

# The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 17, 1865.

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For Non-Retention or Incontinence of Urine, Induration or Ulceration of the Bladder or Kidneys, Diseases of the Prostate Gland, Gravel, Brickdust Deposits, Dropsical Swellings, Organic Weakness, Debility, Female Complaints, &c.

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Will radically exterminate from the system Diseases arising from habits of dissipation, at little expense, little or no change of diet, no inconvenience or exposure; completely superseding those unpleasant and dangerous remedies Copaliba and Mercury, in curing these diseases.

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Those suffering from broken down or delicate constitutions, procure the remedy at once.

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All the above diseases require the aid of a diuretic.

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NOT A FEW

Of the worst disorders that afflict mankind arise from the corruption that accumulates in the Blood. Of all the discoveries that have been made to purge it out, none can equal in effect

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Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla.

It cleanses and renovates the Blood, instils the vigor of HEALTH into the system, and purges out the humors which make disease. It stimulates the healthy functions of the body, and expels the disorders that grow and rankle in the Blood. Such a remedy, that could be relied on, has long been sought for, and now, for the first time, the public have one on which they can depend. Our space here does not admit of certificates to show its effects, but the trial of a single bottle will show to the sick that it has virtues surpassing anything they have ever taken.

Two tablespoonfuls of the Extract of Sarsaparilla, added to a pint of water, is equal to the Lisbon Diet Drink, and one bottle is equal to a gallon of the Syrup of Sarsaparilla, or the decoction as usually made.

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In diseases of the Blood, Humors on the Face, or any and every part of the body, use Extract Sarsaparilla, applying to Pimples and all external Humors or Eruptions, the Improved Rose Wash.

Use the Extract Buchu for all diseases requiring the aid of a Diuretic, except those of the Urinary Organs, such as Gonorrhoea and Stricture; in these use the Extract Buchu and instead with the Improved Rose Wash.

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A liberal deduction made to yearly and hal yearly advertisers. Having just added a "NEWBURY MOUNTAIN JOBBER PRESS," together with a large assortment of new Job and Card type, Cuts, Borders, &c., &c., to the Job Office of "THE MARIETTIAN," which will insure the fine and speedy execution of all kinds of JOB & CARD PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the LARGEST POSTER, at reasonable prices.

JUNE.

June, fair noontide of the year, Joy is in thy atmosphere.

Flowers and fruits together born, Pours from thy prolific horn;

Perfume, beauty, light and song, To thy golden reign belong.

June is here!

Strawberries in the field are seen Blushing 'neath their leafy screen; Ripening cherries in the lane Glow like painted porcelain, And in yonder meadow, hark! Sings the yellow-breasted lark, June is here!

With their blushing burden stoop Rose-briers by the cottage stoop; Honeysuckles spice the air, Blooms are opening everywhere, Round whose nectar caps the bee Pours his maudlin melody! June is here!

Stars, bright isles of heaven's blue sea, Ye may homes of angels be, And this planet's landscapes cold To the scenery ye unfold; Yet this world to mortals given Is to me forrests of heaven

When June is here!

Blessed.

- Blessed is he who does not make a cent, for he will have no income tax to pay.
- Blessed is the bald-headed man, for his wife cannot pull his hair.
- Blessed is the homely man, for the girls shall not molest him; yea, thrice blessed is he, for when he asketh a lady to dance she shall answer him, saying, "I am engaged for the next set."
- Blessed is he who polishes his boots and not his morals, who maketh the outside of his head to shine, but neglecteth the inside thereof, for all the girls shall rise up with smiles at his coming and call him beautiful.
- Blessed is the man who hath no brains, but brass in abundance, for he shall be the ladies' favorite. Selah!
- Blessed is the man who giveth many and costly presents to young ladies, for great shall be his reward—in a horn.
- Blessed is the man who is always flat broke, for no man sayleth unto him, "lend me five dollars."

NIGHT THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.—Night levels all artificial distinction. The beggar on his pallet of straw snores as soundly as a king on a bed of down. Night—kind, gentle, soothing refreshing night, the earthly paradise of the slave, the sweet oblivion of the worn soul, the nurse of romance, of devotion; how the great panting heart of society yearns for the return of night and rest! Sleep is God's special gift to the poor; for the great there is no time fixed for repose. Quiet, they have none; and instead of calmly awaiting the approach of events they fret, and repine, and starve sleep and chide the tardy hours, as if every to-morrow were big with the fate of some great hereafter. The torrent of events goes roaring past, keeping eager expectation constantly on tip-toe, and drives timid slumber away.

A Doctor of Divinity, of Springfield, Massachusetts, went to Holyoke to preach last Sabbath, and one of the newspaper men went to Northampton by the same train. They changed carpet bags by mistake, and when the minister looked for his sermons he found a bottle of whisky. The newspaper man says that when his bag was returned to him the whisky was considerably reduced in quantity.

How to Preserve Your Furs.

Furs, says a correspondent who seems thoroughly familiar with the subject, should never be put away for the summer and forgotten, as they frequently are, and next to being shut up from the air, their greatest enemy is damp. If from the wearer being exposed to rain, they become wet, they should be dried at a moderate distance from the fire immediately; and in warm weather, when not required for wear, they should never be shut in a box or other drawer for more than a few days at a time, and every few weeks they should be shaken and beaten.

The more delicate skins require somewhat more delicate treatment. The best plan is probably, not to pack furs away, but let them lie in a drawer or wardrobe that is constantly being opened, so that they may meet the eye frequently, and being thus often in sight, it is easy at convenient opportunities, to have them taken out and beaten, or, at any rate, shaken or tossed, and thoroughly exposed to the air. It is common to hear it remarked, that the moth gets into furs—as if the insect actually migrated from one locality to another; the probability is, however, that furs and woollens are animal substances, endowed with vital principle, which develops itself into the living organism through the decay of its material shape. Cleanliness and airing are, therefore, absolutely essential.

A FRENCH STORY.—An amusing story is told of a young Parisian artist, who lately painted a portrait of a duchess, with which her friends were not satisfied, declaring that it was totally unlike her. The painter, however, was convinced that he had succeeded admirably, and proposed that the question of resemblance or no resemblance should be left to a little dog belonging to the duchess; which was agreed to. Accordingly the picture was sent to the hotel of the lady the next day, and a large party assembled to witness the test. The dog was called in; and no sooner did he see the portrait than he sprang upon it, licked it all over, and showed every demonstration of the greatest joy. The triumph of the painter was complete; and all present insisted that the picture had been retouched during the night; which was actually so, the artist having rubbed it over with a thin coating of lard! The dog's nose was sharper than the critics' eyes.

WEALTH.—He is a great simpleton, who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it creates more wants than it supplies. Keen are the pangs of hunger, and sad is the spirit of him who is sinking into an early grave, for want of the common necessities of life; but not less keen are the mortifications and cares of him, who, nursed in ease and luxury, is thrown, by circumstances, into dark perplexities, which his mental indolence cannot unravel, and who is reduced, even to an apprehension, of the want of those luxuries, which were to him more than life.

Avoid disputes altogether, if possible; especially in mixed companies, and with ladies. You will hardly convince any one, and may disoblige or startle them, and get yourself the character of a conceited, pragmatical person. Whereas, that of an agreeable companion, which you may have without giving yourself any great air of learning or depth, may be more advantageous to you in life, and will make you welcome in all companies.

A singular fact is connected with the growth of the oat in Virginia. The seed will degenerate, and in the course of three or four years become cheat, a kind of bird's grass. To prevent this, the grain has to be imported each year, from the North. As no oats have been imported lately, the crop there this year will be all cheat. The farmers will out this cheat for hay before it ripens, and next year timothy will spring up from the cheat roots.

The dandy who greased his feet so that he could not make a noise when he went to steal chickens, slipped from the hen roost into the custody of the owner. He gave, as a reason for his being there, "Dat be cum dar to see of de chickens sleeped with dere eyes open." He was cooped.

Recommend to your children virtue; that alone can make them happy—not gold.

The most unpopular truth in the Bible is the record of ladies' ages.

A CUNNING DOG.—The Rev. Dr. Todd in an essay upon the question "Do Animals Reason?" tells the following remarkable story:

A dog had been accused of killing sheep. He and his master were very fond of each other. It was a long time ere the owner could be made to believe the ill report about his favorite. At last he was convinced that poor Rover was guilty. As he could not bear to kill him himself, he came into the room one morning and said: "Peter, you may take the dog after breakfast and shoot him. Mind and kill him dead." The dog was in the room and heard it. In an instant he darted out of the room and was off in a straight line. No calling or shouting could cause him to turn his head. Straight as an arrow he shot across the lots and went out of sight. Every hour they expected him back.

At night he would certainly come. But no, he never returned. Many months after that, his master was riding in a wild, lonely place. Just as he came between the two banks through which the road had been cut, he saw poor Rover standing on one of the banks. His heart yearned towards his old friend, and he spoke to him very kindly. But Rover's heart was hardened. He gave one growl, snapped his teeth at his old master, and again scampered off at the top of his speed. His master never saw him again! Unforgiving Rover! Thy memory was good, and thy will was strong, and thine anger lasting.

A COMBINATION.—Some thirty years ago, in Washington county, N. Y., before ready-made shoes came in vogue, a venerable shoemaker, Old Phoenix, was in the habit of going from house to house and there making up boots and shoes for the families under his jurisdiction. Among the rest of his customers, he visited the family of one Mrs. Parish, and shod old and young. One of the boys was endowed with a big pair of stogy boots, and on the succeeding Sabbath went to church much more occupied with the boots than the sermon. At the noon intermission, when good old Dr. Proddit came around, as was his custom, to catechise the youngsters, the boy's thoughts still ran downward. The old doctor coming up to the boy, in his turn, inquired of him: "John, who made you?" "Daddy found the leather, and Old Phoenix did the work!" was the natural but unexpected reply.

UNFORTUNATE COMPARISON.—A lady entered a dry goods store in — street and expressed a desire to see some wool delaines. The polite clerk, with elegant address, showed her a variety of pieces of fine texture and choice coloring. After tossing and examining to her heart's content, she remarked: "The goods are part cotton, sir." "My dear madam," returned the shopman, "these goods are as free from cotton as your breast is—(the lady starts)—free from guile," he added.

Mr. Toot coming home late one night from meeting, was met at the door door his wife.

"Pretty time of night, Mr. Toot, for you to come home; pretty time—three o'clock in the morning; you the father of a family!"

"Tisn't three—it's only one, I heard it strike; committee always sits till one o'clock."

"Mr. Toot, you're drunk. It's three in the morning."

"I say, Mrs. Toot, it's one. I heard it strike one, as I came around the corner, two or three times."

It is stated as a new discovery that wonderful effects may be obtained by watering fruit trees and vegetables with a solution of sulphate of iron. Under this system beans will grow to nearly double the size, and will acquire a much more savory taste. The pear seems to be particularly well adapted for this treatment. Old nails thrown into water and left to rust there will impart to it all the necessary qualifications of forcing vegetation as described.

Mr. Frederick Grier, a citizen of Richland township, Bucks county, from some unknown cause, lost his reason and became insane. He imagined his stomach had wasted away, and no persuasion would induce him to eat anything. He lived twenty-two days without taking any nourishment or drinking anything until about thirty-six hours before his death when he sipped a little water. He died on the 27th of May.

You seem animated by this fine autumn scene, my dear Annie," said a lover. "No," said she, "I never shall be Annie-mated till I become your wife."

PREPARING IN TIME.—A young lady of wealthy parentage, a fledgling from one of our fashionable boarding schools, a type of modern elegance, was recently united by the silken tie of matrimony to a gem of a bean. The mamma and papas on both sides being surrounded by all the concomitants of luxury, and many an agreeable paraphernalia bespeaking the possession of the 'dust,' determined to get a 'fine establishment' for the young couple, and accordingly, they were 'fixed' in a mansion on Walnut street.

A few days after this, a school-companion of our heroine called upon her, and was surprised to find so many servants about the house.

"Why, Mary," said she what in the name of sense have you so many servants about you for?" "Oh!" replied madam, "we haven't any more than we want. There is but one cook, one chambermaid, two house girls, one house-keeper, and —a—child's nurse. I'm sure there are none too many."

"Ha! ha!" laughed her friend, "what do you want with a child's nurse? Oh! that is too funny."

"Well, we haven't any immediate use for her, but then, when we were married Charles said we would want one, and you know it's not always best to leave things until the last moment!"

LEGAL HOLIDAYS.—The Legislature has established the following as the legal holidays:

Any day recommended by the Governor of this State, or by the President of the United States, as a day of fasting or thanksgiving: the 4th day of July; the 25th day of December; the 1st day of January, and the 22nd day of February. When the 4th day of July, or the 25th day of December, or the first day of January, or the 22nd day of February, occurs on Sunday, then the ensuing day (Monday) for all purposes relating to presenting and protesting, &c., bank paper made after the passage of this act, (March 18, 1865), is to be treated and regarded as Sunday, or in other words, to be the legal holiday, and any such paper, &c., which falls due on any of the days thus set apart as holidays, is to become due and payable on the succeeding Tuesday. This law takes effect on the first day of August next.

SCHOOL MONTH.—How many days constitute a School Month has been a disputed question between teachers and directors for the last six or eight years. The Legislature, at its last session, decided the matter by enacting that twenty-two days shall constitute the School Month, but that Saturdays should form no part of the twenty-two days; that is, the schools cannot be kept open on Saturdays; but they further decided that if a majority of all the members of a Board of School Directors chose, they might appropriate two Saturdays of each month for Teachers' Institutes, which two Saturdays, if so appropriated, may be counted as a part of the twenty-two days.

"My son, take that jug, and get me some beer."

"Give me some money, then, father."

"My son, to get beer with money—anybody can do that; but to get beer without money, that's the trick."

So the boy took the jug, and out he goes. Soon he returns, and places the jug before his father.

"Drink," said the son.

"How can I drink," said the father, "when there is no beer in the jug?"

"To drink beer out of a jug," said the son, "when there is beer, any body can do; but to drink beer out of a jug, when there is no beer, is a trick."

The water-proof cloak and shawl worn by Jeff. Davis at the time of his capture was presented to the War Department, by Col. Pritchard, of the 4th, Michigan Cavalry. The cloak was worn as a skirt, and the shawl as a hood. The Colonel stated that under this female apparel Davis wore a full suit of drab and a pair of cavalry boots. He also transferred to the Department the colors of the 150th Pennsylvania volunteers, found in the baggage of the rebel party. Both Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Olay were very defiant and sarcastic.

At an evening party, a very elderly lady was dancing with a young partner. A stranger approached Jerrold, who was looking on, and said, "Pray, sir, can you tell me who is the young gentleman dancing with that elderly lady?" "One of the humane society, I should think," replied Jerrold.

The fire that "went out" has returned.

Stuff for Smiles.

Judge a man by his actions—an idler by his fingers—a lawyer by his leer—a player by his strut—a boxer by his sinews—an Irishman by his swagger—a Scotchman by his shrug—an Englishman by his rotundity—an American by his boasting—a Justice by his frown—a great man by his modesty—a fiddler by his elbow—an editor by his coat—and a lady by her neatness.

"Why Bridget," said a lady who wished to rally her servant girl, for the amusement of company, upon the fantastic ornamenting of a huge pie, "did you do this? You're quite an artist. Pray how did you do it?"

"Indade, mum, it was myself that did it," replied Bridget. "Isn't it pretty? I did it with your old false teeth, mum."

Doctor, I want you to prescribe for me." The doctor feels her pulse. "There is nothing the matter, madam; you only need rest." "Now doctor, just look at my tongue; now say, what does that need?" "I think that needs rest too." Exit madam in a state of great excitement.

Two lawyers having a dispute, one said to the other, who was a dwarf: "If you are not more civil I'll put you in my pocket." "In that case," replied the little one, "you will have more law in your pocket than you ever had in your head."

Selwyn once affirmed, that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript. "My next shall refute you," said the lady. Selwyn soon after received a letter from her ladyship, and after her signature: "P. S. Who was right now, you or I?"

'One word more, and I have done.' How we dread to hear this sentence from the lips of a public speaker at public meetings! It is always a sure indication that he is bracing up for a fresh start.

A cobbler once returned thanks through the newspapers to the fire department for saving his stock. This caused great laughter, till a person observed that his stock was his *awl*.

The Pottsville Journal has the following curious notice:—"Wanted, a nurse to take charge of a basket of children, left at this office a short time since."

Lord Byron once said, "You never know a man's temper until you have been imprisoned on board of a ship with him, or a woman's until you have married her."

An exchange says the best cure for palpitation of the heart is to leave off hugging and kissing the girls. If this is the only remedy, we say, "let her palpitate."

"Ben," said a father, the other day, "I'm busy now, but as soon as I can get time, I mean to give you a flogging."

"Don't hurry yourself, pa," replied he, "I can wait."

"How strange it is," said Pat as he tugged along on foot one hot sultry day, "that a man never meets a team going the same way he is!"

A coal oil millionaire has named his little heiress Petrolia Ann. We suppose the next little heiress will be named Carrie Sene.

There is a man out west whose memory is so short it only reaches to his knees, consequently he never pays for his boots.

Josh Billings says, "God save the phools, and don't let 'em run out, for if twin' for them wise men couldn't get a living."

A Frenchman, having a weakness in his chest, told his physician he felt a bad pain in his *portmanteau*!

Keep thy feet dry, thy skin clean, thy digestion regular, thy head cool, and a fig for the doctors.

When Grant proposed to "fight it out on this line," did he mean Jeff's crino-line?

Sausage makers, do not often get rich, but they contrive to make both ends meet.

The tongue was intended as a divine organ, but the devil often plays upon it.

What is the best cloth for keeping our soldiers warm? Drilling.

What trade is the Sun?—A tanner.