

# 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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S. S. RATHVON,  
Merchant Tailor, and Clothier,  
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**C**RATEFUL to the Citizens of Marietta and vicinity, for the liberal patronage heretofore extended, the undersigned respectfully solicits a continuance of the same, assuring them, that under all circumstances, no efforts will be spared in rendering a satisfactory equivalent for every act of confidence reposed. **CLOTHS, CASIMERES, A. N. VESTINGS, and such other seasonal material as fashion and the market furnishes, constantly kept on hand and manufactured to order, promptly, and reasonably, as taste or style may suggest.**

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**Drugs, Dispensary, &c.**

**D**R. HINKLE having just returned from Philadelphia with the most complete and full assortment of everything in his line ever offered in this Borough. He has purchased another supply of PURE AND FRESH DRUGS, which can be depended on for what they are represented, having received his personal attention in the selection. In addition to his Drugs will be found a nicely selected LOT OF FANCY & TOILET ARTICLES, consisting in part of German, French and English perfumery, Shaving Soaps and Creams, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Buffalo and other HAIR COMBS, HAIR OILS, Pomades, etc., etc. Port Monnaies, Pocket Books, Puff and Powder Boxes, &c. Old Port, Sherry and Madeira Wines and Brandy for medicinal purposes. The justly celebrated Batchelor's HAIR DYE, DeCosta's and other Tooth Washes, India Colagogue, Barry's Tricopherous for the hair, Bay Rum, Arnold's Ink, large and small sized bottles, Balm of a Thousand Uses, Flour of Rice, Corn Starch, Hecker's Farina, all kinds of pure Ground Spices, Compound Syrup of Phosphate, or Chemical Food, an excellent article for chronic dyspepsia and a tonic in consumptive cases, Kenna's, for agitating milk, in excellent preparation for the table. Table Oil—very fine—bottles in twosizes. Pure Cod Liver Oil. All of Haeck's perumery, pomades, soaps, &c. His Kaitairon of Hair Restorative is now every where acknowledged as the best. Particular attention will be paid and great caution observed in compounding Physicians prescriptions with accuracy. Dr. H. will all ways be found in the Store unless professionally engaged elsewhere.

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**THE VOLUNTEER to his TOOTH-BRUSH.**

May no stress upon my dress,

No dandy arts are mine:

A sponge and tub for morning scrub,

A wash hands ere I dine:

Two hair-brushes together piled

(I could make shift with one),

A rude skin-parting roughly made—

And so my toilette's done.

And yet, all Spartan as I am,

A pang my hand doth stay,

When stern Macmurdo order gives,

"Your tooth-brush throw away!"

I little thought, when in the ranks

A rifle first I bore,

That when gunpowder's day set in,

Tooth-powder's day was o'er.

Defiance in the foeman's teeth

I am prepared to fling;

But leaving my own teeth uncleaned

Is quite another thing—

By turning Rifle Volunteer

John Bull his teeth doth show,

But I should like my ivorys

To be a polished row.

What if the British Lion draws

His weapons from their sheath—

Out of their velvet shows his claws,

Out of their lips his teeth—

Will there be less of terror hid

In that grim mouth or paws,

When nail-brush to his feet's forbid,

And tooth-brush to his jaws?

We're ready when we're called on,

To take the field, I know;

And though were babes in arms, we'll try

A brush with any foe.

But betwixt us and the foemen,

As fierce the brush will be,

If we are first allowed a brush

Betwixt our teeth to see.

That cleanliness to godliness

Is next allied we're told:

And though I'm no Diogenes,

Still to my tub I hold.

But tubs and Turkish towelling

Upon campaign, I know,

Are luxuries which Volunteers

Must cheerfully forego.

With unblacked boot I'm game to shoot,

To fight with unbrushed hair,

But thou, my tooth-brush—I had hoped

That thee at least they'd spare.

In pack or pouch, for or pouch,

How thee there's surely room,

Whatever Spartan Napier preach,

Or stern Macmurdo doom!

**DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.**

How happy are they

Who the editors pay,

And have squared up for one year or more;

Tongue cannot express

The great joy of the Press,

When delinquents have paid the old score.

Printers all the day long

Labor hard for a song—

A fate that is hard, all agree,

They have worked night and day

And of course want their pay,

To buy Coffee, Sugar and Tea.

One would hardly believe

What small sums they receive

For the paper addressed to a name;

But the price is so small,

That the good people, all,

Will pay up—for fear of the shame!

Then all walk this way,

The Printer to pay,

And you will be blessed for the deed;

You'll never regret

For paying your debt

To the Printer—who stands in great need.

Miss Muloch has credit for the following:

A lady of my acquaintance gives it as her sine qua non of domestic felicity that the "men of the family should always be absent at least six hours in the day." And truly, a mistress of a family, however strong her affection for the male member of it, cannot acknowledge that this is a great boon. A house where "girls" or the "boys" are always "pottering about," popping in and out at all hours, everlastingly wanting something, or finding fault with something else, is a considerable trial, even to feminine patience. And I beg to ask my sex laterally—in confidence, of course—if it is not the greatest comfort possible when the masculine half of the family, being cleared out for the day, the house settles down into regular work and orderly quietness until evening. Also, it is as good for them as well as for us, to have all their inevitable petty domestic "brothers" go out in their absence, to effect which ought to be one of the principal aims of the mistress of the family. Let them, if possible, return to their smiling home, with all its small annoyances brushed away like the dust and cinders from the grate, which, en passant, is one of the requisites to make a fireside look comfortable. It might be well, too, if the master himself will contrive to leave the worldly mud of the street at the scraper outside his door.

A Wife once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life. "I mind my own business," was the reply.

**A MILITARY FIG.**

During the war with Great Britain, a very remarkable circumstance occurred, in connection with the invasion of Canada.

A company of Kentucky volunteers destined for Shelby's army had their rendezvous at Harrodsburg, in Kentucky.

and formed a sort of nucleus or rallying point for the military recruits of that part of the country. When they marched from Harrodsburg towards the Ohio river, having got a mile or two on their way, they noticed two pigs fighting, and delaying their march to see it out.

After they had resumed their march, the pig which had been the victor in the contest was observed to follow them.

At night, when they encamped, the pig found a shelter near, and halted also.

The next day the pig accompanied the troops as before; and thus it marched every day and halted every night with the soldiers, or near them. When they came opposite Cincinnati, at which place the troops were to cross the Ohio in a ferry-boat, the pig, on getting to the waters' edge, promptly plunged in and swam across, and then waited on the other side until the whole cortege crossed over, and then reposed its post upon one side of the moving blump. Thus the animal kept up with the troops until they crossed the State of Ohio and reached Lake Erie.

On the journey, as the men grew familiar with their comrade, it became a pet, receiving a share of the rations issued to the soldiers, and destitute of provisions as the troops found themselves at times, no one thought of putting the knife to the throat of their fellow-soldier. What they had was still shared, and if the pig fared as scantily as the rest at times, it still grunted on, and manifested as much patriotism in its own line as the bipeds it accompanied did in theirs. At the margin of the lake she embarked with the troops, and went as far as Bass Island. But when offered a passage over into Canada, she obstinately refused to embark a second time. Some of the men attributed her conduct to constitutional scruples, and observed that she knew it was contrary to the Constitution, to force a militia pig over the line. She, therefore, had leave to remain.

After the campaign had closed, the troops recrossed the lake, having left some of their horses on the American side. As soon as the line was formed, to the great surprise of the troops, there was the pig on the right of the line, ready to resume her march with the rest by this time, the winter frosts had set in, and the animal suffered greatly on the homeward march, she made out, however, to reach Marysville, where the troops recrossed the Ohio river. There she gave out, and was placed in trusty hands by Governor Shelby, and finally taken to the Governor's home, where she passed the rest of her days in ease and indolence. There are many in Kentucky who can now attest the truth of this remarkable story.

A Grandchild of Dr. Emmons, when not more than six years old, came to him with a trouble weighing on her mind: "A. B. says that the moon is made of green cheese, and I don't believe it." "Don't you believe it? Why not?" "I know it isn't." "But how do you know?" "As it grandpa?" "Don't ask me that question; you must find it out for yourself." "How can I find it out?" "You must study into it." She knew enough to resort to the first of Genesis for information, and after a truly Emmons-like search, she ran into the study: "I've found out; the moon is not made of green cheese, for the moon was made before the cows were."

A Blind Man having walked the streets with a lighted lantern, an acquaintance met him, and exclaimed, in some surprise:—"Why, what is the use of that light to you? You know every street and turning; it does you no good. You can't see a bit the better." "No," replied the blind man; "I don't carry the light to make me see, but to prevent fools from running against me."

"In my time, miss," said a stern aunt, "the men looked at the women's faces instead of their ankles!" "Ah! my dear aunt," retorted the young lady, "you see the world has improved, and is more civilized than it used to be. It looks more to the understanding."

He who is passionate and hasty, is generally honest. It is your old dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware. There is no deception in a bulldog; "It is only the ear that sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned."

**GRAVE OF IRVING.**—Some Massachusetts soldiers, stationed at Yorktown, lately went up the river to Tarrytown, and looked at the monument to Andre. Thence they visited the cemetery where repose the remains of the peaceful Washington Irving. A hedge is around the burial plot. Eleven full length graves are in a row—father, mother, brothers and sisters. One of the stones is lettered, "Washington, son of William and Sarah S. Irving, died November 29, 1859, aged 76 years, 8 months and 25 days." The soldiers laid each a bunch of roses upon this grave; and a wreath of oak leaves with a written inscription. "Offering of Massachusetts volunteers to the memory of Washington Irving," signed by them all, and bearing the date, was placed upon the headstone. One boy repeated the "Memory of the dead," and all plucked a spray of clover from the grave.

**YEAST FOR FAMILY USE.**—Somebody wants to know how to make yeast for family use. We have given several good receipts in time past, but will give another from "one who always has good bread."

"Into two quarts of water put eight good sized potatoes, and a handful of hops tied up in a bag; boil until the potatoes are well done; mash them through a sieve; add 7 table-spoonful of flour; pour over this the water in which the potatoes and hops were boiled; scalding hot. Add half a cup of sugar, table-spoonful of ginger—stir well together, and when nearly cold put in a cupful of yeast." After it is done working, add a tea-spoonful of salt, and bottle up for use. It will keep three months."

**RED HOT SHOT.**—When red hot shot are fired, the ordinance used is elevated to the position desired before the gun is fired. The powder in the gun is kept from explosion by means of the wadding. Between the explosive substance and the heated mass are generally three layers of wad. That against the ball is dry, the second is wet, and upon the powder another dry piece rests. The ball is discharged very soon after being placed in the cannon.

**WHAT HAS BECOME OF TRUTH?**—Quilt being asked the reason why

Lies are so plenty?—made reply:

Truth, anciently, as poets tell,

Lived at the bottom of a well;

And once, when trying to get out,

She was so rudely knocked about,

She had an accident, you know,

And kicked the bucket long ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickens have been reconciled, and are again living together. A London correspondent says: "Let us trust that we shall hear no more of incompatibility." The fact is, that Mrs. Dickens is a plain matter of fact, sensible woman, without any literary tastes, and who, possibly, has not read the whole of her husband's novels. It seems to me that this is just the sort of wife that a *littérateur* should have, seeing that they could not come in one another's way; but Dickens thought otherwise, and sees, I suppose, in the happy relation that exists between Sir Edward and Lady Bulwer a proof of the happiness which must arise when an author and authoress are united. But Dickens is getting older, and therefore wiser, and sees that he will be most happy in the society of the mother of his family.

A Runaway Slave who made his way to Cairo, where he did good service in the entrenchments, was asked if he did not wish to go back and fight. He replied with a grimace that would have done no discredit to "Julius": "Laws, no 'Massee! dis nigger is not a fightin nigger! he's a runnin' nigger!"

A Vermont horse-jockey, boasting one day of his horse, gravely asserted that when he was but three years old, the lightning killed the old mare and chased the colt all around the pasture, without getting in striking distance of him.

The death of a printer is thus described in an English paper:—"George Woodcock; the \* of his profession, the type of honesty, the 1 of all, and although the of death has put a . to his existence, every ? of his life was without !."

One asked Mr. Patric Macquire if he knew Mr. Jim Duffy? "Know him?" answered he, "why, he is a very relation of mine—he once proposed to marry my sister Kate!"

"Husband, I can't express my de- testation of your conduct," "Well, dear, I'm very glad you can't."

**"THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT."**

We are sure that the following article, which we copy from "The Laws of Life," will be highly interesting to our lady readers, for however much they may be wedded to their long skirts, it must be humiliating for them in their sober moments to reflect, that, in the estimation of many, they are regarded as the common scavengers of our public high-ways and when we consider the advantages of the short dress to the wearer—especially when contrasted with the disadvantages of the long dress, we are surprised that our ladies should be so slow to adopt an improvement that commends itself to the good sense of every reasonable person. Who of our young ladies will lead off in the admirable style of Miss Strahan? We pause for a reply:

"Every body has heard of Governor Sprague's Rhode Island Regiment which marched with so much promptness and alacrity to the defense of the Union. The fact that that little State should be able in a few days after the President's proclamation to report herself at the Capital with a body of 1,300 men, with the Governor at their head, fully uniformed, armed, equipped and drilled for service, took everybody by surprise and elicited universal admiration. That regiment has with it, in accordance with French custom, a *vivandiere* or daughter of the regiment. She is the daughter of Sergeant Strahan, a member of the regiment. The novelty of the style of dress she wears attracts much attention, and excites invidious remarks from ladies who, perhaps, feel rather envious of her on account of the advantage she has over those who wear long skirts, in walking upon wet and muddy pavements and street crossings without soiling her dresses or exposing her ankles. For convenience of locomotion and adaptation to the performance of the active duties of camp life, not to mention its advantages in point of healthfulness and cleanliness, it certainly is very superior to long dragging skirts. Those who have seen the American Costume can form a good idea of the general appearance of this young lady's dress. But I will give a sketch of it somewhat in detail.

In its materials and colors, it corresponds with the uniform worn by the regiment. The head dress is either a cadet cap trimmed with yellow, or a black plush or felt hat, like the army regulation hat. Her hair is cut off round even with the lower ends of the ears and nape of the neck. The body of her coat is of dark blue cloth made full before and behind, and it buttons up to the throat in front with a single row of yellow buttons. The sleeves are somewhat full, with cuffs, and buttoned at the wrists. From a pocket in the left breast, the margin of a white handkerchief peeps slightly out. The coat has a small turned-down collar, between which and the neck of the wearer, there crops out, as geologists would say, a white linen turn down collar encircled by a sky-blue silk necktie. A belt of black patent or glazed leather girdles the waist. A scarflet colored—worsted or cloth skirt, with a dark stripe two inches wide running down each side, extends from the belt down to about even with the knees.

The skirt, to all appearance, is entirely innocent of hoops, or anything akin thereto. It corresponds in color with the blankets of the men, which in cold and stormy weather, they wear shawls, giving the Regiment a very gay and picturesque appearance. Her pantaloons are of dark grey cloth corresponding with that of the men, the cut, as far as visible, being the same. Her shoes are of gaiter or Congress pattern with heels, and when the streets are muddy she wears buckskin gaiters strapped under the shoes, and laced up around the ankles outside of the pantaloons. So much for the uniform of gallant "Little Rhody's" daughter of the Regiment. I leave it to the imagination of your readers to embody within this dress just whatever style and pattern of wearer may best suit their respective fancies.

There are two or three other ladies, wives of the soldiers, accompanying the Regiment as nurses and laundresses, who don the same style of dress. And it is stated that a Pennsylvania Regiment is on its way to the Capital accompanied by a "daughter" wearing the "Turco" dress.

A wag up town, passing by a house which had been almost consumed by fire, inquired whose it was. Being told that it was a hatter's, "Ah!" said he, "then the loss will be felt."

Bays' times wild horses by, the use of the strap. Wild boys may be tamed in the same way.

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Practical Hatters, Manufacturers,

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