliness or
suffocating sensations when in a lying posture,
dimness of vision, dots or webs before the
sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency
of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and
eyes, pain in the side, back, chest, limbs,
&c., sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh,
constant imaginings of evil, and great de-
pression of spirits.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
WILL GIVE YOU
A Good Appetite,
Strong Nerves,
Healthy Sleep,
Steady Nerves,
Briak Feelings,
Energetic Feelings,
Healthy Feelings,
A Good Constitution, A Strong Constitution,
A Healthy Constitution, A Sound Constitution,
Will MAKE THE WEAK STRONG,
Will make the Delicate Healthy,
Will make the Thin Stout,
Will make the Depressed Lively,
Will make the Sallow Complexion Clear,
Will make the Dull eye Clear and Bright.

Will give you a blessing in every family.
It can be used with perfect safety by male
or female, Old or Young.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.
There are many preparations sold under the
name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, com-
pounded of the cheapest Whiskey or common
rum, costing from 20 to 40 cents per gallon,
but taste disguised by Anise or Coriander seed.
This class of Bitters causes and will con-
tinue to cause, as long as they can be sold,
hundreds of deaths of a drunkard. By
their use the system is kept continually under
the influence of alcoholic stimulants, the
worst kind, the desire for liquor is created and
kept up, and the result is all the horrors at-
tendant upon a drunkard's life and death. Be-
ware of them.

For those who desire and will have a liquor
bitters, we publish the following receipt:
Get one bottle Hoofland's German Bitters and
mix with three quarts of good Whiskey or
Brandy, and the result will be a preparation
that will far excel in medicinal virtues and
true excellence any of the numerous liquor
bitters in the market, and will cost much less.
You will have all the virtues of Hoofland's Bit-
ters in connection with a good article of liquor
and at a much less price than these inferior
preparations will cost you.

DELICATE CHILDREN.
Those suffering from marasmus, wasting
away, with scarcely any flesh on their bones,
are cured in a very short time; one bottle in
such cases, will have most surprising effect.

DEBILITY.
Resulting from fevers of any kind—these bit-
ters will renew strength in a short time.

FEVER AND AGUE.—The chills will not re-
turn if these Bitters are used. No person in a
fever and ague district should be without them.

From Rev. J. Newton Brown, D. D., Editor
of the Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge.

Although not disposed to favor or recommend
Patent Medicines in general, through distrust
of their ingredients and effects; I yet know
of no sufficient reason why a man may not tes-
tify to the benefits he believes himself to have
received from any simple preparation, in the
hope that he may thus contribute to the bene-
fit of others.

I do this more readily in regard to Hoofland's
German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson
because I was prejudiced against them for a
number of years, under the impression that
they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am
indebted to my friend Robt. Shoemaker, esq.,
for the removal of this prejudice by proper
tests, and for encouragement to try them, when
suffering from great weakness and debility. The
use of three bottles of these Bitters, at the be-
ginning of the present year, was followed by
evident relief, and restoration to a degree of
bodily and mental vigor which I had almost dis-
paired for six months before, and had almost dis-
paired of regaining. Therefore thank God and
my friend for directing me to the use of them.
J. Newton Brown.

Philadelphia, June 23, 1862.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS.
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relations
or friends in the army to the fact that "Hoo-
fland's German Bitters" will cure nine-tenths
of the diseases induced by privation and ex-
posure incident to camp life. In the lists
published almost daily in the newspapers, on
the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that
a very large proportion are suffering from
fever, dysentery, &c., and that they can be readi-
ly cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. We
have no hesitation in stating that, if these bit-
ters are freely used among our soldiers, hun-
dreds of lives might be saved that otherwise
would be lost.

The physicians are daily receiving thankful
letters from sufferers in the army and hospi-
tals, who have been restored to health by the
use of these Bitters, sent to them by their friends.
Beware of counterfeits! See that the sig-
nature of "C. M. Jackson" is on the wrapper
of each bottle.

PRICES.
Large Size, \$1.00 per bottle, or 1 dozen for \$6.
Medium size, 75c per bottle, or 1 dozen for \$4.
The larger size, on account of the quantity the
bottles hold, are much the cheaper.

Should your nearest druggist not have them, or
article, do not put it off, but send to pay for
it, by mail, to the following:

One
30,000
per
horis
one
lbs.

good as new
TANTOWN
but a short time
SULTZBACH.

For sale by
in the United

Published every Saturday Morning
OFFICE: } COLLIER'S Row, Front Street, five
} doors below Perry's Hotel.
TERMS, One Dollar a year, payable in ad-
vance, and if subscriptions be not paid within
six months \$1.25 will be charged, but if de-
layed until the expiration of the year, \$1.50
will be charged.

ADVERTISING RATES: One square (12
lines, or less) 50 cents for the first insertion and
25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Pro-
fessional and Business cards, of six lines or less
at \$3 per annum. Notices in the reading col-
umns, five cents a-line. Marriages and Deaths,
the simple announcement, FREE; but for any
additional lines, five cents a-line.
A liberal deduction made to yearly and half
yearly advertisers.

Having recently added a large lot of new
Job and Card type, Cuts, Borders, &c., to the
Job Office of "The Mariettian," which will
insure the fine execution of all kinds of Job &
CARD PRINTING, from the smallest
Card to the largest Poster, at prices to suit the
War times.

THE LOST KITE.

"My kite! my kite! I've lost my kite!
Oh! when I saw the steady flight
With which she gained her lofty height,
How could I know, that, letting go
That naughty string would bring so low
My pretty, buoyant, darling kite,
To pass forever out of sight!

"A purple cloud was sailing by,
With silver borders, o'er the sky;
I thought it seemed to come so nigh,
I'd let my kite go up and light
Upon its fringe so soft and bright,
To see how noble, high, and proud
She'd look while riding on a cloud!

"As near her shining mark she drew,
I clapped my hands—the line slipped thro'
My silly fingers—and she flew
Away! away! in airy play,
Right over where the water lay!
She veered and fluttered, swung, and gave
A plunge! then vanished in the wave!

"I never more shall want to look
On that false cloud, or on the brook;
Nor e'er to feel the breeze that took
My dearest toy, thus to destroy
The pastime of my happy boy!
My kite! my kite! how sad to think
She soared so high, so soon to sink!"

"Be this," the mother said and smiled,
"A lesson to you, simple child!
And when by fancies vain and wild
As that which cost the kite that's lost,
Thy busy brain again is crossed,
Of shining vapor then beware,
Nor place thy joys on fickle air!

"I have a darling treasure, too,
That sometimes would, by slipping through
My guardian hands, the way pursue,
From which more right than that to my kite,
I hold my jewel, new and bright,
Lest he should stray without a guide,
To drown my hopes in sorrow's tide!"

When stoves are no longer need-
ed they are quite frequently set aside in
an outbuilding, or other out of the way
place, with no farther thought, until again
wanted for use. If neglected, the rust of
the summer may injure them more
than the whole winter's wear, particu-
larly the parts made of sheet iron. They
should be kept as free from dampness as
possible, and occasionally cleaned if rust
be observed. Our plan has been to ap-
ply a coating of linseed oil to the pipes
before putting them away. It should
be done while the pipes are warm, but
should be done thoroughly. It is not
particular that it should be linseed oil—
this being mentioned as the cheapest—
almost any grease will answer.

New fashions in dress produce
new diseases. Diphtheria, that infectious
form of sore throat, is said to have
originated in the modern custom of
wearing low, turn-down collars, instead
of the old stiff white walls, which now
mark so conspicuously the middle-aged
man. The national throat, guarded for
so many centuries by robes of muslin,
black velvet solitaires, lace collars, and
other knick-knacks, was suddenly striped
of all its defences, and thrown open
to the rude winds. The result blossoms
out in the disagreeable form of diphtheria,
nature's terrible warning of the danger,
and simultaneous correction of the folly.

The name of God is spelled in
four letters in almost every language
thus: In Latin, Deus; French, Dieu;
Greek, Theos; German, Gott; Scandi-
navian, Odin; Swedish, Ood; Hebrew,
Adon; Syrian, Adad; Persian, Syria;
Tartarian, Idga; Spanish, Dias; East
Indian, Esqi or Zeni; Turkish, Addi;
Egyptian, Amun or Zent; Japanese,
Zain; Peruvian, Lian; Wallachian,
Zene; Eturian, Chur; Irish, Dich;
Arabian, Alla, &c.

can raise 150 lbs. 220
THE GOLDEN MORTAR.
LYON'S Periodical Drops, and Clark's Fe-
male Pills, at
BOHLEN'S long celebrated GIN,
H. D. BENJAMIN.
EMPTY Molasses Barrels,
For sale at J. B. DIFFENBACH'S.

Popping the Question.

There is no more delicate step in life
than the operation designated by the
elegant phrase I have selected for the
title of my present lucubration. Much
winding and caution, and previous sound-
ing is necessary when you have got a
favor to ask of a great man. It is ten
chances to one that he takes it into his
head to consider your request exorbitant,
and to make this the pretext for
shaking off what he naturally considers
a cumbersome appendage to his state—a
man who has a claim upon his good
offices. But this hazard is nothing in
comparison with the risk you run in
laying yourself at the mercy of a young
gipsy, fonder of fun and frolic than any
thing in life. Even though she love you
with the whole of her little heart, she
possesses a flow of spirits, and woman's
ready knack of preserving appearances;
and though her bosom may have re-
sponsive to your stammering tale, she
will lure you on with kind complacent
looks, until you have told "your pitiful
story," and then laugh in your face for
your pains.

It is not this either that I meant to
express. Men are not cowards, because
they see distinctly the danger that lies
before them. When a person has cool-
ness sufficient to appreciate its full ex-
tent, he has in general either self-pos-
session enough to back out of the scrape,
or, if it is inevitable, to march with due
resignation to meet his fate. In like
manner, it is not that poor Pillgrick,
the lover, has a clear notion (persons in
his condition are rarely troubled with
clear notions) of what awaits him, but
he feels a kind of choking about the
neck of his heart, a hang-dog inclination
to go backwards instead of forwards, a
check, a sudden stop in his functions.—
He knows not how to look, or what to
say. His fine plan, arranged with so
much happy enthusiasm, when sitting
alone in his arm-chair, after a good din-
ner, and two or three glasses of wine, in
the uncertain glimmering of twilight,
with his feet upon the fender, proves
quite impracticable. Either it has es-
caped his memory altogether, or the
conversation perverts takes a turn to-
tally different from that by which he
hoped to lead the fair one from different
topics to thoughts of a tenderer com-
plexion, and thus, by fine degrees, (he
watching all the time how she was af-
fected, in order to be sure of his
strength, before he makes the plunge),
to inebriate his confession, just at the
moment that he knows that it will be
received.

The desperate struggles and floundering-
ings by which some endeavor to get out
of their embarrassment are amusing
enough. We remember to have been
much delighted the first time we heard
the history of the wooing of a noble
lord, now no more, narrated. His lord-
ship was a man of talents and of enter-
prise, of stainless pedigree, and a fair
rent-roll, but the veriest slave of bash-
fulness. Like all timid and quiet men,
he was very susceptible and very con-
stant, as long as he was in the habit of
seeing the object of his affections daily.
He chanced, at the beginning of an
Edinburgh winter, to lose his heart to
Miss —; and as their families were in
habits of intimacy, he had frequent op-
portunities of meeting with her. He
gazed and sighed incessantly—a very
timid and quiet man, but that he had a
larger allowance of brain; he followed every-
where; he felt jealous, uncomfortable,
savage, if she looked even civilly at
another; and yet, notwithstanding his
stoutest resolutions—notwithstanding the
encouragement afforded him by the
lady, a woman of sense, who saw what
his lordship would be at, esteemed his
character, was superior to girlish affec-
tation, and made every advance consist-
ent with womanly delicacy—the winter
was fast fading into spring, and he had
not yet got his month opened. Mamma
at last lost all patience; and one day,
when his lordship was taking his usual
louche in the drawing-room, silent, or
uttering an occasional monosyllable, the
good lady abruptly left the room, and
locked the pair in alone. When his
lordship, on assaying to take his leave,
discovered the predicament in which he
stood, a desperate fit of resolution seized
him. Miss — sat bending most as-
siduously over her needle, a deep blush
on her cheek. His lordship advanced
bar, but, losing heart by the way,

her—"Miss —, will you marry me?"—"With the greatest pleasure, my lord,"
was the answer, given in a low, some-
what timid, but unflinching voice, while
a deeper crimson suffused the face of the
speaker. And a right good wife she
made him.

Some gentlemen, equally nervous, and
unaided by such a discriminating and
ingenious mamma, have recourse to the
plan of wooing by proxy. This is a
system which I can by no means recom-
mend. If a male agent be employed,
there is great danger, that, before he is
aware, he begins to plead for himself.—
Talking of love, even in the abstract,
with a woman, is a ticklish matter.—
Emotions are awakened, which we tho't
were lulled to sleep for ever, and we
grow desirous to appropriate to our-
selves the pretty sentiments which she
so well expresses. A female go-between
is less dangerous; but I cannot con-
ceive with what face a man can ever
address a woman as his wife whom he
had not courage to woo for himself.

Day, the philosopher, had a freak of
educating a wife for himself. He got
two orphan girls intrusted to his care,
on entering into recognition to edu-
cate and provide for them. One proved
too mulish to make anything of. The
other grew up everything he could have
wished. And yet he gave up the idea
of marrying her, because she one day
purchased a handkerchief more gaudy
than accorded with his philosophical
notions. Of course, it never came to a
declaration. I wish it had, that one
might have seen with what degree of
grace a man could divest himself of the
grave and commanding characters of
papa and pedagogue, to assume the sup-
ple, insinuating deportment of the lover.

There are a set of men, whose success
in wooing, and it is unfeeling, I cannot
comprehend. Grave, emaciated, sallow
divines, who never look the person in
the face whom they address—who never
speak above their breath—who sit on
the uttermost end of the chairs, a full
yard distance from the dinner-table. I
have never known one of these scare-
crows fall in getting a rich wife. How
it is, heaven knows! Can it be that the
ladies ask them?

One thing is certain, that I myself
have never been able to "pop the ques-
tion. Like the inspired writer, among
the things beyond the reach of my intel-
lect, is "the way of a man with a maid."
By what witchery he should be able
to induce her, "her free unbosomed
condition" to "bring into circumscrip-
tion and confine," is to me a mystery.—
Had it been otherwise, I should not
have been at this time the lonely inmate
of a dull house—one who can scarcely
claim kindred with any human being—
in short,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

THE PICKPOCKET'S TRAP.—The Lon-
bardi of Milan says: "A young man,
with his arm caught in an iron trap, has
just been led through the streets of this
city to prison. A person named
Varisco had invented a gin to catch
pickpockets, which may be easily placed
in a coat-pocket, and is so constructed
as to hold the hand of the thief as if in
a vice. M. Varisco being in a locality
which those light-fingered gentry are
thought to frequent, and remarking near
him an individual of a rather suspicious
exterior, took from one of his pockets a
handsome silver snuff box, at the same
time assuming a simple air. Then leisu-
rally taking a pinch from it, he placed
it into a pocket provided with the trap.
Presently the stranger approached M.
Varisco, slipped his hand into the pocket,
seized hold of the bait, and in another
second showed by his cries that he
was securely caught."

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS XIV.—The
death of the queen affected him in the
severest degree. "Good God!" said he,
when his attendant forced him away
from her lifeless body, "is it possible
that the queen is dead—and that I must
forever lose her, who never gave me
pain but when she died?" It is not
easy to pronounce a funeral oration in
fewer words, or give a stronger evidence
of a happy married life.

The Richmond Examiner says that
"Gen. Butler deserves a rope's end."
So do a good many of the rebel leaders.
The only question is, whether the rope's
end should be laid over their backs or
twisted around their necks.

"Hallo; there!" said farmer to an
Irishman busily engaged at one of his
cherry trees, "by what right do you take
those cherries?" "I take 'em, my friend,"
said he, "by my right hand sure."

Borrowing Trouble.

Borrowing, though often convenient
and sometimes necessary, frequently
lead those concerned into difficulty, but
in nothing is this so universally the case
as in "borrowing trouble," for which we
always have to pay a heavy per cent, of
care and anxiety.

Of what possible benefit to us can it
be to ignore the blessings and enjoy-
ment of the present in order that we
may brood over our own or others' fore-
bodings of future ill? Why should we
close our eyes to the sunshining of to-day,
while we deplore the storm which may
or may not come on the morrow? Are
we not commanded to "take no thought
for the morrow, for the morrow shall
take thought for the things of itself?"
and assured that "Sufficient unto the day
is the evil thereof?"

This may be a trite theme, but the
evil we deprecate is so wide-spread, that
we shall be pardoned for raising our
feeble voice once and again in remon-
strance. We have no charity for this
spirit of doubt and distrust—this con-
tinual croaking of those who seem to
live by borrowing trouble. Why should
they forever see in the blooming cheek
only the precursor of disease and death?
Why is every bright day pronounced
the forerunner of a storm, and every joy-
ous heart warned that the time of sorrow
and darkness is nigh?

Granted that there is truth in all these
assertions, why need we be continually
forced upon our remembrance? Is it
showing a proper degree of gratitude to
an all-wise and beneficent Father, to
take His gifts with a careless hand, and
instead of thanking Him for the present
good, turn with anxious heart to the
possibility of coming evil? We know
that life has heavy burdens for us all,
to bear; but is not every yoke fitted to
the neck that must wear it, and would any
of us, after sober deliberation, exchange
our own lot for that of another? Shall
we not accept the sorrow with the joy,
as part of our needed discipline, and not
as a dreaded calamity which overtakes
those whose path hitherto has been
smooth and flowery?

There must be some bitterness infused
into the cup of life, else it would not
prove a health-giving tonic, but merely
an effervescing draught. Let us con-
sider our trials in this light, and thank
God for the drops of sweetness that
pervade the whole mixture, instead of
tasting only the dregs and lamenting
their nauseousness. Preaching is easier
than practice, and no hand can be so
guiltless of the sin we deplore, as to
cast the first stone; but we can all, at
least, strive against the tendency to
cherish anxious forebodings, which is
ploughing so many furrows on brows
that ought to be fair and smooth, and
rendering many a once free, light heart
heavy and care worn. A reform is
surely needed here—who will join the
crusade against those enemies of human-
ity, Doubt and Anxiety? And whatever
our debts you may contract, pledge
yourselves against "borrowing trouble."

ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—The
Boston (Mass.) Courier relates the fol-
lowing:

Mr Webster married the woman he
loved, and the twenty years which he
lived with her brought him to the me-
ridian of greatness. An anecdote, in
current on this subject, which is not re-
corded in the books. Mr Webster was
becoming intimate with Miss Grace
Fletcher, when the skin of silk getting
into a knot, Mr Webster assisted in un-
ravelling the snarl—then looking up to
Miss Grace, he said, "We have untied a
knot, don't you think we could tie one?"
Grace was a little embarrassed, said not
a word, but in the course of a few min-
utes she tied a knot in a piece of tape
and handed it to Mr Webster. This
piece of tape, the thread of his domestic
joys, was found, after the death of Mr.
Webster, preserved as one of his most
precious relics.

FASTEN A NAIL OR KEY TO A STRING
and suspend it to your thumb and finger
and the nail will oscillate like a pendu-
lum. Let some one place his open hand
under the nail, and it will change to a
circular motion. Then let a third per-
son place his hand upon your shoulder,
and the nail becomes in a moment sta-
tionary.

Secretary Chase expects to get a
large portion of his revenue from the
tax on whisky. Of course, then, the
more whisky drank, the better for the
Government, and the bigger the drinker
the bigger the patriot. Temperance
societies are unquestionably disloyal.

It is stated that a small herd of
nine oxen and cows taken to La Plata
in 1555, has now multiplied to such an
extent that there are 15,000,000 in the
country.

NOT AT ALL STRANGE.—I. Some pa-
rents allow their children to attend dan-
cing schools, and then wonder that they
do not love to go to prayer meeting, or
Sabbath school.

"I do wish my children loved the
prayer meeting," says some fond mother,
"but they seem to prefer to go to parties
and balls."

Very likely. They walk in the way
in which you have trained them. You
thought to render them graceful, did
you? You wanted them to go out into
society as graceful accomplished dancers
did you? Well haven't you had your
wish. Can they not dance in the most
graceful manner? Not at all strange,
then, that they don't love sacred things.
The Bible says, "Train up a child in the
way he should go, and when he is old he
will not depart from it." Give the child
the idea that he must learn to dance be-
fore he can be prepared for society, and
you need not think it strange that he
grows up desiring rather to be on the
dancing floor than in the prayer room.
"As the twig is bent so is the tree incli-
ned."

2. Some seem indifferent about what
companions their children choose, and
then wonder that they have learned so
many wicked ways, having their con-
science seared, as it were, with a hot iron.

"It is surprising to me that John has
become so saucy. I can't imagine where
he learned such big words."

No, it is not strange at all. You did
not choose good associates for him, but
allowed him to choose his own. You
did not dream at the time that such re-
sults would follow; but the seed was
sown, and now you and your child are
reaping the bitter fruit. It will not do
to throw the child out into society with-
out aiding him in choosing proper asso-
ciates. "Evil communications corrupt
good manners." The heart is naturally
depraved and consequently runs to evil.
The child is more likely to choose evil
than good society, hence he must be
looked after.

A REBEL BEECHER.—The Beechers
are known throughout the Union as
men of talent and positive views. Many
term them extreme, especially on the
slavery question. But this rebellion has
even cut in twain the family of Beechers.
During the battle of Stone River, Dr.
Charles Beecher, of Galesburg, Illinois,
assistant surgeon of the 29th Illinois
volunteers, remained upon the field,
busily engaged in caring for his wound-
ed men, and with them was made prison-
er. Soon after, while surrounded by a
group of rebel officers, to whom he had
been introduced, he was surprised to find
even New Yorkers among the officers
of the Southern army.

"Worse than that, sir," said a bystan-
der. "In me you see a man from Mas-
sachusetts and Illinois. My name is
Edward Beecher, President of Knox
College, at Galesburg Illinois. Henry
Ward Beecher is my uncle."

"Why Galesburg is my town, and I
know your father well," replied the
Illinois doctor.

The pleasure of the acquaintance
thus formed was mutual, and the doctor
soon found that he had met with a gen-
uine Beecher in appearance and manners.
This son of Edward, the eminent, was a
quartermaster in General Chatham's di-
vision, and previous to the war had prac-
ticed law in Memphis, Tennessee. He
was not at all bitter in his feelings, nor
harsh in his views, but yet withal a
most determined rebel.

A Louisville (Ky.) paper, of
Thursday says: "A young-looking sol-
dier girl, who had served twenty months
in an Indiana regiment, and participated
in several hard contested engagements
and became tired of the service, and
donning female apparel again, crossed
the Ohio river yesterday on her way
to her long forsaken home. She had
received two severe wounds in battle,
which will remain to remind her of her
loyalty to the latest years of her life." The
reason for entering the army is the same
old story, love and romance."

A curious discovery has been
made in the Isle of Man, where it has
been ascertained that certain old cannon
long used as posts on the quay, in the
sea-port town of Peel, were rifled. The
British Government has ordered them
to be transferred to Woolwich, where
they are to be preserved as the earliest
specimens of rifled ordnance.

It is stated that a small herd of
nine oxen and cows taken to La Plata
in 1555, has now multiplied to such an
extent that there are 15,000,000 in the
country.

It is stated that a small herd of
nine oxen and cows taken to La Plata
in 1555, has now multiplied to such an
extent that there are 15,000,000 in the
country.