

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.

VOL. 7

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

NO. 13.

The Weekly Mariettian
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY
Frederick L. Baker,
And Councillor in Business.
AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

PUBLICATION OFFICE in the second story of
CULL'S ROW, on Front Street, five doors East of Mrs. Flury's Hotel, MARIETTA,
LANCASTER COUNTY, PENN'A.
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No subscription received for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.
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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 Marietta, which, before it could be stopped, destroyed four large barns, a saw-mill, and a large quantity of lumber.

GOVERNMENT OFFICERS.
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.

COUNTY OFFICERS.
President Judge, Henry G. Long.
Associate Judges, Alexander L. Hayes, Ferris Hinton.
District Attorney, Emilen 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 Poor, Robert Byers, Lewis Sprecher, Daniel Overholzer, John Huber, Simon Grob, David Sizer, Solicitor, James K. Alexander, Clerk, Wm. Taylor.
Prison Inspectors, R. J. Houston, Dav. Brandt, John Long, Jacob Seitz, Hiram Evans, H. S. Gann.
Solicitor, Dan'l G. Baker. Keeper, Jay Caldwell.
Auditors, Thomas S. Collins, James B. Lytle, John McCarty.
County Surveyor, John C. Lewis.

BOROUGH OFFICERS.
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, Assleim Emswiler.
Assistant Constable, Franklin K. Mosey.
Superior, Samuel Hipple, Senr.
School Directors, John Jay Libhart, President, 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, 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.

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Fashionable Tailors & Drapers,
Opposite A. Cassel's store, Market street,
MARIETTA, PA.
The undersigned having associated themselves into a co-partnership, would hereby inform their old patrons and the public 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 dispense of and "make up" on reasonable terms. Being determined to give satisfaction, they would respectfully ask a continuance of past favors.
Christian Plumb,
Nathan Dyer.

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It Tells You The Law for Mechanics' Liens in every State, and the Nature and Liabilities of this country, and how to comply with the same.
It Tells You The Law Concerning Pensions and how to obtain one, and the Pre-emption Laws to Public Lands.
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It Tells You The symptoms of Cholera, Cholera Infantum, Colic, Diarrhoea, Worms, Scalded head, Ring-worm, Chicken-pox, &c., and gives you the best remedies for their cure.
It Tells You The symptoms of Fever and Ague, and Bilious, Yellow, Typhus, Scarlet and other Fevers, and gives you the best and simplest remedies for their cure.
It Tells You The symptoms of Intemperance, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Asthma, Dropsy, Gout, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Erysipelas, &c., and gives you the best remedies for their cure.
It Tells You The symptoms of Cholera Morbus, Malignant Cholera, Small-pox, Dysentery, Glandular Diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys and Liver, and the best remedies for their cure.
It Tells You The symptoms of Pleurisy, Neuralgia, Mumps, Apoplexy, Paralysis, the various Diseases of the Throat, Teeth, Ear and Eye, and the best remedies for their cure.
It Tells You The best and simplest treatment for Wounds, Broken Bones, Fever Sores, Lockjaw, White Swellings, Ulcers, Whitlows, Boils, Scarcy, Burns and Scrofula.

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FREDK. L. BAKER,
"The Weekly Mariettian" Office.

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

ATB—"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 fall out tray,
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:—

LEADER OFFICE, N. Y., Sept. 3, 1860.
DEAR SIR:—I am about commencing in the Ledger a series of sketches of eminent 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 benefit 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 disappointed. If not before, I hope to furnish 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, policeman, 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 describes 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, crooked 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 at a height of more than 200 feet over one of the most fearful chasms and torrents in the world, it seems absolutely miraculous.

Mrs. Hoey, the leading actress at Wallack's theatre, New York, after riding home on Friday night, left a jewel case, containing \$1500 worth of articles, in the carriage. The driver and his friends got merry and distributed the jewelry among their female relatives, but on Saturday were compelled to restore it, and were locked up for theft.

A MATRIMONIAL SWINDLER.—The *Saltine Herald*, published at Arrow Rock, Mo., on the 25 of September, gives a detailed 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 Chamberlain located in Arrow Rock, opened a shop, and done a good business. He became acquainted with a very respectable widow lady, and married her. Under pretence of going to St. Louis to purchase an additional stock of goods, he succeeded in getting about \$3,000 from his wife, in addition to other moneys before 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 *Arostook Herald* 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 Democrats."

A few weeks ago a highly respected citizen of Sussex county, N. J. was arrested 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 healthy 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 Vienna, died in that town last Wednesday, aged 22 years. A few hours after his death, news were received by the relatives of the deceased, that his eldest brother, Nelson Holstead, died a few hours previous, at his residence in Madison county, near New Boston. Nelson H. was some 51 years of age. The remains were brought to Vienna for interment, and the funeral of both took place at McConnesville, Friday, at 2 P. M., and was largely attended. It was a solemn and impressive scene.

FATAL INFLUENCE.—The wife of the Austrian General Enyatten, who committed suicide upon the discovery of his gigantic frauds during the late Italian war, was lately sentenced to three years hard labor, her extravagant habits having 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 imprisonment.

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 removed. 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 superfluous 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 powdered 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 little 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 sufficient to besmear them with beaten white of egg, and sift a little finely powdered 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 applicant after it was known, was an old gentleman, a thorough-bred Englisher, who addressed the General, while he was somewhat busily engaged with some architects 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 inscription, and pour on some diluted aquafortis, which will "bite in" the inscription to a depth proportioned to the length of time the acid is allowed to remain upon it. Remove it, wash the face with cold water, take off the walling, and clean off the varnish with spirits of turpentine.

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 turpentine. 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 perfumery.' 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!"

HOW THEY GROW RICH.—The speculations on the Pennsylvania Railroad have been more extensive than the officers of the Company are willing to admit. 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 Pittsburgh paper says, that, "during the investigation 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 contrived 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 number of delinquent conductors thus far discovered is twenty-one."

HEBREW WOMEN.—The Hebrew woman 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 better 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 substantial, 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 neighbor:

"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."

NIIGHT AIR.—Many people are afraid of night air. Here is what Florence Nightingale says: "An extraordinary faculty 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 patient. 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 neighboring 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, massa," 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.