

The Weekly Mariettian.

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

F. L. Baker, Editor and Proprietor.

Terms, One Dollar a Year.

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Marietta, Pa., Saturday Morning, October 13, 1860.

NO. 13.

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LANCASTER COUNTY, PENN'A.
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but for any additional lines, five cents a line.
We have recently added a large J.P. Caff' hire
dinner.

**General discount made to quarterly, half-yearly
or yearly advertisers.**

Heads of Departments.

NATIONAL.
President, John Buchanan, of Pennsylvania.
Vice-President, John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky.
Speaker of the House, Wm. Pennington, New York.

On Monday night about 9 o'clock
a fire broke out in the borough of Ma-
neim, which, before it could be stopped
destroyed four large barns, a saw-mill,
and a large quantity of lumber.

GOVERNMENT.
Governor, Wm. F. Packard, of Lycoming Co.
Secretary of State, Wm. M. Hiestor, of Berks.
Attorney General, John C. Knox, of Tioga.
Surgeon General, Wm. H. Kelso, of Berks.
Auditor General, Geo. W. Woodward, of York.
State Treasurer, Eli Sifer, of Union.
Superintendent of Public Schools, Thomas H.
Burrows, of Lancaster.

JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT, Walter H. Lowrie,
Chief Justice, Geo. W. Woodward, James
Thompson, Wm. Strong, John M. Reed,
Thompson.

COUNTY.
President Judge, Henry G. Long.
Associate Judges, Alexander L. Hayes, Ferris
Hinton.
District Attorney, Emile Franklin.
Prothonotary, William Carpenter.
Recorder, John Good.
Register, John Jones.
County Treasurer, Michael H. Shirk.
Sheriff, Benjamin F. Rowe.
Clerk of Quarter Sessions Court, Sam'l Evans.
Clerk of Orphans' Court, C. L. Souer.
Clerk of the Peace, Daniel Good, Joseph
Boyer, Levi S. Heist, Solicitor, Ed. Reilly,
Clerk, Peter G. Kherman.

BOROUGH.
Chief Burgess, Samuel D. Miller,
Assistant Burgess, Peter Baker,
Town Council, Barr Spangler, (President)
John Crull, Thomas Stead, Ed. P. Trainor,
Henry S. Libhart.
Town Clerk, Theo. Hiestor.
Treasurer, John Anker.
Assessor of Taxes, William Child, Junr.,
Collector of Taxes, Frederick L. Baker.
Justice of the Peace, Emanuel D. Roath.
High Constable, Asselm Emswiler.
Assistant Constable, Franklin K. Mosey.
Superior, Samuel Hipple, Senr.
School Directors, John Jay Libhart, Presi-
dent, E. D. Roath, Treasurer, C. A. Schaffner,
Secretary, John K. Fidler, Aaron B. Grosh,
Jonathan M. Larzelere.

Post Office Hours. The Post Office will
be open from 8 o'clock in the morning until
half-past 7 in the evening. The Eastern mail
via Silver Spring and Hempfield will close at
2 p. m. and arrive at 11 a. m. every Tuesday
Thursday and Saturday.
The Eastern mail will close at 7 a. m. and
arrive at 11.21 o'clock in the morning, a. m.,
and at 6 28 p. m.
The Western mail will close at 10.50 a. m.,
and arrive at 4.50 p. m.
Railroad Time Table. The mail train for
Philadelphia will leave this station at 7.56 in
the morning. The mail train west will leave
at 11.21 in the morning. The Harrisburg ac-
commodation east, passes at 4.50 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 Pres-
byterian 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. C.
Cassel, President; John Jay Libhart, Treasur-
er; Barr Spangler, Secretary. THE PROGRESS,
John Jay Libhart, President; Abram Cassel
Treasurer; Wm. Child, Jr., Secretary.

PLUMB & DYER,
Fashionable Tailors & Drapers,
Opposite A. Cassel's store, Market street,
MARIETTA, PA.
THE undersigned having associated them-
selves into a co-partnership, would here-
by inform their old patrons and the pub-
lic generally, that they will continue the
Fashionable Tailoring Business
at the old stand, adjoining Dr. Hinkle's Drug
Store, Market street. Having a fine stock of
Cloths, Cassimeres & Vestings,
which they will dispose of and "make up" on
reasonable terms. Being determined to give
satisfaction, they would respectfully ask a con-
tinuation of past favors.
Christian Plumb,
Nathan Dyer.

Cutting done at short notice.
Marietta, Sep. 10, 1859-14

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Debts, with the Statutes of Limi-
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of Property Exempt from Ex-
ecution in every State.

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properly, with forms for Com-
position with Creditors, and the
Insolvent Laws of every State.

It Tells You The Legal relations existing
between Guardian and Ward,
Master and Apprentice, and
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It Tells You What constitutes Libel and Stan-
dard, and the Law as to Mar-
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It Tells You The Law for Mechanics' Liens
in every State, and the Natu-
ralization Laws of this country,
and how to comply with the
same.

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sions and how to obtain one,
and the Pre-emption Laws to Public
Lands.

It Tells You The Law of Patents, with mode
of procedure in obtaining one,
with Interferences, Assign-
ments and Table of neces-
sary Statutes.

LAY OF THE ANXIOUS DEBTOR.
ADDRESSED TO HIS CONFIDING BUTCHER.

AYR—"Will you love me then as now?"
You have told me that you trust me?
And you prove the words you speak,
As you send the meat in daily,
And the book but once a week!
May I hope your kindly feeling
Nothing ever will estrange,
And this pleasant mode of dealing
Circumstances ne'er will change?
When you send a twelvemonth's bill in,
And to pay I don't know how,
When you hear I've not a shillin',
Will you trust me then as now?

Though a month may pass unclouded,
And you send what's ordered home,
Yet, as week on week advances,
Thoughts across your mind must come.
You will lose your old politeness,
And reluctant I'll not pay,
Cheerful looks will lose their lightness
When you find I never pay.
When my debts have pressed upon me,
And my tradesmen make a row,
Will the change find you unchanging—
Will you trust me then as now?—Punch.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.—We
extract the following letter from the
New York Ledger, of October 20th,
1860:—
LEDGER OFFICE, N. Y., Sept. 3, 1860.
DEAR SIR:—I am about commencing
in the Ledger a series of sketches of emi-
nent statesmen. I wish to begin with
Mr. Lowndes, the distinguished South
Carolinian. I have been informed that
at the time you entered Congress, a young
man, in December, 1821, you became
very intimate with him. Will you be
kind enough to communicate for the ben-
efit of the readers of the Ledger your
recollections of the man as you knew him
at that time?

Very respectfully yours,
ROBERT BONNER.
President BUCHANAN.

WASHINGTON, 8th Sept., 1860.
MY DEAR SIR:—I have received your
favor of the 3d instant, and shall most
cheerfully comply with your request and
furnish you a sketch of the life of William
Lowndes, as soon as possible. He was
one of the greatest, wisest and purest
statesmen that have ever adorned our
country, and yet his memory has been
sadly neglected. The truth is that my
public duties occupy my whole time at
present. I had hoped I might enjoy
some leisure after the adjournment of
Congress, but in this I have been dis-
appointed. If not before, I hope to fur-
nish you the sketch soon after the 4th
of March. This from me will be a tribute
not only to justice but to gratitude.

Yours very respectfully,
JAMES BUCHANAN,
ROBERT BONNER, Esquire.

A TOUCHING APPEAL.—Policeman,
spare that dog, touch not a single hair;
he worries many a hog, from out his
muddy lair. Oh, when he was a pup, so
frisky and so plump, he lapped his milk
from a cup, when hungry—at a jump—
And then his funny tricks, so funny in
their place, so full of canine leeks, upon
your hands and face. You will surely
let him live! Oh, do not kill him—dead;
he wags his narrative, and prays for life
—not lead. Go, get the muzzie now,
and put upon his mouth, and stop that
bow, bow, bow! and tendency to drouth.
He is your children's pet, companion of
their joy; you will not kill him yet, and
thus their hopes destroy. No, police-
man, spare that pup, touch not a single
hair; oh, put your pistol up, and go
away from there!

BLONDIEN'S LAST PERFORMANCE.—The
Buffalo Commercial Advertiser thus de-
scribes the last performance of the little
acrobat, at Niagara Falls: "In a few
minutes, the little man was seen coming
toward America, attached to a heavy,
lumbering chair. When about a third
of the way out, he placed the chair upon
the rope and seated himself thereon,
crossed his legs, and gazed around with
apparent unconcern. He then adjusted
two legs of the chair on the cable, and
again seated himself. Coming nearer to
the American shore, he again stopped
and sat down; and then got up and
stood in the chair! When we consider
that this is done on a single cable stretch-
ing to a height of more than 200 feet over
one of the most fearful chasms and tor-
rents in the world, it seems absolutely
miraculous.

A MATRIMONIAL SWINDLER.—The Sa-
line Herald, published at Arrow Rock,
Mo., on the 25 of September, gives a de-
tailed account of the "systematic
schemes of villainy" practiced upon a
widow lady of that place by a Baltimore
man named O'Chamberlain, a tailor by
trade. It appears from the statement
that about fifteen months ago Cham-
berlain located in Arrow Rock, opened a
shop, and done a good business. He be-
came acquainted with a very respectable
widow lady, and married her. Under
pretence of going to St. Louis to pur-
chase an additional stock of goods, he
succeeded in getting about \$3,000 from
his wife, in addition to other moneys be-
fore obtained from the same source. He
departed, and has not been heard of since.
Chamberlain is about thirty-five years
old, weighs about one hundred and eighty
pounds, inclined to corpulency—rather
"puresy"—about five feet eight inches
high, gray hair, blue eyes, deep set in
head, usually very neat and precise in his
dress, and is rather retired in his manner.

GOT CHEATED.—The Aroostook Her-
ald says: We heard a conversation the
other day between a Breckinridge man
and an old Democrat, who avowed his
intention of voting for Lincoln. "I've
always been a Democrat, and I've been
reading and studying, and I have come to
the conclusion that the Democratic
party do not stand where it did 1850, and
I'm going to vote for 'Honest Old Abe.'"
"Yes, and get cheated," says the
Hunker.

"Well," coolly replied the other, "I
voted for Pierce and for Buchanan, and
got cheated both times, and I don't feel
like being humbugged the third time.—
I had as lief be cheated once by the
Republicans, as all the time by the Dem-
ocrats."

A few weeks ago a highly respected
citizen of Sussex county, N. J. was ar-
rested for an assault committed on a
neighbor. The grand jury found a bill
against him for an assault with an intent
to kill, which so affected him, when he
was informed of it, that he blew out his
brains.

THE SLAVE OF HER OWN SON.—The
following memorandum is supplied to
the Census Office by Mr. Moreau, who
took the census of a portion of Florida:
Among the slave inhabitants enumerated
I have found but one in my district
whose age exceeds one hundred years.—
This person is a negress named Cornelia
Leslie. She informs me that she is one
hundred and twenty-five years of age.—
She was born in the State of Georgia, at
a place called Silver Bluff; has a distinct
recollection of the war of Revolution,
and remembers the siege of Savannah in
1778, when the city was taken by the
British. This woman, although so far
advanced in years, is remarkably health-
y and strong, and walks half a mile
regularly every Sunday to attend church.
She is the slave of her own son, who is
a free negro.

**DEATH OF TWO BROTHERS AT THE SAME
TIME.**—Morris Holstead, the youngest
son of the late John P. Holstead, of Vi-
enna, died in that town last Wednesday,
aged 22 years. A few hours after his
death, news were received by the rela-
tives of the deceased, that his eldest
brother, Nelson Holstead, died a few
hours previous, at his residence in Mad-
ison county, near New Boston. Nelson
H. was some 51 years of age. The re-
mains were brought to Vienna for inter-
ment, and the funeral of both took place
at McConnellsville, Friday, at 2 P. M.,
and was largely attended. It was a splen-
did and impressive scene.

FATAL INFLUENCE.—The wife of the
Austrian General Enyatten, who com-
mitted suicide upon the discovery of his
gigantic frauds during the late Italian
war, was lately sentenced to three years
hard labor, her extravagant habits hav-
ing encouraged her husband in his acts
of depredation. In consideration of her
children, her sentence was commuted to
three months, imprisonment, and the
baroness is now serving out her impris-
onment.

TO CLEAN FRENCH KID GLOVES.—Put
the gloves on your hand and wash them,
as if you were washing your hands, in
some spirits of turpentine, until quite
clean; then hang them up in a warm
place, or where there is a current of air,
and all smell of the turpentine will be re-
moved. Or else wash them with soap
and water, then stretch them on wooden
hands, or pull them into shape without
wringing them; next rub them with pipe
clay, or yellow ochre, or a mixture of the
two in any required shade, made into
paste with beer; let them dry gradually,
and when about half dry, rub them well,
so as to smooth them and put them into
shape; then dry them, brush out the su-
perfluous color, cover them with paper,
and smooth with a warm iron. Other
colors may be employed to mix with the
pipe clay besides the yellow ochre. To
dry clean gloves, lay them out flat; then
rub into them a mixture of finely-pow-
dered fullers'-earth and alum; sweep it
off with a brush, sprinkle them with dry
bran and whiting, lastly dust them well.
This will not do if they are very dirty.

HOW TO MAKE SUGAR ICING FOR CAKES.—
Beat one pound of refined sugar and
one ounce of fine starch, or arrowroot;
sift it together through a fine sieve.—
Then beat the whites of two full sized
eggs, or three small ones, till they are
perfectly fluid. Beat in the sugar a lit-
tle at a time, and when it is all thus put
in, pound it well together for some time.
Then spread it evenly over your cake
with a broad flat knife. If you put it on
the moment the cake comes out of the
oven, it will generally harden by the
time the cake is cool. If you wish to ice
a cake already baked, it must be placed
for a short time in the oven. For buns,
the tops of pies, tarts, &c., it will be suf-
ficient to besmear them with beaten
white of egg, and sift a little finely pow-
dered sugar over them.

A TOUGH MEAL.—During the building
of the new State House, at Columbus,
S. C., General Jones had the letting of
the various contracts for the building,
and among the rest was one for heating
the building. Almost the first applica-
nt after it was known, was an old gen-
tleman, a thorough-bred Englisher, who
addressed the General, while he was
somewhat busily engaged with some archi-
tects as follows:
"General, I understand you 'ave the
letting of the contract for 'eating the
State 'Ouse, and I desire to get the job."
The General (pointing to the building)
answered, blandly, as follows:
"There is what is done, and you can
eat just as much as you want of it."
The old gentleman never began the
job.

HOW TO ETCH NAMES ON STEEL.—First
cover the part on which you wish to
write with varnish, made by mixing
lampblack with turpentine varnish.—
When it is thoroughly dry, etch in your
name with some pointed instrument;
then place a wall of wax round the in-
scription, and pour on some diluted aqua-
fortis, which will "bite in" the inscrip-
tion to a depth proportioned to the
length of time the acid is allowed to re-
main upon it. Remove it, wash the face
with cold water, take off the walling, and
clean off the varnish with spirits of tur-
pentine.

**HOW TO RENDER BOOTS AND SHOES
WATER-PROOF.**—Lined oil, one pint
yellow wax, quarter of a pound. Place
these in an earthen crock, and melt
them together with a gentle heat, then
add a quarter of a pint of oil of turpen-
tine. When the boots or shoes are well
cleaned make them thoroughly warm,
warm the mixture also, and rub it well
into the leather before the fire. Let
them stand by a few days before you use
them.

PERFUMERY IN CHURCH.—A lady writes:
"I am sorry to be obliged to appeal to
the power of the press for the correction
of an evil so small in the eyes—and in
the noses, too, of some—as 'church per-
fumery.' But really, Mr. Editor, it makes
me sick—it upsets my brain and nervous
system too—I shall have to quit my pew.
Do speak to the ladies on this subject
before next Sunday remind them, and
some of the beaux, too, that of all smells
no smell is the best smell!"

Governor Ashbel P. Willard of
Indiana died of consumption, at St. Paul,
Minnesota on the 4th inst. The Gov-
ernor was a warm friend of Mr. Douglas,
and will be remembered as the prota-
gonist of John E. Cook, who was execut-
ed at Harper's Ferry, as an abettor of
John Brown the insurrectionist.

HOW THEY GROW RICH.—The specu-
lations on the Pennsylvania Railroad
have been more extensive than the offi-
cers of the Company are willing to ad-
mit. The probability is that the result
of the investigation will never be made
public. It is said that one conductor
disgorged \$25,500 and another \$15,000.
The fare bank, however, has swallowed
up most of the plunder. A Pittsburg
paper says, that, "during the investiga-
tion one man who is reported to have
amassed a large fortune on the road,
when asked by the committee how, with
a salary of but \$60 a month, he had con-
trived in a few years to accumulate \$35-
000, his answer was that, as soon as the
party who put the question, and who is
said to be worth \$300,000 himself, would
explain how he made his money, he
would give a satisfactory reply. The
question was not pressed further, and
the conductor left the stand still master
of his \$35,000 secret. The whole num-
ber of delinquent conductors thus far
discovered is twenty-one."

HEBREW WOMEN.—The Hebrew wom-
an in her love for her kindred soars
above her Christian sisters. The tender
devotions which the daughters of Israel
bestow upon their parents, especially on
their fathers, is full of beauty and pathos.
In the dark alleys of the World's Ghetto,
when the Hebrew man toddles home
from his daily strife with prejudice and
lucre, a wondrous change transforms his
face as he crosses the threshold of his
weather-beaten house. The furtive
expands, the crooked gait is made
straight, the many wrinkles of his brow
are made smooth, the crouching form of
the peddler disappears, and the old man
stands erect as if he were worthy of bet-
ter things; the smile loses its sinister
grin, and is clothed with genial beauty.
Rebecca has kissed away the ugliness of
the money changer, and to see him sit
down at his table after having sent up
to Jehovah a prayer for good luck and
a plenty of gain for the coming day, and
chat with his daughter, who delights
in humoring his jokes, is a treat for an
artist in search for the picturesque, or
for a poet in quest of the romantic.

THE HEALTH OF AN ENGLISH LABORER
having somewhat declined, he called in
a medical man, who at once put him on
low diet. After a few visits, the doctor
found his patient so far improved as to
warrant his taking something more sub-
stantial, and he accordingly ordered him
a little animal food once or twice a day.
The wife said nothing; but no sooner
had the doctor departed than she bolted
out of the house, and shouted to a neigh-
bor:
"What do you think they've ordered
for our John to eat now? Animal food!"
"A very good thing, too, replied the
neighbor.

In a passion the former exclaimed:
"Why, you're as bad as eat! How
is it likely our John can eat 'hay and
straw and such like stuff. Besides, he
has no teeth."
NIGHT AIR.—Many people are afraid
of night air. Here is what Florence
Nightingale says: "An extraordinary
fallacy is the dread of night air. What
air can we breathe at night but night
air? The choice is between pure night
air from within. Most people prefer the
latter—an unaccountable preference.—
What will they say if it is proved to be
true that fully one-half of all the diseases
we suffer from are occasioned by persons
sleeping with their windows shut? An
open window most nights in the year
can never hurt any one. In great cities
night air is often the best and purest air
to be found in the twenty-four hours. I
could better understand shutting the
windows in towns during the day, than
the night, for the sake of the sick. The
absence of smoke, the quiet all tend to
make night the best time for airing pa-
tient. A high medical authority has
told me that the air in London is never
so good as after ten o'clock at night."

THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE, MARSHALL,
while riding one morning to court, his
horse fell and broke a shaft. He was
puzzled what to do. Tom, a neighbor-
ing negro wagoner, happening to drive
up, he asked him if he could help him
out of his difficulty. "Oh, yes, massa,
if you'll lend me your knife." Tom took
the knife and cut a sapling and a grape
vine from a neighboring thicket, with
which he speedily spliced up the broken
shaft. "Now, Tom," said the judge,
"why didn't I think of that?" "Oh, mas-
sa," replied Tom, "you know dat some
people will had more sense den others."

Garibaldi's only daughter has left
Nice, rather than become the subject of
the Emperor Napoleon.