

# 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.

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FOR "THE WEEKLY MARIETTIAN,"  
SONG OF THE FREE.  
Respectfully dedicated to the *Marietta Wide Awakes.*

BY A MEMBER.  
TUNE:—"Few Days."  
Wide Awakes, so bold and free,  
In few days, in few days—  
You make the welkin ring with glee,  
Lincoln's going home.

Your champion is a man of fame,  
Many days, many days—  
Pure and spotless is his name,  
Lincoln's going home.  
Chorus: He is going home, to Washington,  
In few days—in few days—  
Raise your voices loud and long  
For Lincoln's going home.

All that work in the Mine and Mill,  
Labor free—labor free,  
Went for Abe with a right good will,  
Lincoln's going home.  
The Manufacturers of the land,  
He'll protect, he'll protect,  
With all the Patriots hand in hand,  
Lincoln's going home.

Chorus: He is going home, to Washington,  
In few days—in few days—  
Raise your voices loud and long,  
For Lincoln's going home.

In the White House he'll take his seat,  
In few days—in few days—  
He'll give you then "Protection" right,  
Lincoln's going home.  
Ye noble tillers of the soil,  
In few days—in few days—  
Old HONEST ABE will share your toil,  
Lincoln's going home.

Chorus: He is going home, to Washington,  
In few days—in few days—  
Raise your voices loud and long,  
For Lincoln's going home.

Old Abe, will be your Captain Chief,  
In few days, in few days,  
And give the Country, great relief—  
Lincoln's going home,  
From plunderer's grasp, he'll free the Land,  
In few days—in few days—  
For Right and Justice take a stand,  
Lincoln's going home.

Chorus: He is going home, to Washington,  
In few days—in few days—  
Raise your voices loud and long,  
For Lincoln's going home.

The Statesmen pure, and Patriots too,  
In few days, in few days,  
Will welcome Abe, with a loud huzzah,  
Lincoln's going home,  
J. B. and his party had their day,  
For Free trade—for Free trade,  
They must pack up, and clear the way—  
Lincoln's going home.

Chorus: He is going home, to Washington,  
In few days, in few days—  
Raise your voices loud and long—  
Three cheers, for Lincoln's home.

Mr. Ralph Farnum's claims to being considered the oldest Revolutionary veteran now living are contested. Mr. Nathan Dean, who was a soldier in 1776, and fought through the war, is now in his one hundred and tenth year.

The most important lesson of life is to know how to be happy within ourselves, when home is our comfort, and all that is in it. Do not refine away happiness by thinking that which is good may be better.

Mr. Editor.—An aged friend who passionately loves flowers, asked me if I thought there were any in Heaven, and I answered her thus, after half an hour's consideration.

Yes, there are flowers divinely fair  
Where Jesus and His people are—  
In Eden—Heaven's bright parterre  
There must be flowers in Heaven.

The beautiful and good of Earth  
Are there in bright array set forth—  
And every thing of holy worth—  
There's surely flowers in Heaven.

God's people love the flowers here,  
Each tiny leaf to them is dear  
And halo'd by a holy sphere—  
These flowers must bloom in Heaven.

No imperfections to them cling,  
They seem to be a holy thing  
And of a Holy Spirit's bring—  
Transplanted here from Heaven.

A boon His people may enjoy—  
To rear them, find a sweet employ  
With naught unholy to annoy  
And may enjoy in Heaven.

Each lovely tint that decks the rose  
As e'en the tiniest flower that grows  
Its makers great perfection shows—  
And He's supreme in Heaven.

Then why may not his works be there  
Which e'en on Earth are good and fair  
Eternally to blossom there  
Where nothing fades in Heaven?

My aged friend, the flowers you love  
Are blessings to you from above  
And holy aspirations move—  
Because the gift of Heaven.

S. A. M'C.  
Marietta, Aug. 1860.

**APPALLING DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.**—A death from hydrophobia occurred at the Almshouse on Thursday a-week, says the Philadelphia North American of Tuesday last, that presented most shocking symptoms of that inscurable disease. By some medical authorities it is contended that hydrophobia is a fable. In the present instance it was a most appalling reality, and was the more so as it was the first case that ever occurred at the Almshouse. "The victim was one Mary Dietrich, an industrious German washerwoman, who lived in Jefferson street in the Nineteenth ward. Three months ago, while hanging out clothes in a yard, a pet dog sprang at her and bit her arm. A physician afterwards applied caustic to the wound, and cicatrized the flesh almost to the bone. This operation, however, was of no avail. The virus must have entered into the circulation and there laid dormant until last Wednesday, when the unfortunate woman went into spasms at the sight of water.

She was sent to the Almshouse, where she suffered agonies such as mortal experience rarely witnesses. To assuage her intolerable thirst small pieces of ice were offered as a substitute for water, but at the first sight of the gelid luxury she fell into convulsions, snapping and biting like an infuriated cur. The convulsions endured for some minutes, when in the lucid interval she begged the attending physicians to terminate her misery by destroying her life. For about twelve hours she passed from spasm to spasm, until at length, by long perseverance in the application of chloroform, she was thrown into a deep slumber. From that slumber she awoke in eternity—a merciful relief from a degree of agony beyond anything in the experience of either nurses or physicians attached to the institution. The case will probably be reported for the medical press. It was one of the most strongly marked cases ever reported, and at a former era would have resulted in the smothering of the patient, as a relief from a disease universally conceded to be incurable.

**MURDER WILL OUT.**—Some nine years ago, we think, Coroner Pallas held an inquest on the body of a woman named Mary McKinney, who was found dead in the Feeder, near or directly under Clarissa street bridge. It was supposed at the time that the deceased met with her death by falling off the bridge while intoxicated. It is now currently reported about the streets that the woman was murdered. It is said that one Finnegan, the same man who eloped with Mrs. McLaughlin a few days since told confidentially to several friends that he, with a man named William Cooney, who died in Cincinnati during this last summer, on the night the woman was killed successively ravished her, and then both left her; but after going a short distance, Cooney turned about, went back and pushed the woman off the bridge into the Feeder, not thinking but that she would be able to get out, as the water was low at the time. If memory serves us right, we think the deceased was found in an inverted position, with her head firmly imbedded in the mud.—*Troy Star.*

**HUMBOLDT'S THEOLOGY.**—Humboldt's servant, Seifert, is indignant at the charge of infidelity brought against his master. A letter writer says: He pointed first to the inscription which Humboldt wrote to accompany the "Library picture" one sees everywhere in the windows, which begins: "In youth man wanders through God's sublime world," &c. "Nay, more," exclaimed the indignant servant, "I can prove to you that he believed in the providence of God. Here are his own words. Read." So we read again from Humboldt's Will-letter to Seifert: "Weil ich nach Gottes Rathschluss in so hohem Alter unerwartet konnte vom Tode uerbracht dafr," &c. (Because in so great an age, I might, according to God's providence, be unexpectedly surprised by death, therefore, &c.) "One cannot positively affirm that he was a praying man," continued the devoted Seifert, "because that is a secret which a man does not confide to his neighbor. But a man so generous to the poor, that he saved nothing himself; so sympathetic with suffering, that he never could turn away a case of distress unrelieved; who had scarce ever written him a letter without directly mentioning God's name, confessing his own relation and obligation to Him; who had written in his (Seifert's) daughter's album only such counsel as a Godfearing man could give; who hated false and formal priests so much, and who read his Bible so constantly—such a man must have been a Christian. And if he had lived in a land where Christianity was a life, not a profession, and where men were accustomed to speak of their religious experience, he would undoubtedly have left behind him a satisfactory 'testimony.' Such, as nearly as we are able to translate word for word, was the record which the faithful servant bore of the suspected master. It was undoubtedly honest; whether conclusive, let every man judge for himself.

**REV. MR. GUINNESS.**—The same account which brings us the news that the celebrated Irish preacher, says Forney's Press, was to sail in the Great Eastern for America, conveys to us the intelligence of his intended marriage on the 2d instant. Judging from the rures of admiration, if that is a proper phrase, created by the eloquent young divine among the ladies, during his late visit to this country, Miss Fitzgerald, the intended bride, will be most envied for her fortune, especially by the overkind but indiscreet young lady, who whilst Mr. G. was stopping in Philadelphia, addressed to the latter a note, in which she avowed her family connection to be one of position, respectability, and wealth, and with it tendering her hand, her heart, and her wealth to the captivating preacher, and requesting an answer. The reply of Mr. Guinness to this indiscreet overture, we are informed, was as follows: "I came to America not to seek a wife, but to preach the Gospel. Your note strikes me as much out of place, and my advice to you is that you give the money which you seem willing to bestow upon me to the poor, your heart to the Lord, and your hand to the first one that asks for it."

**UNHEALTHINESS OF HOT BREAD.**—When will our good housewives learn the science of preparing and setting forth only healthy food. Hot bread and saleratus cakes ought to be indicted for murder in the second degree. Hot bread never digests. Bear this in mind, reader, if you are accustomed to eat the light and tempting biscuit at tea, or the warm loaf that looks so appetizing upon the breakfast table. After a long season of tumbling and working about in the stomach it will begin to ferment, and will eventually be passed out of the stomach as an unwelcome tenant of that delicate organ, but never digests—never becomes assimilated to, or absorbed by, the organs that appropriate nutrition to the body. It is a first-rate dyspepsia producer, and should be ignored by all who are afflicted with, or wish to avoid, that terrible disease.

**DESTRUCTION OF LITERARY TREASURES.**—On the 27th of August at Gotha, the Castle of Friedenstein was discovered to be in flames, and about four o'clock had to be battered down with cannon. The castle contained a church, with a vaulted burial place for royal persons, a theatre, halls of session for the holding of councils, a museum, with a library of 200,000 volumes, a cabinet of coins, a collection of pictures and prints, a cabinet of art, a collection of objects in natural history, a Chinese collection, and another of casts from antique statues.

**THE PRINCE AND THE PRESIDENT:** The special correspondent of the London Times, describing the meeting between our late youthful guest and our old public functionary, says: "The Royal party arrived at the Executive mansion soon after 4 o'clock. The President, as regal and venerable in his appearance as any king who ever wore a crown, stood just inside the portal of the White House, as the Prince stepped forward shook him by the hand with a cordiality of welcome that was unmistakable. It was more a meeting between private friends and gentlemen than a really historical reception given by the chief of the greatest republic to the heir of the greatest monarchy in the world. The President led his guest at once to the Blue Drawing-room, where he introduced Miss Lane, his niece, and Mrs. Ellis, niece of the late Vice-President King. But beyond these few facts I know nothing, except that all the guests at the White House are staying there without formality, and as any other party of distinguished travelers whom it might please the President to entertain."

**CALHOUN'S WIDOW:** A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun writes from Washington: "Mrs. John C. Calhoun, relict of the distinguished Senator from South Carolina, has been for some time on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Clemson, near Bladensburg. She leaves to-morrow for her Southern home. Mrs. Calhoun is now sixty-eight years of age, with an eye scarcely dimmed by age, cheerful in conversation, and refers with pleasure to her many valued associations during former residences in Washington and Georgetown. The lady of the departed statesman does not choose to trouble herself with politics, and within the past few weeks she has wrought, and exhibits to her friends, a large and splendid curtain of crochet work, done with her own hands, and without the aid of glasses," adding that 'this was but the first of ten which she had undertaken.'

**EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES.**—The New York correspondent of the Boston Journal states the following:—"Adams and Co.'s express office, New York, was a scene of much excitement on Monday. Among the freight that came on from the South were three slaves, a mother and two children, all bound to Newport, and consigned to the care of Rev. Mr. Brooks. The daughter, nineteen years of age, is quite white. The boy is not more than five, and is black as charcoal. It appears that their home is in Mobile, and their mistress, who is old and quite unwell, resolved to free the family, and not knowing what might befall the family after death, saw her intention put in execution before her death. The girl is finely educated, speaks French and German very fluently, and intends to keep school. The party start to-night for Rhode Island. The family attracted much attention while in the office, and answered all the questions put to them by visitors. The mother liked the South, and said the colored people were well enough off. But the girl liked the North, and was glad to get rid of her owner."

**A SAD CASE.**—A lad named Frederick Cooper, who at the age of only fifteen years, had become an habitual drunkard, fell upon the railroad track at Jersey City on Tuesday evening, while intoxicated, and was run over by a train of cars. His legs were crushed to a jelly, and he survived but a few hours. Only an hour before he died he indulged in the most profane language. He had spent the greater part of his life in the county jail, and at the present time there are three brothers and one sister confined in prison.

**CONVICTED.**—Byerly, the model "Democrat" who was charged with forging an election return in the first Congressional District, (Philadelphia) has been convicted of the offence. This same Byerly was once before the Court of Chester county, and was fined for being engaged in a prize fight. Such are the men called to be "Democratic" Judges of elections.

**A NEW ONE CENT ENVELOPE.**—A letter from Washington states that the Postmaster General has adopted and ordered a one cent self-sealing envelope, which will soon be supplied to post-offices throughout the country.

**As to flattery,** the current commodity of the world, on which fashion lives, and thrives, it is, at most, a lie in its best clothes.

**B. P. Shillaber** of Boston, well known all the world over as the quaint Mrs. Partington, has been elected to the Massachusetts Legislature.

**DESPERATE AND FATAL DUEL:** A desperate and fatal duel was fought in St. Landry parish, near Opelousas, La., on the 6th inst., between Messrs. Alphonse Bienvenue, deputy sheriff, and Girard Fournet, which ended in the almost immediate death of Mr. Fournet. From the Courier of that town we take the following particulars:

Each of the combatants went upon the field armed with two revolvers and a bowie-knife; they were stationed twenty paces apart, with instructions, at the word, to fire and advance at will—the fight to end with the death of one or both the parties. At the second fire, Mr. Fournet having been struck, staggered and fell, but not without retaining both strength and courage enough to fire twice more upon his adversary, but without effect. They were both brave and true men, and behaved gallantly to the last.

**AMERICANS IN PARIS.**—"Malakoff," writes in his last letter to the New York Times:—"At last Sunday's race at the Bois de Bologna, a young American who was present on horseback; Mr. Mayo, of Richmond, Va., had the two bones of his leg broken and splintered by a fall of his horse. Mr. Mayo, who is the nephew of Mrs. Gen. Winfield Scott, had taken a passage with Mrs. Scott for the next trip of the Adriatic from Havre to New York, but this accident will of course prevent the voyage so far as regards Mr. Mayo. Mrs. Scott will go home under the protection of Colonel Lay, of the United States army, who has just finished a European tour. Mrs. Scott, whose health is better in the climate of France, has lived in Paris many years, and has not made a visit home since 1850. Mrs. Commodore Stewart has also resided permanently in Paris for a great many years."

**OUTLAWING THE WEED:** The Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church has taken another step forward. It has outlawed tobacco and tobacco use. At its last session at Gallipolis it adopted the following preamble and resolution:

"WHEREAS, The use of tobacco is a great evil, and leads to other evils, therefore

Resolved by the Ohio Conference, That, after the present session, we will not receive any person into full connection who persists in the use of tobacco."

The Cincinnati Commercial finds fault with this action, because it does not go far enough. It insists that the Conference reconsider the subject, and add to the list of anathematized commodities tea, coffee, and hard boiled eggs.

**CARLYLE** says nine-tenths of the miseries and vices of manhood proceed from idleness; with men of quick minds, to whom it is especially pernicious, this habit is commonly the fruit of many disappointments and schemes not baffled; and men fail in their schemes not so much from want of strength, as from an ill-direction of it. The weakest living creature, by contracting his powers upon a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything.

**Friday** of last week was the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Thomas Richards, living in Philadelphia, and preparations were made at his house for celebrating the golden wedding. The marriage of a daughter was also to take place at the same time. But just before the hour of the assemblage of the company, Mr. Richards, who was in his 81 year, and quite infirm, was somewhat excited in anticipation of the day's festivities, was suddenly taken ill, and died. Of course the company was not received, and the marriage of the daughter was postponed.

**A daring and novel burglary** was lately perpetrated at a grocery store in Cleveland. A hole one and a half feet square was cut through the side of the store, not twenty feet from the open door of the room where Mr. and Mrs. Mack Rooney (the proprietors) were sleeping. The burglars took the key of the money drawer from Mrs. Rooney's dress pocket, and abstracted about \$100; all the drawers in the house were searched with astonishing coolness. The secret was chloroform profusely introduced into the sleeping-room beforehand.

**The celebrated Dr. Johnson,** when in the fullness of years and knowledge, said: "I never took up a newspaper without finding something that I should have deemed it a loss not to have seen—never, without deriving from its instruction and amusement."

**A consignment** of 1,200 bbls. flour were shipped from Richmond, Va., last week to Liverpool—the first export of that commodity to an English port from Richmond for several years.

**THE "ROUND TOP."**  
We clip the following from "Clark's School Visitor," a neat little monthly published in Philadelphia, and edited by Alexander Clark. Mr. Clark was on a visit to our place a short time since, and amongst other places was on the "Round Top," opposite this borough. Here is what he says of this romantic point: "Round Top" mountain, in York county, Pennsylvania, is a point well worth visiting. One lovely evening in September our friend, Mr. Hejstend, a teacher in Marietta, Pa., proposed a visit to its summit, and in half an hour we were ready for the excursion.

Procuring a little boat on the bank of the Susquehanna, we were soon afloat toward the opposite shore, from whence the tall mountain loomed up cloud-ward, foliaged from base to summit with maples, oaks and evergreens.

The river is a little more than a mile wide at Marietta, and from its placid surface, as we floated away, we obtained a magnificent view of the mountain side. The autumn leaves, not yet browned by the frosts, turned their silvery sides to the cool wind as it came from the West, and sighed a half-melancholy summer farewell through the lofty pines far above us.

Our boat safely fastened to a sycamore tree near the water's edge, we began our ascent of the mountain—through thickets of hazel and sweet-brier, up through ravines, over ledges of rock, by a sparkling waterfall, through a ragged field on the side of the mountain, on again by a winding path through the forest, with darkened leaves overhead obscuring the sky and the sunlight, up, through arbors of laurel and over moss-covered rocks, until we at last gained the summit of the "Round Top" mountain.

And here, high above all, surrounding land, above the tops of the nearest trees, we beheld a scene, such as no pen can describe or pencil paint. Far down beneath our feet was the village, and beyond it away to the Northward toward Lebanon, the richly cultivated farms of Lancaster county, dotted with dwellings with here and there a church spire, or a snug little school-house in the grove, and still farther off to the north, a village, dim in the distance, while the romantic Susquehanna margined in shining silver a picture too vast and beautiful to be comprehended.

To add to the effect the sky was clear of any cloud, the sun was just setting, while the river, coming down from the Westward, mirrored sun-beams in gold and glory as they lingered upon the water. And the cold breeze whispering over the mountain tops, waving to and fro the boughs of ten thousand trees below, as they seemed to bid each other "good night" ere the darkness closed around them, told sweet lessons to our soul such as we never before enjoyed.

It was calm, still, night, around the mountain and along the river-shores before we reached our home in the village.

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