

The Weekly Mariettian.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Horticulture, The Fine and Useful Arts, General News of the Day, Local Information, &c., &c.

F. L. Baker, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

I never was a favorite—
My mother never smiled
On me with half the tenderness
That blessed her fairer child:
I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek
While fondled on her knee;
I've turned away to hide my tears—
There was no kiss for me.

And yet I strove to please, with all
My little store of sense;
I strove to please, in infancy,
Can rarely give offence;
But when my artless efforts met
A cold, ungentle frown,
I did not dare to throw myself
In tears upon her neck.

How blessed are the beautiful!
Love watches o'er their birth;
Oh beauty! in my nursery
I learned to know thy worth;
For even there I often felt
Forsaken and forlorn;
And wished—for others wished it too—
Never had been born!

I am sure I was affectionate—
But, in my sister's face,
There was a look of love that claimed
A smile or an embrace.
But when I raised my lips, to meet
The pressure children prize,
None knew the feelings in my heart—
They spoke not in my eyes.

But oh! that heart too keenly felt
The anguish of neglect:
I saw my sister's lovely form
With gems and roses decked;
I did not covet them; but oft,
When wantonly reproved,
I envied her the privilege
Of being so beloved.

But soon a time of triumph came,
A time of sorrow too—
For sickness o'er my sister's form
Her venom'd mantle threw—
The features once so beautiful
Now wore the hue of death;
And former friends shrank fearfully
From her infectious breath.

'Twas then, unwearied, day and night
I watched beside her bed,
And fearfully upon my breast
I pillowed her poor head.
She lived!—she loved me for my care
My grief was at an end;
I was a lonely being once,
But now I HAVE a friend.

An IRISH FEMALE TENANT.—“I'll trouble you for my month's rent, Madam,” said a landlord lately to one of his tenants. “It is yer rint ye ax for now?” “Yes, Ma'am, two rooms at two shillings per each week.” “Ah, now, can't ye wait a little time? Sure the like of ye must have plenty of money,” replied the woman, looking at the thin, bent form of the landlord with great contempt. “But, my dear woman, the money is due, and—” “Oh, murther! it is dearing me ye are? an honest married woman, and ye blessed mother of seven boys, each big enough to lick the life out of ye. Out of my house, ye munster!” and, unable to give vent to her indignation, she seized his coat collar, and fairly threw him into the street. The owner intends to let his agent collect the rent of that house in the future.

A young bachelor, who has been appointed deputy-sheriff, was called upon to serve an attachment against a beautiful young widow. He accordingly called upon her and said: “Madame, I have an attachment for you.” The widow blushed, and said she was happy to inform him his attachment was reciprocated. “You do not understand me: you must proceed to court.” “I know it is leap-year, sir, but I prefer you would do the courtin’.” Mrs. P.—“this is no time for trifling; the justice is waiting. ‘The justice! why, I should prefer a parson.’”

HOW TO BECOME HANDSOME.
I shall not use baby talk in my lectures—you attend school where you are taught the meaning and use of words, and I have no doubt you are also taught to think. The children of this age have a better education than their parents had so early in life, and you would laugh at me were I to employ the language of the nursery, or tell trundle-bed stories merely.

I will ask you a few questions, and answer them myself; should I fail to give correct answers, I will hear your criticism. Would you rather be very handsome, very rich, very wise, or very good? Some of you are handsome—some are rich—some are in a fair way to become wise—all can become good. In this lecture I propose to show you, in a few plain words, how you all can be handsome; I may take up the other points in future lectures. You are all more or less interested in this question. You would like to be handsome. It is no sin to be beautiful; it is no sin to wish to be beautiful. The flowers, the “sweet children of the sun,” are beautiful; the birds are beautiful; so are the trees, and the clouds, and the stars.

Now, how can John, and Mary, and Willie, and Susan, and Harry, and Kitty, and Robert, and Blanche, and James, and Maud become beautiful? I shall answer the question first negatively, then positively. You cannot make yourself handsome by merely wearing fine clothes. It is not true that “fine feathers make fine birds.” Paint, powder, perfumery, oils, never add to the natural beauty of any person. No boy can make himself handsome by the use of tobacco. A cigar is no ornament. If he smokes, wise people will say—“There is a little fellow with a ‘long nine’ in his mouth; a little fire at one end of the cigar, and a little fool at the other.” Chewing tobacco is just as bad, and I think worse, for it is filthy. How tobacco juice discolors the teeth, and spoils the breath, and soils whatever it touches! Were you to see a girl chewing the noxious weed you would say her mouth is not fit to kiss. That which is bad for Mary is not fit for John. Drinking any kind of intoxicating liquors, whether beer, wine, brandy, rum or gin, will not make you handsome. Why, the rum-buds and brandy-blossoms on his cheek appear as though his vest pattern had broken out on his face; and his eyes, to use a common expression, look like two burnt holes in a blanket. His face is like a volcano, because it shows eruptions of the crater.

Indulging in spasms of ill-temper will not make you attractive, for the bad passions, when not controlled by reason, plow deep furrows on the face, and leave an hieroglyphic history which reflects discredit on the face that wears it. Would you be handsome? Remember the old proverb, “handsome is that handsome does.” You must have a good, generous heart behind your face in order to make it handsome. You are all like magic lanterns, put handsome pictures into them, and then put a light there, and the scene will be beautiful. When the human heart is filled with love to all mankind, and is pure and good, the light of goodness will kindle the face with beauty. In order to be really prepossessing, you must be intelligent, for intelligence is a sort of janitor that will hang beautiful pictures on the “walls of memory,” and they will be radiant with beauty when the heart is lighted with loveliness. Who would desire to be like a pretty doll, with no soul to look through the beaded eyes, no heart to beat the blood into the cheeks, no feeling to move the cold red lips?

There are at least three kinds of beauty; intellectual, emotional and physical; I might add spiritual, but I am not a preacher, only a layman, and shall not dwell on that branch of the subject. I have spoken briefly of the beauty of the heart and the mind, and I have but a few words to say of the beauty of the face and form. Beauty is rare indeed where the health is poor. In order to enjoy good health, you must obey the laws of health. You must eat plain food, drink pure water, sleep on a hard bed, and have plenty of sleep and plenty of air. You must have exercise, either at work or play, and not exhaust your nervous force by too much study, (you like to hear that do you not?) nor rust away your strength by lazy indulgences; put these two facts together.

The plainest food makes the prettiest boys and girls who are cheerful, hopeful and happy, who romp in the meadows and climb the hills, will find their faces red as the wild red rose, and their eyes will shine as though the stars dropped

light into them, and their hearts, I hope, will be like the fountain, splashing the water upon their cheeks when kind words are dropped into them. Let me enforce this remark by repetition. Physical beauty and health are as closely joined as the Siamese twins. Rich soups, gravies, spices, and all kinds of luxuries are injurious to health and beauty. You can't ladle roses and stars out of luxurious dishes. Eat plenty of food, but eat it at regular intervals, and let it be “farmer's fare;” then the nightmare will not rise out of your dreams, as the hippopotamus rises out of the Nile, tramping on whatever should be sweet and pleasant. As for sleep, children, you know, need a vast deal of it. They should go to bed early; and gongs and bells have no more right to break their repose than guns and goongs have to break in upon the service of the sanctuary. When we sleep we are in the arms of the Creator, and he repairs the injury done to the system during the day. He creates us over anew.

Daniel, you know was a handsome man; he refused the rich viands from the king's table, and he was able to translate the lightning written by an armless hand upon the plaster of the palace. Good health and good hearts never fail to insure physical beauty; and when the intellect kindles the pleasant face, it becomes radiant with loveliness. Now you see that you all can be handsome. Keep bad things out of your mouth, put good ones into your heart, and the soul will shine through the skin as though a star had been lighted there.

“BETTER LATE THAN NEVER,” is the proverb to the benefit of which the Governor is entitled as well as other men. It has seemed strange that he so long submitted to the charges made against his Administration, but we suppose he was too busy in more pressing duties to address himself to them seriously. Now that he confesses he has been imposed upon by some of his subordinates, it is no more than right that they should be brought to an account, to clear his own skirts in the matter. The best of men may suffer from agents, in such an emergency as our State has encountered, innocently, but they are justly censurable if they continue in power those who do the wrong he describes. The money wasted should be refunded if possible, or the corrupt officials and speculating extortionists exposed. Nothing less will make it all right between the Administration, and the soldiers and their friends the people.

ATTEMPT TO FIRE THE CAPITAL.—The Harrisburg Telegraph says the watchman at the Capitol, while going his customary rounds in the basement of the building on Sunday last, discovered in a pile of dry wood a tightly wrapped bundle of paper, partially consumed and still burning. The combustible material was no doubt placed there by some black-headed traitor in our midst, with a view of burning the Capital with all its valuable contents; and his fiendish purpose would have been accomplished, but for the timely discovery of Mr. Luker, the watchman. In these perilous times all the entrances to the Capitol should be closely guarded day and night, and no strangers or suspicious person permitted to enter the building.

An amphibious Shakespearean youth, wishing to take lessons of Tom Sawyer, asked him, “what he considered the best posture of defence?” Tom eyed him, and scratching his head, said, “Why, keep a civil tongue in your head.”

“Doctor,” said a man to Abernethy, “My daughter had a fit, and continued for half an hour without sense or knowledge.” “Oh,” replied the doctor, “never mind that; many people continue so all their lives.”

“Madam said a snarling son of Esculapianus, ‘if woman were admitted to Paradise, their tongues would make it a purgatory.’” “And some physicians, if allowed to practice there,” retorted the lady, “would soon make it a desert.”

Charles Lamb once said to a brother whist player, who was a hand more clever than clean, and who had enough in him to stand the joke: “M—, if dirt were trumps what a hand you would hold!”

The common council of the city of Boston have voted to dispense with the usual Fourth of July dinner, and appropriate the amount (about \$3000) to the destitute families of volunteer soldiers.

WILL MAKING.

The practice of cutting off with a shilling was introduced to refute the presumption of forgetfulness and unconscientiousness—to show that the testator fully remembered and meant to disinherit the sufferer. Lady Mary Wortley Montague cut off her scapegrace of a son with a guinea. When Sheridan threatened to cut off his eldest born with a shilling, the quiet retort was, “Couldn't you give it to me at once, if you happen to have such a thing about you?”

Hazlitt mentions an habitual liar, who consistent to the last, employed the few remaining days he had to live after being condemned by the doctors, in making a will, by which he bequeathed large estates in different parts of England, money in the funds, rich jewels, rings, and all kinds of valuables, to his old friends and acquaintances, who not knowing how far the force of nature could go, were not for some time convinced that all this fairy wealth had never an existence anywhere but in the idle coinage of his brain, whose whims and projects were no more.

A wealthy nobleman hit upon a still more culpable device for securing posthumous ignominy. He gave one lady of rank a legacy, “by way of compensation for the injury he feared he had done her fair fame;” a large sum to the daughter of another, a married woman, “from a strong conviction that he was the father;” and so on through half a dozen more items of the sort, each leveled at the reputation of some one from whom he had suffered a repulse; the whole being nullified (without being erased) by a codicil.

A widow, occupying a large house in a fashionable quarter in London, sent for a wealthy solicitor to make her will, by which she disposed of between £50,000 and £60,000. He proposed soon after, was accepted, and found himself the happy husband of a penitentiary adventuress.

Shortly after the death of Mr. Ashton Smith, George Carter, one of his hunters sought an interview with an old friend of the family, and with much earnestness made the following proposition: “I hope, sir, when I and Jack Fricker and Will Brice (the whips) die, we may be laid alongside of our master in the mausoleum, with Ham Ashley and Paul Potter (two hunters), and three or four couple of his favorite hounds, in order that we may be all ready to start again in the next world.”

“And thinks, admitted to that equal sky, His faithful dog shall bear him company,” Kellerman left his heart to be buried in the battle-field of Almy, where the first repulse was sustained by the Allies. He had better have selected Marengo, where a charge of heavy cavalry, led by him without orders, retrieved the fortunes of the day.

Mademoiselle Joly, a French actress of the latter part of the eighteenth century, having passed some agreeable hours on a hill near Falaise, called La Roche-Saint-Quentin, left directions in her will that her remains should be carried to this solitary hill, which was so dear to her heart. Her wishes were obeyed, and the hill has ever since been called Mont Joly.—Quarterly Review.

A worthy clergyman was roused from his sleep at five o'clock in the morning by loud talking at the side of a fish-pond in his grounds. His reverence put his night capped head out of the window and saw three men by the side of his pond. “What are you doing there?” said he. “Fishing,” said they. “But you are trespassing on my land, you must go away.” “Go to bed agin, was the rejoinder; “your Master was not in the habit of sending away poor fishermen.” The good clergyman could, of course, only turn in agin.

“Have you,” said a young lady, entering a music store in which we were standing, leaning over the counter, and addressing the young man, “have you a heart that loves me only?” “Yes, miss,” was the reply, “and here is a health to thee, Mary.” Mary took the songs, and was leaving the store, when suddenly she returned, “I forgot! I want ‘one sweet kiss before we part.’” We left, and can't say whether she obtained it or not.

From the Boston Traveller.]
OLD FALLACIES BROKEN DOWN.
THE RESISTLESS PROGRESS OF TRUTH.
“Populus vult decipi.”—“The people love to be deceived,” might have been a true saying in the days of Horace but it is not so in this enlightend age. The promptitude with which the sick, in all parts of the world, have abandoned the old palliative mode of medical treatment, for the expulsive system of Professor Holloway proves that the people can distinguish between mere suppression and radical cure, and that neither the prestige of professional position, nor the sentimental dogmatism of the ritualists of the schools, can blind them to the wonderful results of a new practice, which never makes the mistake of killing the patient instead of the disease. In the United States, as in all other regions of the earth, Holloway's remedies have popularized themselves. It is true that the victims of disease have been invited through the press to give them a trial; but is equally true that every trial has made new proselytes, and that every proselyte thus obtained has made a hundred more. They have become the household medicines of nearly every family. Incredible as such a statement may seem, and unparalleled as such a result undoubtedly is, they are verified, we understand, by the books of Professor Holloway's establishment in New York.

In our crowded cities, where, at certain seasons, the malaria exhaled by an almost vertical sun, is the prolific source of deadly epidemics; in the new settlements of the West, where fever and ague, dysentery, and other diseases common to that region, prostrate the population of whole districts at once; and in the swamps and bayous of the South, the Pills have saved the lives of thousands, while in cases of scrofula and cutaneous disease, the Ointment is considered by all classes, and in all sections, indispensable to a thorough cure. These are facts, undenied and unchallenged, and who will be hardy enough to question the value of remedies fortified by such credentials?

Some years ago, it is said, a party was traveling in a stage through the Jersey pines, and saw in the distance what they supposed was the frame of a log house. On approaching, they found it was the skeleton of a mosquito which had starved to death the flesh having fallen from the bones.

Sometime since, a letter was received at the Chicago post office, directed to an Honest Man.” The chief clerk sent it to the dead letter department, with the candid confession that no such a man lived in Chicago.

An Editor, in a fit of revolutionary enthusiasm, says; “Hurrah for the girls of '76.” “Thunder,” cried a New Jersey paper, “that's too darned old. No, No; hurrah for the girls of '17.”

Paddy was summoned to court for refusing to pay the doctor's bill. Judge—“Why do you refuse to pay?” Paddy—“What for should I pay! Shure did he give me anything but some emetics, and they never a one could I keep on my stomach at all!”

“I tell you what,” said a vendor of groceries to a customer, who thought his charges rather steep “eggs are eggs, now a-days.” “I am glad of it,” said the customer, “for the last I bought of you were half chickens.”

A bachelor advertised for a help-mate. One who would prove a companion for his heart, his hand, and his lot. A fair one, replying, asked very earnestly, “how big is your lot?” “My son, haven't I told you three times to go and shut that gate?” said a father to a four year old. “Yes,” said Young America, “and haven't I told you three times that I wouldn't do it. You must be stupid.”

There is a good deal in an Arab's prayer: “O, God! be kind to the wicked; to the good thou hast already been sufficiently kind in making them good.”

Why are young ladies at the breaking up a party like arrows? Because they can't go off without a beau, and are in a quiver till they get one.

DR. MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS & PHEGNIX BITTERS.

THESE MEDICINES have now been before the public for a period of thirty years, and during that time have maintained a high character in almost every part of the Globe, for their extraordinary and immediate power of restoring perfect health to persons suffering under nearly every kind of disease to which the human frame is liable.

The following are among the distressing variety of human diseases in which they are well known to be infallible.

DYSPEPSIA, by thoroughly cleansing the first and second stomachs, and creating a flow of pure, healthy bile, instead of the staid and acrid kind: **PLATYCY, Loss of Appetite, Heartburn, Headaches, Restlessness, Ill-Temper, Anxiety, Langour, and Melancholy**, which are the general symptoms of Dyspepsia, will vanish, as a natural consequence of its cure.

COSTIVENESS, by cleansing the whole length of the intestines with a solvent, and without violence; all violent purgatives leave the bowels costive within two days.

FEVERS of all kinds, by restoring the blood to a regular circulation, through the process of perspiration in such cases, and the thorough solution of all intestinal obstruction in others.

The Life Medicines have been known to cure **RHEUMATISM** permanently in three weeks, and **GOUT** in half that time, by removing local inflammation from the muscles and ligaments of the joints.

DROPSIES of all kinds, by freeing and strengthening the kidneys and bladder; they operate most delightfully on these important organs, and hence have ever been found a certain remedy for the worst cases of **GRAVEL**. Also **WORMS**, by dislodging from the turnings of the bowels the stinky matter to which these creatures adhere.

SCURVY, ULCERS, and INVETERATE SORES, by the perfect purity which these Life Medicines give to the blood, and all the humors.

SCORBUTIC ERUPTIONS and Bad Complexions, by their restorative effect upon the fluids that feed the skin, and the morbid state of which occasions all eruptive complaints, allow, cloudy, and other disagreeable complexion.

These of these Pills for a very short time will effect an entire cure of **SALT RHEUM**, and a striking improvement in the clearness of the skin. **COMMON COLDS and INFLUENZA** will always be cured by one dose, or by two in the worst cases.

PILES—The original proprietor of these Medicines, was cured of Piles, of 35 years standing by the use of the Life Medicines alone.

FEVER AND AGUE—For this scourge of the Western country, these Medicines were found a safe, speedy, and certain remedy. Other medicines have the system subject to a return of the disease—a cure by these Medicines is permanent—try them, be satisfied, and be cured.

BILIOUS FEVERS and LIVER COMPLAINTS—General Debility, Loss of Appetite, and Diseases of Females—The Medicines have been used with the most beneficial results in cases of this description—King's Evil, and Scrofula, in its worst forms, yields to the mild yet powerful action of these remarkable Medicines. Night Sweats, Nervous Debility, Nervous Complaints of all kinds, Palpitation of the Heart, Painters' Colic, are speedily cured.

MERCURIAL DISEASES—Persons whose constitutions have been impaired by the injudicious use of Mercury, will find these Medicines a perfect cure, as they never fail to eradicate from the system, all the effects of Mercury, infinitely sooner than the most powerful preparations of Sarsaparilla. Prepared and sold by

W. B. MOFFAT,
335 Broadway, New York.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Prof. Miller's Hair Invigorator.
An Effective, Safe and Economical Compound!

For restoring Gray Hair to its original color without dyeing, and preventing the hair from turning gray.
For Preventing Baldness, and curing it, when there is the least particle of vitality or recuperative energy remaining.

For Removing Scurf and Dandruff, and all cutaneous affections of the Scalp.
For Beautifying the Hair, imparting to it an unequalled gloss and brilliancy, making it soft and silky in its texture and causing it to curl readily.

The great celebrity and the increasing demand for this unequalled preparation, convince the proprietor that one trial is only necessary to satisfy a discerning public of its superior qualities over another preparation at present in use. It cleanses the head and scalp from dandruff and other cutaneous diseases. Causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, and gives it a rich, soft, glossy and flexible appearance, and also where the hair is loosening and thinning, it will give strength and vigor to the roots, and restore the growth to those parts which have become bald, causing it to yield a fresh covering of hair.

There are hundreds of ladies and gentlemen in New York who have had their hair restored by the use of this Invigorator, when all other preparations had failed. L. M. has in his possession letters innumerable testifying to the above facts, from persons of the highest respectability. It will effectually prevent the hair from turning gray until the latest period of life, and in cases where the hair has already changed its color, the use of the Invigorator will with certainty restore to its original hue, giving it a dark glossy appearance. As a perfume toilet and Hair Restorative it is particularly recommended, having an agreeable fragrance; and the great facilities it affords in dressing the hair, which, when moist with the Invigorator can be dressed in any required form so as to preserve its place, whether plain or in curls.

Hence the great demand for it by the ladies as a standard toilet article which none ought to be without, as the price places it within the reach of all.

ONLY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.
per bottle to be had at all respectable druggists and perfumers.

L. Miller would call the attention of Parents and Guardians to the use of his Invigorator, in cases where the children's Hair inclines to be weak. The use of it lays the foundation for a good head of hair, as it removes any impurities that may have become connected with the scalp, the removal of which is necessary both for the health of the child, and the future appearance of its Hair.

CAUTION—None genuine without the fac simile **LOUIS MILLER** being on the outer wrapper; also, **L. MILLER'S HAIR INVIGORATOR**, N. Y. blown in the glass.

The Wholesale Depot, 56 Dey St., and sold by all the principal Merchants and Druggists throughout the world.

Liberal discount to purchasers by the quantity. I also desire to present to the American Public my

New & Improved Instantaneous Hair Dye which after years of scientific experimenting I have brought to perfection. It dyes Black or Brown instantly without injury to the Hair or Skin, warranted the best article of the kind in existence.

PRICE ONLY 50 CENTS.
Depot, 56 Dey Street, New York.

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERS.—A very superior selection of French and German Cloths, and Cassimers, and a variety of beautiful Vestings, a new and fashionable lot, just arrived at *Diffenbach's Cheap Store*.