

The Marietta

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

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1864.

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LANDIS & TROUT.
Landis & Trout
Landis & Trout
At the "Golden Mortar,"
At the "Golden Mortar,"
Market Street, Marietta,
Market Street, Marietta,
Keep constantly on hand
Keep constantly on hand

Drugs,
Perfumery,
Fancy Articles,
Patent Medicines,
Coal Oil Lamps and Shades,
Howe & Stevens Family Dye Colors,
Shower Bases and Trusses,
Papers and Periodicals,
Books & Stationery,
Portemonnaies,
Sewing Machines,
&c.

Prescriptions carefully compounded.
Prescriptions carefully compounded.
Remember the place,
Remember the place,
Dr. Grove's old Stand,
Dr. Grove's old Stand.
Give us a call.
Give us a call.

SUPPLEE & BRO.,
IRON AND BRASS
FOUNDERS
And General Machinists, Second street,
Below Union, Columbia, Pa.

They are prepared to make all kinds of Iron Castings for Rolling Mills and Blast Furnaces, Pipes, for Steam, Water and Gas; Columns, Fronts, Cellar Doors, Weights, &c., for Buildings, and castings of every description; STEAM ENGINES, AND BOILERS, IN THE MOST MODERN AND IMPROVED Manner; Pumps, Brick Presses, Shafting and Pulleys, Mill Gearing, Taps, Dies, Machinery for Milling and Turning; Brass Bearings, Steam & Blast Gauges, Lubricators, Oil Cocks, Valves for Steam, Gas, and Water; Brass Fittings in all their variety; Bells, Tanks, Flues, Headers, Stacks, Bolts, Nuts, Vaul Doors, Washers, &c.

BLACKSMITHING IN GENERAL.
From long experience in building machinery we flatter ourselves that we can give general satisfaction to those who may favor us with their orders. Repairing promptly attended to. Orders by mail addressed as above, will meet with prompt attention. Prices to suit the times.
T. R. SUPPLEE,
Columbia, October 20, 1860.

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H. L. & E. J. ZAHM
RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public that they still continue the WATCH, CLOCK AND JEWELRY business at the old stand, North-west Corner of North Queen street and Center Square, Lancaster, Pa. A full assortment of goods in our line of business always on hand and for sale at the lowest cash rates. Repairing attended to personally by the proprietors.
Lancaster, January 1, 1859.

PLATED WARE: A Large and fine stock of Plated ware at H. L. & E. J. ZAHM's, Corner of North Queen street and Center Square, Lancaster, Pa. Teas, Sets, in variety, Coffee Pots, Pitchers, Goblets, Salt Stands, Cake Baskets, Card Baskets, Spoons, Forks, Knives, Casters, &c., &c., at manufacturers prices.
H. L. & E. J. ZAHM'S,
Cor. North Queen st. and Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa. Our prices are moderate and all goods warranted to be as represented.
REPLATING attended to at moderate rates.

First National Bank of Marietta
THIS BANKING ASSOCIATION HAVING COMPLETED ITS ORGANIZATION is now prepared to transact all kinds of BANKING BUSINESS. The Board of Directors meet weekly, on Wednesday, for discount and other business. Bank Hours: From 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
JOHN HOLLINGBER, PRESIDENT.
ALTON BOWMAN, Cashier.
Marietta, July 25, 1863.

DANIEL G. BAKER, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, PA.
OFFICE—No. 24 NORTH DUKE STREET opposite the Court House, where he will attend to the practice of his profession in all its various branches.

Published every Saturday Morning.
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ADVERTISING RATES: One square (12 lines, or less) 50 cents for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Professional and Business cards, of six lines or less at \$3 per annum. Notices in the reading columns, 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 Marietta," 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.

DREAMING.
I am dreaming; gently dreaming,
Of the days that flitted by,
When the hours to me were seeming
Like a meteor in the sky.
Then the golden wool of pleasure,
Sunlight dancing on each thread,
Dancing to life's joyous measure,
Fairly turned my childish head.
I am dreaming of the hours,
When hope with golden light
Stole o'er my childish fancy,
In visions pure and bright.
Then came the quietest friendships
Of those merry blithesome days,
With memories of the hill-side haunts,
Still loved though far away.
These golden hours have passed away,
These friends are changed or gone,
Some have forgotten childhood's day,
In the busy world's tone.
We meet life's stern realities,
Old nature seems less kind,
And now the shadows creep before,
The sunlight steals behind.

A Sweet Wife.
Mrs. X., who resides in our senatorial district, had a neighbor, who was represented to be quarrelsome in his family, making his home anything but pleasant to dwell in. She, however, having heard that his wife was a great deal of a vixen, thought the wife might also be to blame for the unpleasant state of affairs in the household. So, full of charity and the doctrines of the law of kindness, Mrs. X. visited her neighbor's house, with the benevolent intent of reconciling the differences existing there, and addressed the better half something in this style: "Now, you know," said she, "how much pleasanter it would be if you and your husband would live together without quarrelling; and, instead of being a reproach to the neighborhood, you might become honored members of society.—And it may be that you are not altogether blameless in this matter. Suppose you try and see what the law of kindness practiced toward your husband will do, in effecting reconciliation. It certainly can do no harm, and you may succeed in touching the tender cords of his heart, and he may renew his old affection. Try it," she urged, "and if you do not succeed, you will at least heap coals of fire on his head," and so on.
All this was listened to, when the following reply was made:
"I don't know about your coals of fire; I have tried boiling hot water, and it didn't do a bit of good."

WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.—The following is said to be the origin of the well known saying, "Nobody knows where the shoe pinches but he who wears it."
A Roman being about to repudiate his wife among a variety of other questions was asked by her enraged kinsman, "Is not your wife a sensible woman? Is she not handsome?"
In answer to which, slipping off his shoe, he held it up, asking them, "Is not this shoe a very handsome one? is it not quite new? is it not extremely well made? How, then, is it that you can't tell me where it pinches?"

We wonder whether John Morgan wears the wig we sent him at Camp Chase made of the hair of a dozen or so of his female admirers. If we can capture him, we shall claim the wig as a portion of the spoils of victory. We shall not wear it ourselves, for we have an exuberant wealth of native curls, but we will put it upon a figure-head on the top of our office, where every male rebel, while passing by, can make a bow to it, and every female one a courtesy.—Louisville Journal.

Flirtation, whether seriously or lightly considered, is injurious to a woman as well as unbefitting to her. It is a broad, unblushing confession which the individual makes of her desire to attract the notice of men. No girl ever made a happy union by flirtation, because no man capable of making a woman permanently happy was ever attracted by that which is disgusting to persons of intelligent refinement.

Interesting Hunting Excursion.
Aaron was a tall, strapping fellow, near seventeen. You never saw a more susceptible youth. Being good-looking, the girls were all easily smitten with him. They used to flock out to see the country on Friday evenings. Talk of a colt? There is no such romp as a town girl turned loose in the country. She races, she jumps, she climbs the trees, shaking the wild berries down on the timorous demes beneath her. Oh, she is the most beautiful, winning, delightful creature in the world.
Mose was much younger than his cousin. He knew Aaron, was taking on a bout that haughty lass, May Stelton. And May was in love with Aaron. May and Troup, and Sue and Polly, all came out on Friday evening with Mose's sister Angelina. Mose got off early Saturday to let Aaron know. Aaron was for running over to his aunt's.
"No," said Mose, "bring the gun, the woods are full of squirrels. We might kill a dozen walking the two miles."

The road led along the creek bank. Aaron was in a brown study, thinking of May. Mose was looking up in the tree tops and among the bushes, anxious for a pop at something. It was the shadiest of places. So far, and no game.
"Let's leave the road a bit and go to the head of the creek," said Mose. "It's so out of the way nobody ever disturbs it."
"We'll see something there," said Aaron. And they did. Let it be dated July 24th.
"Sheer" hissed Mose, through his teeth.
"What is it?" asked Aaron, aroused a little. Mose put his hand to his ear.
"Ducks—the biggest kind."
"This time of year?"
"I see 'em."
"Give us the gun."
"No—couldn't think of it."
Click, click.
"Well, blaze away—they'll fly if you go any nearer."
"The bushes are in the way," said Mose, bringing the piece down from his shoulder.
"Shoot, say now," said Aaron running.
"It's the girls in a swimming!"
They set down like snowflakes. They were white as the unmentionables strewn on the pebbly beach. Their teeth chattered. A long silence. At last Aaron looked slowly around at Mose, with the meanest sort of a countenance. Mose's face, as he returned the glance, was a regular sheep-stealing one.
"Can they find it out?"
"I reckon not, if we're sly."
"Let's climb up the tree; it leans right over them."
They crept along like snakes. They reached the tree. Mose being the lightest, gave the gun to Aaron, climbed far out on a branch over the creek, and got into a squirrel's nest. Aaron wasn't so high.
It was a pretty sight, of course. You've read about nymphs, syrens, &c.; they couldn't compare. Hair loose, floating on the water. Polly was white as snow. She was plump as a partridge in peetime, and sat on the wave like a bird on its nest. Troup was slim.
Aaron promised not to look at Angelina if Mose wouldn't wink at May. Impossible! Angelina sported gracefully, like a native of the element, and Mose was a black-eyed bouri, couleur de rose from top to toe. They splashed and paddled, and chatted like mad.
Soon the trees began to shake. Aaron had a terrible back ache, and Mose began to smoke and burn, commencing at the ears.
There was a louder noise than usual among the unconscionable bathing beauties. Aaron scratched his already elongated neck, at the same time hitching the gun forward. Unfortunately the trigger caught in a vine, and it went off in a deafening report. It was the climax of the adventure. Mose trembled from excitement into the creek, plump right between Sue and Polly.
The girls then dove, badly strangled, and ran up the bank, their white backs gazed at by the fish-hawk that had pounced among them. They were robed in a twinkling, but not one of them with her right dress on. Aaron dashed into the woods. There was a terrible scream as he ran right into their midst. All bolted in different directions, and came dropping in, one after another, at Mose's mother's.

The boys took a long run into the woods, and did not get back before night. They said they had been hunting, and hadn't seen the creek.
The girls appeared as if they had been hunting for a week.

A Practical Crichton.
Truth Conquers all Assailants.—The admirable Crichton, the greatest logician of his day, was accustomed to seek a controversy with the Sophists of the French and Italian Colleges, by nailing challenges to the gates of those institutions. Thomas Holloway, the inventor of the popular medicinal remedies that bear his name, has adopted a more public and comprehensive method of defying Error and establishing Truth. He has advertised his Pills and Ointment in nearly every newspaper in the world, and fortified his proclamations with a mass of authentic testimony which no disputant has thought it prudent to assail. Crichton was a great theorist. Holloway is a man of facts. He takes for his premises twenty years of successful practice, and innumerable well-attested cures, and asks the world to draw its own conclusions. He has a simple and perspicuous theory of the common origin of all diseases, and upon this theory the composition of his famous remedies is based; but he rightly deems that the experimental proofs of their efficacy constitute a better passport to public confidence than a thousand philosophical essays upon the causes which lie at the root of their astonishing effects. In argument, the ingenious and subtle caviller, may sometimes prove an overmatch for plain reason; but there never lived a man, however eloquent, that could overcome a solid array of facts. They present the same sort of impenetrable barrier to the attacks of the most brilliant declaimer, that a square of infantry presents to the charge of light dragoons. In the centre of his *chevaux de frise* of facts, stands the hero of countless victories over disease, Professor Holloway, invulnerable to the shafts of envy and prejudice.

What are his credentials? Have not his preparations relieved tens of thousands of victims in every clime, upon whom an ante-mortem inquest of the "profession" had been held, and a verdict pronounced of "utterly incurable"? For a response to this question, consult the press, everywhere, the volumes of private testimonials, the records of hospitals, the complimentary letters of princes and popes, the archives of governments, and public opinion throughout the world. These are Holloway's vouchers. Who is prepared to question them?—London "Dispatch."

A Mother's Grave.—Earth has some sacred spots, where we feel like tossing the shoes from our feet, and trading with holy reverence, where common words of pleasure are unfitting; places where friendship's hands have lingered in each other, where vows have been pledged, prayers offered and tears of parting shed.—How the thoughts hover around such places, and travel back through immeasurable space to visit them. But of all the spots on the green earth, none is so sacred as that where rests, waiting the resurrection, those we once loved and cherished. Hence, in all ages, the better portion of mankind have chosen the spots where they have loved to wander at even tide.—But among charnel houses of the dead, if there is one spot more sacred than the other, it is a mother's grave. There sleeps the mother of our infancy—she whose heart was a stranger to every other feeling but love, and who could always find excuses for us when we could find none ourselves. There she sleeps, and we love the very earth for her sake.
T. Butler King, at one time a member of congress from Georgia, died in that state on the 1st of May. Mr. King was born in Massachusetts, in the town of Hampton, in 1804, and was consequently about sixty years old. He removed to Georgia in 1823, and engaged in the cultivation of cotton. In 1850 he removed to California, and resided there some time, but subsequently returned to Georgia, and settled near Brunswick. He was intimate with Davis, Quitman, Slidell—also a renegade northerner—and other prominent promoters of the rebellion. Mr. King possessed fine mental qualities and very genial manners. He was something of a scholar and an orator, as well as a politician. He joined the rebellion with a better knowledge of its villainy than most of those who enlisted in it, and maintained its cause with a complete cognizance of its evils.
The climate of California has a remarkably destructive effect upon billiard balls. After playing with them only a short time, they crumble and flake, so that they lose their qualifications at least for billiard purposes.

A Forgive Husband.
Some time ago the Michigan papers noticed the elopement of a married woman of forty with a boy of nineteen. Recently the Detroit Tribune announced the following final of the affair.
Soon after the discovery of the guilty parties, the grieving husband took up his march to recapture his erring spouse. He was quite unsuccessful, we learn, in his efforts to persuade the lady to return to his bosom, although he spoke to her in words never so eloquent, in words never so winning.
After much diplomacy on each side, with great plottings, a compromise was effected, whereby the male darling of yore should live with his spouse and should enjoy, in addition, the high felicity of the society of the male darling of the present. And in pursuance of this plan, the three are now living in triple bliss in Bedford.
This is the rarest instance of domestic joy within our knowledge. The lady is certainly privileged. She has a sober husband of forty-five, and she has a gay young stripling of nineteen. When she further increases her supply of lovers we trust her modesty will not prevent the announcement of the fact.

SUMMER PRUNING: The editor of the German town "Telegraph" says:—"We have long been in favor of the summer pruning of fruit trees, of all sizes: Full twenty years ago we were convinced of its good results." It is advantageous in two ways: First, by shortening in the rapidly growing branches, it produces fruit spurs for the following year, and brings the trees into any desired form. Second, when larger limbs are removed, the wound, instead of leaving a bare, protruding and decaying stump, beautifully heals up, making a permanently sound amputation.

"The period when this pruning should be done, is one of prime importance. We see June recommended, while the trees are in their full first growth. Without having experimented, and looking to the condition of the trees, in this month, it does not meet our assent. We do not believe that it is advisable to prune before the first growth of the season is completed, because of the immaturity of the wood, which must produce in the second growth less vigorous shoots, besides losing, to a large extent, the yield of fruit the succeeding year, which is sure to follow judicious shortening in at a later period.
"In our judgement 'summer pruning' should take place between the fifteenth of July and tenth of August—a period when the sap is quiescent and nature is resting awhile from her labors. We speak from our own knowledge of the value of midsummer pruning of trees, large or small."

NEW CLOTHES.—Said Joe to Bill—both were old bums, and both terribly dry:
"Bill, if you'll treat, I'll tell you where you can get a whole suit of clothes on six months' trust."
"Will you, though? Now, no foolin', Billy."
"True as preachin' I will," said Joe, and the parties took a drink at Bill's expense, when Joe, with the twinkling of an eye, said:
"You go up to the recruiting rendezvous, and tell 'em yer want a suit of clothes. They'll give them to yer on six months' trust."
Bill said his health was so delicate that he couldn't "list."

THE PRESIDENT'S LATEST.—The New York Times says that a gentleman, in conversation with Mr. Lincoln, on Friday, remarked that nothing could defeat his re-election but Grant's capture of Richmond, to be followed by his nomination at Chicago, and acceptance.
"Well," said the President, "I feel very much like the man who said he didn't want to die particularly, but if he had to die, that was precisely the disease he would like to die of."
In the city of New York, it is stated that a number of the butchers have closed their establishments for want of business—many people, from the enormous prices demanded, having stopped buying meat and others living on salt meat—such as pork, ham, and shoulders.

Baron James de Rothschild, head of the French branch of the great house, has had the misfortune to lose his youngest son, Solomon by name, aged about thirty years, who married one of the cousins about a year ago. The young man was struck down suddenly by disease of the heart.
It is a musical fact, that every orchestra contains at least two musicians with moustaches, one in spectacles, three with bald heads, and one very modest man in a white cravat, who from force of circumstances, you will always observe, plays on a brass instrument.

A HOME FOR SALE.—How much we dislike to read so sad an announcement in the advertising department of the papers! Not a house and grounds only, but all the long, cheering memories and tender associations of the place, that enrich it with a wealth beyond the computation of business men, the traders in homesteads and other classes of real estate. It is a sorry day for a man and the more so for a family—when he is obliged to give up his home and go drifting again over the world. No experience like this shocks the sensitive heart. All gone, all deserted! The lights shining no more in the window.—The familiar faces no longer pressed against the panes. The fires dead and gone out. The smoke no more curling from the chimneys. The dear voices will not be heard there again, though the man pass and re-pass the house daily. Ah, there is indeed no desolation of a sort like this! His must be a hard and undeveloped nature that can contemplate such a scene without the deepest emotion. To lose one's home, is to lose nearly all that earth has to offer of happiness to man.

OBEYING THE PRIEST.—An Irishman made a sudden rush into a druggist's shop, took from his pocket a soda-water bottle, filled to the brim with some pure liquor, and handing it across the counter exclaimed:
"There doctor, snuff that, will you?"
The doctor did as requested and pronounced the article to be genuine whiskey.
"Thank you doctor," said the Irishman. Hand it to me again, if you please."
The doctor did as directed, and asked what he meant.
"Och, thin," said Pat, "if you will have it, the priest told me not to drink any of this unless I got it from the doctor.—so, here's your health and the priest's health."

It is related that when Humboldt was asked, "Why the male of the human species offered an exception to the rule so general among all other animals, that the male is handsomer than the female?" he answered, after a moment's reflection, I deny the fact! It is our natural gallantry that makes us think women more beautiful than men. The women do not concur in the opinion." Humboldt was a philosopher, and it wouldn't be modest to contradict him, on the main point;—while, as to the last proposition—that women think men handsomer than themselves—if it be true, the dear creatures won't thank us for agreeing with them. In this double dilemma, we say—nothing.

A Western Court has recently decided that a kiss is a valid consideration. It seems that an old bachelor—these old bachelors, by the way, are useless institutions, any how you can fix it—offered a young lady a pony for a kiss. The young damsel accepted the offer and gave the kiss; but the mean old curmudgeon, after receiving the oscillatory salute, refused to stand by his part of the contract. A suit was therefore entered, and the jury decided that the pony, or its value, should be given to the girl.

A large proportion of the public may not be aware that the use of zinc vessels for domestic purposes is extremely dangerous. Vinegar, cider, wine, and in fact all acids which remained in zinc, become poisonous more or less violent; this is even the case with milk, which contains powerful acid termed acid-lactique. Various cases of sickness, cholera and even many deaths of young children, have occurred, the cause of which has been clearly traced to the use of milk that has been in contact with this metal.

The Government lands in the United States now amount to fourteen hundred thousand millions of acres. Two millions and a half of acres have already been sold for thirty-four millions of dollars. At one-third of a cent per acre the remaining lands would pay off the whole national war debt, though it might be four thousand five hundred millions of dollars. At ten cents per acre it would pay off that debt thirty times over. Ought such a means of paying our debts be given away?
It is a musical fact, that every orchestra contains at least two musicians with moustaches, one in spectacles, three with bald heads, and one very modest man in a white cravat, who from force of circumstances, you will always observe, plays on a brass instrument.