

The Mariettian.

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

F. L. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

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Marietta, November 9, 1862. ly

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To the CITIZENS OF MARIETTA: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. W. H. Beane as a Physician in whom I have every confidence, believing that he will give satisfaction to all who may employ him.

W. H. BEANE, M. D.
Marietta, November 8, 1862.

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The undersigned having leased the old "Stack-houses" stand, at the corner of Front street and Third Lane behind the M. C. Church, and having Waterman and the traveling public generally that nothing shall be left undone to make it deserving of a liberal support.

SAMUEL G. MILLER.
Marietta, March 1, 1862.

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TWO HANDLERS! Just received, Scotch and Irish WHISKIES, warranted pure, at H. D. Benjamin's.

[FOR THE MARIETTIAN.
NON-RESISTANCE.
BY GRANELLUS.

The question of non-resistance, and its immediate connection with it, also the question of conscientious scruples, have perhaps never before, in the history of this country, been brought to so severe a test, as they have been in their relations to the pending draft, authorized by the national government; nor is it likely that the position of those who claim the privilege of exemption from its requisitions, have ever before been so much abused and imposed upon—at least, such is the case with many of those whose plea has been based upon religious or conscientious grounds. The officers appointed by the government to make the preliminary provisions to carry the draft into effect, have been required, or have felt themselves under the necessity, of instituting inquiries, and exacting answers, that are likely to leave the non-resistant portion of our populace altogether at the mercy of sharpers, swindlers and thieves or knaves.

The questions put to them in many instances, in reference to their taking up arms to defend their own households, under certain circumstances and in certain contingencies; and the answers they have felt themselves called upon to make thereto, are calculated to place them in a very equivocal light, in regard to those obligations which are supposed to be involved in the marriage covenant between the sexes, and which the other inhabitants of the outer world are supposed to hold in such high esteem.

Even should a non-resistant from purely conscientious principles feel incumbent upon himself to reply negatively to the question, "whether he would take up arms, or slay a human being, in defence of his wife and children?" he may still be as pure a Christian, as chaste and affectionate a husband, and as worthy a friend and a neighbor, as many of those who profess to be governed by principles of an opposite character. He may still have the letter of scripture on his side, and this is much better than to dissipate the meaning of scriptures into "thin air," or disbelieve them altogether.

But, there is no necessity for any man to make such a reply, as there is no warrant for any officer of the law in asking such a question, of such a people.—There is a world-wide difference between conscientious scruples and conscientious convictions. It is a matter of grave doubt whether any law exists in this country, compelling a man to tell what his conscientious convictions are, in reference to the duty of bearing arms in defence of his country, his family, or himself. If a man testifies that he has conscientious scruples against bearing arms, and jeopardizing or taking the life of his fellow man, from any cause whatever, whether in defence of his country or his fireside, and if he is willing to pay a fine in lieu of such services; he fulfills the letter of the law, as clearly as he who voluntarily enters the army; and he is therefore fully as much entitled to a legal and honorable exemption.

Any thing approximating to a religious "test-oath," or any course in the administration of law, that is calculated to invade the private domain of conscience, is radically wrong, and leads to civil and moral inequalities among the people of any country, as much as did the persecutions of the Huguenots, the Puritans, and the Quakers, in the olden times. And yet, there are men, who, from assumed notions of disinterested patriotism, are wont to denounce the non-resistant, as a coward and a traitor, and hold his goods and chattels as fair objects of rapine and plunder. One of Dr. Franklin's rules of life was, "In humility and humanity—imitate Jesus;" and if a man's moral sense should so lead him to "resist not evil," as to "turn the other cheek" when he is smitten upon the right one, or to "give also his cloak" when his coat is required, or to pray for those who "persecute him for righteousness sake"—if he should feel conscientiously constrained to do these things in imitation of the teachings of Jesus, it must indeed be a cruel law, that would compel him to do otherwise.

Admitting that the obligation involved in the marriage covenant, to "love, cherish, and protect," is as solemn and as binding upon the conscience of a man, as that which is made upon the holy Evangelists before a court of justice, still, he may permit his wife and children to be struck down, before him without slaying his adversary in their defence, without being either a coward or a traitor, for, trusting implicitly in the

ultimate providences of his God, he would not slay another, even in defence of his own life. How he can harmonize the obligations involved in his marriage covenant with the non-resistant, inculcations of his religious-faith, is a matter that is purely between him and the Author of his being, and is therefore above and beyond the judgment of a human tribunal.

But, eternal infamy and shame must ultimately defeat the prospects and rebuke the hopes of those who avail themselves of this door of entrance, to prey upon the property and the substance of their fellow man! Never while these things are done, or tolerated in a community of a country, can there be a wholly invocation offered to Deity for the success of any enterprise that is to be achieved by such iniquitous means.

What we may conscientiously believe that goodness is never the assailant in its conflicts with evil, but, that when the conflict comes, it is our bounden duty to resist the encroachments of evil in defence of the good,—even unto death,—yet, after all, we may be but following the wake of our own ideas of good, and knowing nothing positively of the moral interior of our neighbor, we may be altogether unfit to dictate what his course should be in the premises any farther than an obvious obedience to civil law is concerned.

To all laws there are penalties attached, and if a man from conscientious scruples regards a law "more honored in its breach than in its observance," and is willing to pay the penalty rather than to obey the law, it is a difficult matter to compel obedience, in a government that professes to respect the rights of conscience, and whose fundamental law guarantees to its citizens the privilege of worshipping their God, according to its dictates.

The very fact that there is a penalty attached to the disobedience of a law—which penalty an individual may prefer instead of a life in conformity to it—involves as much freedom of choice, as the stability of any government can possibly allow to those living under it, who may dissent from the provisions made for its continuance. And, for the sake of the preservation of the civil and religious liberties, which republican institutions, in their unperverted administration, guaranteed to every citizen of a country, (under the government of such institutions) it becomes the duty of every individual to honestly and cheerfully obey all necessary laws made for its perpetuation and welfare, or to promptly abide by the penalty, where obedience would be in violation of individual conscience.

Conscience, to the moral or spiritual body of a man, is what the nervous system is to his natural or material body—it is his test of right, and, to be adapted to all of man's changing states, must be surpassingly delicate. The Almighty did not give man existence to torment him, but to bless him. But, when man violates the laws of his material organization, he cannot but suffer pain, either sooner or later—and it is the same when he violates the laws of his spiritual organization. He may violate the enactments of human legislators with impunity, so far as the external penalty of the law is concerned, if he is fortunate enough to escape detection, but he cannot do so in regard to the violence done to physical and spiritual laws. No barrier can be interposed to the painful consequences of a broken leg, a scalded arm, or the rupture of a blood vessel, no matter how secretly they may take place; and it is precisely the same thing in all acts of violence to the human conscience; therefore, in framing laws, and in establishing rules of social and commercial intercourse, strict reference to these considerations should constitute the organic form of such laws, rules, regulations, and social customs.

But, in order to evade the duties imposed upon men in times of great public necessity or distress, there may be some, who, from a want of principle, from pecuniary motives, from a want of fidelity to the government, or from cowardice, will interpose a conscientious or non-resistant plea, to the constituted authorities, and claim exemption on that plea. And although numbers may succeed in shirking the just duties devolving upon them as citizens receiving protection from the laws,—by false representations, subterfuges, and perjuries,—yet, this furnishes no good reason for the imposition or infliction of pains and sufferings upon the innocent. There is a maxim in law, that "it is better that ninety and nine guilty persons should go unpunished, than that one innocent person should wrongly suffer," and this

maxim has its counterpart in that scriptural maxim, that, "there is more joy in heaven over the repentance of one sinner than there is over ninety and nine just persons," so that we may perceive both human and divine laws have a charitable leaning in favor of the weak and imperfections of poor human nature. But this should furnish no encouragement to the willful violator of law, nor lead one individual to trespass upon the right of another, especially when he knows that that other would not use legal or violent means in maintaining and defending his rights, from conscientious scruples.

Whether the conscientious non-resistant, is right or wrong, in his views and practices in this respect, is not for any one save his Maker, to say; but if the letter of scripture imposes any binding obligations upon the consciences of men, they have certainly very high authority for their faith, for even when the world's Redeemer was betrayed and assailed, and an apostle, in his defensive zeal, drew his sword and cut off the ear of the servant of the High Priest, that Saviour rebuked him, and meekly and mercifully touched the member of the wounded man and healed him.

Louisville Journalisms.

Gen. Butler required the New Orleans parsons, to pray for the President, not because he supposed it would do old Abe any good, but because he thought it might do them some.

A correspondent asks indignantly whether we have no sympathy for the suffering rebels of the South. We pity them. So we do the arch-rebel of the universe.

The rebels of Charleston had a grand pep-wow in Fort Sumpter on the 9th instant. Pity a Federal bomb-shell had not fallen among them.

A correspondent suggests that the Hartsville recreants be required to wear not only night caps but petticoats. We object to that. We don't want the ladies to become disgraced with petticoats. Quite enough of them wear the breeches already.

An old rebel woman at Franklin, in a most indecent letter to us, boasts that she has "six girls, all married to rebel husbands." The old sow has brought her pigs to a nice market.

It is said the Blackfeet Indians show symptoms of becoming troublesome.—We should like to send a regiment or brigade of our blacklegs against them.

We heard lately of a female rebel, who on being asked to give up a secession flag, thrust it in her bosom and defied some good looking union boys to take it. But, to her mortification, and they didn't offer to. The ungalant monsters.

Heenan, now in England, has challenged King, the British Champion of the ring, for a five hundred pound match. We guess that in the fight King will get more pounds than peace.

We suppose, that, if the rebels have nothing else to wear, they can, in the language of Scripture, "clothe themselves with curses as with a garment."

One of the rebel Generals at Fredericksburg had part of his right hand cut off by a sabre. He will have to write short-hand hereafter.

Garibaldi has seventeen physicians. Incredible as it may seem, he was alive at last dates, though of course in imminent danger.

If the abolitionists triumph in the conflict they are waging, the nigger will occupy the parlor, and the white man the kitchen.

A poor Irishman, who had applied for a license to sell ardent spirits in one of the provincial towns in England, being questioned by the Board of Excise as to moral fitness for the trust, replied: "Och! an' it's there ye are? sure an' it's not much of a character a man needs to sell whiskey."

The Second Baptist church of Philadelphia reports the death, last year of seventeen members, the average of whose ages was over seventy years. Truly, a religious life is conducive to peace and length of days. Members of the Society of Friends, the world over, are long-lived.

An editor in Minnesota is determined to break up housekeeping and go boarding with his delinquent subscribers the remainder of his life.

Why is a crow a brave bird? Because he never shows the white feather.

The Last of the Byrons.

The dullness of London at this season of the year, has been relieved for the day by a strange glimpse into the romance of the peerage. Last week there died at Brighton, at the early age of twenty-seven, Byron Noel, Baron of Oakham and Wentworth. This heir of a large fortune, the grandson and last direct representative of the greatest of English poets, the young peer had—so the world might have judged—a brilliant career before him. He was the son of Ada Byron, the poet's only daughter; and this is almost all that is known of him positively. From some cause unknown, and only faintly surmised, the young Baron never assumed his rank; never took his seat in the House of Lords; never even made his appearance in the fashionable world. Very early in life he broke off his connection with his family, willingly or not, served on board ship as a common sailor, then supported himself as a hired labor in a Thames dock yard, and became engaged (if he was not actually married) to a bar maid in a sailor's public house in Wapping. Then, in the first bloom of his young life, he died suddenly by hemorrhage of the lungs, and court papers mention his existence after years of silence. The last of the Byrons is dead; and the story of the latest descendant of that strange race is buried in the grave with him.—London Letter.

SMART.—A gentleman, one evening, was seated near a lovely woman, when the company around him were proposing conundrums to each other. Turning to his companion he said:

"Why is a lady unlike a mirror?"

She "gave it up."

"Because," said the rude fellow, "a mirror reflects without speaking, a lady speaks without reflecting."

"And why are you unlike a mirror?" asked the lady. He could not tell.

"Because a mirror is smooth and polished and you are rough and unpolished."

The gentleman owned that there was one lady who did not speak without both reflecting and casting reflections.

A CUTE DARKEY.—"Bob," now called Belmont Bob, is the body servant of General McClelland, and at the battle of Belmont it is said of him that when the retreat commenced he started for the boats. Reaching the bank he dismounted and slid rapidly down, when an officer seeing the action, called out:

"Stop, you rascal, and bring along the horse."

Queerly looking up as he waded to the bank through the mud, the darkey replied:

"Can't dey, Colonel, Major told me to save the most valuable property, and dis nigger's woff mor'n a horse."

"My dear madam, can you give me a glass of grog?" asked a fatigued traveller in Arkansas, as he entered a cabin on the roadside.

"I ain't got a drop, stranger," replied the woman.

"But a gentleman told me you had a barrel."

"Why, good gracious," replied the woman, "what do you reckon one barrel of whiskey is to me and my children, when we are out of milk!"

The stranger sloped.

"Johnny," said a mother to a son nine years old, "go and wash your face; I am ashamed to see you come to dinner with so dirty a mouth."

"I did wash it mamma," and feeling his upper lip he added, gravely, "I think it is a moustache coming."

"When I goes shopping," said an old lady, "I allers asks for what I wants and if they have it, and it's suitable, and I feel inclined to take it, and it's cheap, and it can't be got at any place for less, I almost allers take it, without chaffering about it all day, as most people do."

A wag, upon visiting a medical museum, was shown some dwarfs and other specimens of mortality, all preserved in alcohol. "Well," said he, "I never thought the dead could be in such spirits."

What is the difference between Noah's ark and Joan of Arc? One was made of wood and the other was Maid of Orleans.

At a parish examination, a clergyman asked a charity boy if he had ever been baptized. "No sir," was the reply, "as I knows, but I was waxinated."

From the Progressive Annual.

The Pride of Housekeeping.

Going to visit a dear little friend of mine—a woman abounding in good sense in everything except housekeeping but whose house, unfortunately, had got the mastery of her, and kept her to tasks no Southern slave could be scourged into performing—I found her not at all well. She only complained of lameness, though she looked overtaxed and exhausted.

"Oh, Martha! didn't I send you word not to make four kinds of cakes and three kinds of pie? for the garden and orchard would furnish me with all the dainties and delicacies I wish."

"Yes, I know, and I didn't make anything, only a few nut-cakes." (Uncut-uns compounds I never eat.) "I took cold, I suppose. This counterpane needed doing up, and I could not trust it to the girl, for fear she would get it white; so I helped about it, and it is pretty heavy."

"You did perfectly right, my dear—the hue of the counterpane is of so much more consequence than your health!—Do not ask me to sacrifice my rest to it—I should dream of broken backs all night."

It is snowy white. I found a nice place for it on high shelf, and took down something more common.

"How odd you are, Cox! Why can't you be like other folks?"

"Alas! I am like other folks, 'in that I have sinned' in the same sense, even much more lamentably than you did this time. Rest in this easy chair and I will confess to you."

"A letter announced the arrival of a lady at three o'clock on the following day to dine with us and remain with us until next morning. I admired and esteemed her, and yet dreaded her a little, for she was a precise housekeeper keen-eyed and critical, with a lively sense of the ridiculous."

"You don't mean Mrs. Holbrook, do you?"

"Yes; I had forgotten that you ever knew her, she has been away so long."

"I don't wonder you dreaded her; such a tongue as she has is a nuisance."

"She was on her way to visit old friends of mine, and I could not think of having my housekeeping disparaged to them, particularly as I suspected my reputation in the matter to be a little dubious among them, as they knew I had some other things to attend to, and didn't devote myself body and soul to its immeasurable demands. So during her stay everything must be unexceptionable, at whatever cost. I had a good servant, but of course she was not to be trusted with such delicate preparations as I thought it necessary to make and weak and nervous as I was, I undertook them."

"I suppose you were so anxious to have things nice, you spoiled everything; I always do."

"No, I succeeded admirably. We never have had a better dinner than that was, but the lady Moloch, to whom all these costly sacrifices were made, did not come then. Some days after, while my pride and vanity were being exercised by dismal durance in a sick room, she came and went without seeing me, or occasioning any deviation from the usual household arrangements."

"Were you cured of your folly and your illness at the same time?"

"Pretty effectually. Mother Nature is a patient mistress, if we will listen to her gentle whispers. She showed me the absurdity of letting myself down below my usual condition by exhausting labors, irritating anxieties, and dispiriting solitudes, when I most needed to be serene, genial, and overflowing with kindly sympathies. Harassed and spent could I be as companionable and entertaining as visitors had a right to require me to be after they had taken the trouble to come to me? It is true such deficiencies may be glossed over with polite ceremonies, yet there are those who look into my eyes for the sunshine of friendship, and cannot be deluded by shams, to whom the most sumptuous least and the most ample arrangements would be meager compensation for the lack of a loving, glowing heart-welcome."

Follow sinners, have we had enough of this, or shall we toil on till we die?—that it may be recorded of us: "Died of the pride of housekeeping, which she bore exemplary patience and fortitude for many years!"

A gent was asked what kind of a gal he preferred for a wife. One he said that wasn't prodi-gal but fru-gal a true-gal and suited to his conjugal taste.