

The Weekly Marietta

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

F. L. Baker, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO.

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Our Directory.

Chief Burgess, Samuel D. Miller,
Assistant Burgess, Peter Baker,
Town Council, Barr Spangler, (President) John Crull, Thomas Stence, Ed. P. Trainer, Henry S. Libhart.
Town Clerk, Theo. Hiestand.
Treasurer, John Auxer.
Assessor of Taxes, William Child, Jun.,
Collector of Taxes, Frederick L. Baker.
Justice of the Peace, Emanuel D. Roath.
High Constable, Absalom Emswiler.
Assistant Constable, Franklin K. Mosey.
Regulators, John H. Goodman, E. D. Roath.
Supervisor, Samuel Hipple, Sen.
School Directors, John Jay Libhart, President, L. D. Roath, Treasurer, C. A. Schaffner, Secretary, John K. Fidler, Aaron B. Grash, Jonathan M. Larzette.
Post Office Hours. The Post Office will be open from 6 o'clock in the morning until half-past 7 in the evening. The Eastern mail for Silver Spring and Hempfield will close at 11:21 in the morning. The Harrisburg accommodation east, passes at 4:56 p. m. and returns, going west, at 6:28 p. m.
Religious Exercises. Service will be had on every Sabbath at 10 o'clock in the morning and at 8 o'clock in the evening, in the Presbyterian church. Rev. P. J. Timlow, pastor. Every Sabbath at 10 o'clock in the morning and at 1-4 before 8 o'clock in the evening there will be service in the Methodist church. Rev. T. W. Martin, pastor.
Beneficial Societies. THE HARMONY, A. N. Cassel, President; John Jay Libhart, Treasurer; Barr Spangler, Secretary. THE PROMISE, John Jay Libhart, President; Abram Cassel, Treasurer; Wm. Child, Jr., Secretary.

A SUMMER PICTURE.

Wide open swings the cottage door,
And soft the summer sunbeams fall
Upon the white and shining floor,
And o'er the clean unspattered walls;
The roses in the little vase,
The picture o'er the mantle tree,
The books within their varnished case,
Light up, then darken soberly.
Upon the floor the baby lies,
By clover scented flowers fanned—
Some meadow blossom, a cherished prize,
Clasped tightly in one dimpled hand;
The curl-crowned head droops wearily
Upon the arm embowered and bare;
The sunny eyes, so full of glee,
Are hidden by their lashes fair.
A sweet-faced maiden in the porch
Looms in low tones some simple air;
The honey-suckle's scarlet torch
Gleams in the darkness of her hair.
She gazes long and wistfully
Adown the rose-embowered lane;
Tears fill at length her gentle eyes—
Ah me! how many watch in vain!
Far off within the distance blue,
Glimmers the buck-wheat's silver sea,
And waxy corn-rows, fair to view,
Stretch wide o'er breezy mead and lee,
Each leafy copse and shady wood
Sleeps in the stillness deep and calm.
The hills are draped in cloths of gold,
The air is steeped in summer-balm.

WHAT "THE DERBY" IS. Some persons do not know what "the Derby" is, and here is an explanation. Epsom, a small market town in the county of Surrey, situated close to Barnstead downs, and some fifteen miles from London. On these downs, in the week before Whit Sunday, takes place the annual English steeplechase called Epsom races. The two events of these races are the contests for the great Derby stakes, and the Oaks. A former Earl of Derby, with the sporting predilections which seem to run in the blood of the Stanleys, occupied a country seat called "The Oaks," close to Epsom. Here formerly lived that Gen. Burgoyne, who surrendered to Gen. Gates, at Saratoga in 1777. Three years earlier he had written a play, which, after his residence he called The Maid of the Oaks. To encourage horse-racing, the Earl of Derby gave two prizes to be run for at Epsom. These are "the Derby," which invariably comes off on Wednesday, and "the Oaks," which is contested on Fri-

From the City Journal.]
LINCOLN AND LIBERTY.
Ayer—"Hazel Dell."
Hark! o'er every hill and dale are swelling
Anthem of the free;
The palace-hall and lofty dwelling
Echo, "Liberty!"
Freedom's gallant sons at length are rousing
From their lethargy;
The cause of Truth and Right espousing—
"Lincoln and Liberty!"
CHORUS.
Freedom's clarion-notes are sounding
Over land and sea;
From each patriot heart the shout comes bound—
"Lincoln and Liberty!"
Too long have tyrant rulers blighted
A land that should be free—
The hopes of patriot sires been slighted
By tools of tyranny;
Shall the blood o'er Kansas plains once flowing,
Plead to us in vain?
Shall the soil in virgin beauty glowing
Groan "neath Slavery's chain?"
CHORUS.
No! from mountain and from valley,
Streamlet, lake, and sea,
Hosts of freemen to the rescue rally,
For "Lincoln—Liberty!"
Soon their deeds with victory 'll be rewarded,
The battle soon be won;
On Fame's bright scroll each name recorded,
Clear as the noon-day sun;
On, freemen! upon the Right rallying,
Raise high each cheerful voice;
Let your watchword be, the foe defying,
Lincoln, the people's choice!

CHORUS.
Freedom's fire is brightly burning,
In hearts once full of grief;
To the Patriot's Hope her sons are turning—
Lincoln, our gallant chief!

[FOR THE WEEKLY MARIETTIAN.]

Our Harrie's Box.

Reflecting upon the capacity of the boy's pocket, and its contents,—described some weeks ago in the "Daily Express," reminds me of an omnivorous receptacle analogous to it. A dapper little urchin of ours, of some six summers, answering to the deminutive and familiar cognomen of "our Harry," claims the ownership of a box—a paper button box—about four inches square and two inches deep; which he persists in carrying about with him wherever he goes—taking it to bed with him at night—and only relinquishing it, when he unconsciously falls into a happy slumber. It may perhaps be necessary to say that the box was originally a pure glossy white, but that now—by dint of constant handling, with inky and candy-bedaubed digits, it has assumed a maculated exterior, not much unlike the variegations of a tabby cat, or a miniature giraffe.

Carrying a more than ordinary amount of ballast the other day, our Harrie's box fell to the floor with a crash, bursting off the lid, and upon examination, exhibiting the following inventory of goods and chattels, all of which were gathered up and stowed away again. Boys have the singular faculty of stowing away an immense quantity of anything, into a small space, whether a box, or a pocket, or a stomach if you please. This box contained on this occasion, a lot of cherry stones; two dozen single tickets of admission to the fair of the Fulton Institute; a comic penny valentine; a pigeon's foot; an acorn; a piece of a lead pencil; half a shoe-string; a cork stopper; a knife handle; a pair of "roosters' spurs; a toy baby minus one arm and its nose; two inches of brass chain; three slate pencils; half a knife blade; a string of "peach goodies;" two white allies and one "china," marbles; a sheet of note paper, pretty well "scribbled;" a lot of pictures cut out of a "Harpers Weekly;" a small piece of dried cheese; half a dozen variegated beans; six lathing nails and a gimblet handle; besides sundry small articles, too deminutive, and "too numerous to mention."

There are those in Washington industriously circulating the statement that Gen. Cushing does not care for the Supreme Court judgeship, but that his wishes have a different direction. What he does want has not yet transpired, still less what he is likely to get.

Senator Fitzpatrick, who was nominated for Vice President by the Douglas Convention and declined, has written a letter in which he says: "According to sentiment and the platform upon which Breckinridge and Lane have been nominated, I shall, as a matter of course, yield them my support."

The number of persons who visited the Palais Royal to see Prince Jerome lying in state is, as near as can be calculated, not less than 300,000. It is supposed that 80,000 went on Sunday.

Eastern papers are suggesting the idea of introducing military drill among the boys in our common schools.

Joseph Gales.
It is with real sorrow that we hear of the death of Joseph Gales, Esq., Editor of the National Intelligencer, of Washington City. He expired on Saturday evening, at his residence, Eckington, near Washington. For some years he has suffered from bodily infirmities, and his right hand had long since "lost its cunning," making him unable to write. A few days ago, we learned that he was paralyzed on the left side, so that the news of his decease was not unexpected.

Mr. Gales was of English birth, though his father, as well as himself, became Americans, and were identified with the American press, throughout their long lives. His father, whose name was also Joseph Gales, was editor of the Sheffield Register, but being imbued with the republican doctrines in vogue after the French Revolution, he became obnoxious to the government, and selling his journal to Montgomery, the post, he emigrated to the United States in 1798, settled in Philadelphia, and became publisher of the Independent Gazetteer.

This he sold in 1796, and removing to Raleigh, N. C., published there the Raleigh Register, for nearly forty years. He died at Raleigh, in 1841.

Joseph Gales, whose decease we have now to lament, was born at Eckington, near Sheffield, April 10th, 1786, so that his age was more than seventy-four years. When seven years old, he was brought to this country by his father, and was educated at the University of North Carolina, at Raleigh. He then came to Philadelphia, where he learned the art of printing. Mr. Sam'l Harrison Smith, who had purchased his father's paper, the Independent Gazetteer, removed it to Washington, and there changed its name to the National Intelligencer.

Mr. Gales became his partner, and in 1810, after Mr. Smith's retirement, its sole proprietor. Two years later, his brother-in-law, Mr. W. W. Seaton, became his partner, and they have been its owners and publishers ever since. Mr. Seaton, although a little older than Mr. Gales, survives him, and is sufficiently strong and healthy to still give it his personal attention. Mr. Gales leaves a widow, a daughter, of the late Theodorice Lee, of Virginia. They had no children.

Mr. Gales was one of the purest and best of men. He was the very type of the true, conservative patriotism of the last generation. His journal never, in times of the most violent political excitement, contained a word that was untrue to the constitution and the laws, or unjust to any portion of the Union. It never uttered a discourteous or undignified sentence towards public men. Circulating chiefly among a class of Southern gentlemen who are highly influential, though rarely heard of in politics, the Intelligencer has quietly maintained among them those honorable traditional feelings of patriotism which are proof against all sectional appeals, and all the vulgar assaults of demagogues. Thus effectively, though insensibly, has it worked amid various political storms, and it is impossible to over-estimate the value of such a journal at the national seat of government.

In private life Mr. Gales was deservedly beloved and honored. He was generous and charitable almost to a fault. His house was the seat of a liberal and elegant hospitality. His society was valued by the most distinguished people that have appeared in Washington, foreigners as well as Americans. A library, chosen by himself with thorough taste and good judgment, was among the many delights of Eckington, and during the last few years of his life, was his own favorite retreat. Although he was for some years unable to go much into the world, Mr. Gales' death will be deeply felt in Washington society. To the country at large, to whose peace and welfare he has been so long devoted, the loss is a far more grievous one than people generally will be prepared to acknowledge. For so unobtrusive have been his labors, that few except those most familiar with them have been able to comprehend how faithfully and how efficiently he has served his country.

Mr. Gales' surviving partner, Mr. Seaton, who has for some years borne the chief toil and responsibility of the Intelligencer, is a gentleman not less esteemed than his lamented associate, and under his care and that of his son, the paper, we doubt not, will continue to deserve the respect and confidence of the public.

Governor Pettus, of Mississippi, is a private in a volunteer military company in Jackson, and drills regularly and punctually in the ranks.

"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."—The departure of the French troops from Milan was cause of great grief to the feminine population of that place. The railway station was a real scene of desolation, there was nothing but tears and embraces without end. The bell for departure had rung, but the departure could not take place without as many broken arms and legs as there were broken hearts—at that a sergeant who had an inconsolable damsel hanging about him thought of a stratagem to bring matters to a close. He shouted aloud that there must be extra cars put on to go to Magenta. All the desolate beauties crowded into the cars, but the perfidious sergeant had given the hint to the conductor of the train, and the supplementary cars were not attached. The signal was given, the train moved off at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and the inconsolable ladies were left in the middle of the station, and made their way back from it, as it says in the song of Malbrank, "with swelling hearts and red eyes."

EXPENSIVE PICTURE.—The Cincinnati Inquirer has a story of a coachman who made \$3000 very easily. He had suspected that his mistress was not like Caesar's wife in all things. A gentleman, he observed, whose name was on the list of the large tax payers, came quite often to see her, and queerly enough, always in the husband's absence. Thinking this scarcely fair, the coachman went to a daguerrean, and by the offer of \$150 if he should succeed in making a good picture, induced him to accompany him one day to his stable. The library window opened in that direction, and the gentleman and mistress of the house being at that time in the library, the artist succeeded in securing for the coachman a picture, for which the gentleman thought it worth while to pay the coachman \$3000.

BURIED ALIVE.—Mr. Wm. Vanhise, aged 64 or 65 years, residing at Windsor, went to South River, N. J., to gather rushes for chair bottoms. At about noon he went near a clay pit where some men had been at work and undermined the bank to procure clay. He entered the pit to look at the mineral deposits by which his attention was attracted, when the bank suddenly gave way, burying him completely. There was no one near at the time and it is supposed he was killed almost instantly. When the men returned from dinner they noticed that the bank had fallen in and resumed their work, but had not proceeded very far before they discovered the tail of the unfortunate old man's coat. Then they set to work energetically and soon succeeded in getting his body out.

THE REWARD OF CHARITY.—A youth by the name of John Butterworth, in Bedford county, Va., a year or two ago, found an Englishman, then in an intoxicated and freezing condition. Young B. procured a buggy, carried the old man home, warmed him and nursed him until restored to health. When the young man was leaving the house, the old gentleman remarked that he would remember him. The old gentleman afterward removed to Texas, invested his funds and became wealthy. He died a short time ago, leaving his whole estate to his young friend, who thus becomes worth about one hundred thousand dollars.

A PLEASANT SUMMER DRINK.—A Yankee girl gives us the following receipt: To five gallons of cold water, add one quart of sound corn, and two quarts of molasses. Put all into a keg. Shake well, and in two or three days it will be fit for use. Bung tight. It may be flavored with essence of spruce or lemon. The corn will last to make five or six brewings. If it becomes sour, add more molasses and water. It is a cheap and simple beer, and is called very good.

TO FASTEN KNIFE HANDLES.—The Chemical Gazette says: "When knives and forks have come off the handles from being carelessly put in hot water, or otherwise, a cement made as follows, will be useful to refasten them.—Take of gum shellac two parts, and prepared chalk one part; reduce them to powder and mix thoroughly. Fill the opening in the handle with the mixture, heat the blank of the knife and press it in. Then keep the handle out of hot water."

Some pugilistic citizen of Albany, Georgia, proposes to match a negro slave named Shadrach against the redoubtable John C. Heenan, for \$10,000. We don't suppose the fight will come off, as Heenan is in the sparring business, an occupation which pays better.

A MISER.—Mr. Gershom Twichell, of Milford, who died a short time since, though a man of considerable wealth, owning one of the finest and most valuable farms in Milford, persisted in living in a state of the most abject poverty.—On the announcement of his death, says a writer in the Boston Journal, the overseers of the poor took immediate steps to secure his estate for his legitimate heirs. They found in his hovel a large amount of silver, deposited in a pine box, nicely adjusted in layers of dollars, halves, quarters, and smaller coins.—They also found a bag in which there was a heavy amount of gold. The specie was taken to the Milford Bank for safe keeping. Nearly the last words uttered by the expiring miser were to request a neighbor who stood by him to leave the room, for fear he would steal the money. His wife abandoned him many years ago, and recently, for a stipulated sum, gave bonds that she would make no claim upon any property he possessed.

PREFERS LINCOLN.—The editor of the Cumberland (Md.) Telegraph, the American organ, referring to a statement that the opposition party of Alabama had, in Convention, repudiated Bell and Everett, and declared their purpose to support Breckinridge and Lane, says: "We prefer Mr. Lincoln before either of the democratic nominees, and if driven from our support of Mr. Bell by the trickery of our leading men—if our party is to be sold out to either wing of the Democracy—then we are for Lincoln, with tens of thousands of others in good old Maryland."

CUSHING SAYS OF LINCOLN.—In a conversation between Caleb Cushing and Col. Parker, author of Reminiscences of Rufus Choate, Cushing said: "Abraham Lincoln is a much abler man than is generally supposed, even in his own party. In his canvass with Douglas, he beat him in argument, beat him at law, beat him in wit, and the published debates of that canvass will sustain this assertion."

THE EYES OF HORSES AND CATTLE.—In the New England Farmer a correspondent gives the following remedy, when horses or cattle injure their eyes so as to bring on a white substance or film. He says: "Take fresh butter, newly churned; melt about a tablespoonful, and turn it into the ear opposite the eye injured, being careful to hold the ears tight together, so that they shall not, by a violent shake of the head throw it out of the ear. This remedy may be safely applied, if you do not use them when the film is coming off."

Gerritt Smith is out against Lincoln. He has written a very bitter letter, denouncing him as a supporter of the Fugitive Slave Law, and declaring that no true abolitionist can support him. In this he repeats the movement of 1858, when he made a small experiment at running for Governor against the Republican candidate. Yet in spite of the well-established fact that Gerritt Smith is not a Republican and has lent all his powers to the defeat of Republican candidates, we see constantly in the Democratic press the gross slander that he is one of the Republican leaders.

The Narragansett Times reports that the Rev. Elisha Chuseough, of Stonington, Conn., though 95 years old, is yet both physically and intellectually, hale as most men at 70. He is frequently called to preach, especially at the funerals of aged people, and often speaks an hour with far less of exhaustion than is complained of by most of his junior brethren in the sacred profession over a thirty-minute's essay.

Small acts of kindness! how pleasant and desirable do they make life! Every dark object is made light by them, and every tear of sorrow is brushed away. When the heart is sad and despondency sits at the entrance of the soul, a trifling kindness drives despair away, and makes the path cheerful and pleasant.

The Montgomery (Ala.) Mail says that the thermometer marked 103 degrees in several open houses in that city a few days since. One of the citizens who has kept a diary of the weather for thirty odd years, says that the present is the hottest summer since 1828.

A bedstead has been invented by which a person can wind it up, lie down on the couch, and sit up in a given number of hours, with a fan in motion.

A MAGNIFICENT STREET.—Mercury writes from London, on Canada, in a significant strain, if not in the length, extending a half smooth river to Lake Erie which I see at the centre of 40 feet in width. At the grand crossings, more accommodations are to be erected. The monument stands at the junction of Charles and Canal, and it is now proposed to erect a splendid monument to be placed at the head of the street fronting the Mississippi. The design, has already been made and ordered by the city. This street is our grand promenade, and the fashionable side crowded every evening.

EDWARD EVERETT.—It is stated in certain quarters that Mr. Everett will draw his name from the President's canvass. This is, of course, a fair show of probability. Mr. Everett accepted the nomination with a view to consolidation of national Union sentiment. He endeavored to endure defeat as the representative of a principle; but that is a very different thing from being made a cat's paw for Joe Lane's chesnuts. To be nominated merely as a convenience in the unworthy process of selling out cannot be exactly in accordance with the high personal sense of the Massachusetts statesman, and should he, as would be expected, withdraw, it would occasion surprise among right thinking men.

MOVEMENTS OF THE GREAT.—It has been decided that the Governor will visit the Chesapeake. She will sail hence on the 2d of August, and arrive at Old Point Comfort on the 3d, and be open for the reception of visitors on the 4th. She will from thence proceed to Annapolis, where she will be detained until the 4th, leaving for New York on the 5th. She will then return to N. York on the 10th, and sail on her return to England on the 15th of August.

BRUTAL MURDER.—A reward of \$1000 is offered at Columbia, Tenn., for the arrest of two railroad over-seers, Wright and Thomas S. McCurry, who were charged with the murder of a negro, Mr. Holm's negro 1200 lashes, and ordered his raw back with turpentine, and put him to work in the sun, killing him in twenty-four hours.

Gov. Seymour, who is widely appreciated for his own, is not the least appreciated by the people. While attendance at Hamilton College, since he was so well pleased with the speaking of J. R. Lewis, the exercises of the day he made a handsome present of \$50 as a token of appreciation and encouragement of his services.

Very few people have the immense quantity of butter and camphine consumed in States annually. The amount consumed in the State of New York is estimated by Comptroller at 24,000,000 gallons, of the value of 000,000 gallons. The total value amounts to some \$13,000,000.

Mrs. Sarah Cassing married in San Francisco on the 1st of June last. The Golden Era, wishes the announcement, does the name of the happy and contented individual.

The fancy dry goods store of Gilmore & Co., No. 40 North Third Street, was burnt Sunday afternoon of last week, and damaged over \$100,000.

It is stated that Col. Ellsworth the Chicago Zouaves, is about to be the office of Abraham Lincoln, to study war.

A memorial window is to be erected in the church of the Church of Anne, Dublin, in memory of Hemans.

A Breckinridge pole, which a party of men were raising in Haywood county, Tenn., and killed several persons.

A steam wagon, from England, exhibiting in the streets of San Francisco.

Gen. Joe Lane is at Raleigh, N. C., visiting the friends of the worthy and, as is reported, for sale cheap.

From the Washington Star.