

# 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.

Terms, One Dollar a Year.

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## Borough & County Officers.

**BOROUGH.**  
Chief Burgess, Samuel D. Miller.  
Assistant Burgess, Peter Baker.  
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District Attorney, Emilen Franklin.  
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Recorder, Anthony Good.  
Register, John Johns.  
County Treasurer, Michael H. Shirk.  
Sheriff, Stephen W. P. Boyd.  
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Clerk of Orphans' Court, C. L. Stoner.  
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## 1860! Fourth Arrival of 1860! NEW FALL GOODS.

NOW OPENING, beautiful assortment of New Fall Goods, bought in New York and Philadelphia.

**CLOAKS.**  
The latest fall styles:  
The Basque,  
The Walking Coat,  
The Full Back,  
The Plain Back,  
The Cape Style,  
The Beaver Cloth, &c., &c., &c.  
Cloaking Cloths of every kind, every description, newest styles and just imported in New York.

**SHAWLES.**  
A beautiful assortment, and latest styles:  
Broche Long Blanket,  
Scott Long Blanket Shawls,  
French Long Blanket Shawls,  
Stella Shawls, embracing every quality.  
Coating, Cassimeres, and Vestings.  
We respectfully invite attention to our stock of Coatings, Cassimeres and Vestings, embracing in variety, quality and cheapness, goods in that line we ever offered.

**HAIDEMANN'S**  
Cheap Cash Store.  
Nov. 3, 1860.  
**DR. EDW. W. SWENTZEL,**  
Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, and an assistant operator and partner of Dr. Waylan, offers his professional services to the citizens of Marietta and vicinity. Persons desiring to have their teeth extracted, Spangler & Patterson's store, 2nd story, entrance from Market street. I hereby recommend to the people of Marietta and vicinity, Dr. E. W. Swentzel, graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, as a competent and skillful operator, having had ample opportunities of seeing his operations—having long been an assistant operator of mine. JOHN WAYLAN, D. D. S.

**WINE AND LIQUORS.**  
Superior Old Brandy, Old Rye Whiskey, Holland Gin, Old Madeira, Lisbon, Sherry and Port Wines.  
Pittsburg Whiskey always on hand at the lowest market prices. Very Fine Brandy at a very low figure, by the barrel.  
J. R. DIFFENBACH, Market-st.

**EMBROIDERIES**—Just received the largest and most desirable lot of Embroideries ever offered for sale here, consisting in part of beautiful French Worked Collars, Undersleeves, Spectacles, Swiss and Jackson's Edging and Inserting, Flouncings, &c., which will be sold at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction to all.  
J. R. DIFFENBACH.

**A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF**  
Hammered and Rolled Iron, S. Bars, Norway, Nail Rods, American and German Spring, and Cast Steel, Wagon Boxes, Iron Axles, SPRINGERS & CO.

## The Night Before Christmas.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when, all through the house,  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced thro' their heads;  
And mamma's lullaby rock'd them to sleep,  
A tinkle, a tinkle, a bow-wow, and a deep.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon shone the breast of the new-fallen snow,  
Gave the rickety old chair a good shaking below;  
When, to my wondering eyes should appear,  
A full and round figure, so dim and so dear,  
But my little sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a jingle and jangle, so light and so queer,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his courses they came,  
And he whizzed and shouted and called them by name!  
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now Prancer!  
Now, Vixen! On, On! On, On! On, On, On, On!  
On top of the porch! on the top of the wall!  
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!  
As leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So up to the house-top, the corners they flew,  
With a jingle and jangle, so light and so queer,  
And in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,  
The tinkle and pattering of each little foot.  
So down in my bedroom I turned around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.  
He dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot!  
A bundle of toys he had slung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack:  
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry,  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath,  
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,  
That shook when he laughed like a full bowl of jelly.  
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,  
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings—then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.  
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,  
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

## THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

The Festival of festivals, the Birth-day of birth-days, is Christmas. No day in the calendar is so welcome to childhood and children of "larger growth," none associated with so many happy memories, whose recollection cheers even the heart of declining age. Fasting and humiliation become other days, but Christmas is no day to be of sorrowful countenance, for it brings to mind the most beneficent day that ever dawned upon the earth. The bestowment and interchange of gifts has a beautiful propriety on this day because our God gave the Gift of gifts to the world—his only begotten Son. The angels that announced his birth sang psalms of "glory to God," and so ought we to praise God out of glad hearts. It is a day of "glad tidings of great joy" on which we should make ourselves and others happy. Not in rioting, gluttony and drunkenness, nor in gloomy abstemious fastings, should we spend it, but in the rational enjoyment of the gifts of our Father, and in giving them to others, if in our power. The sweetest happiness is that which we derive from doing good. This our Saviour enjoyed in an eminent degree—doing good to the needy "without money and without price," and our religion will cheer and gladden our hearts with supernatural bliss when we become like him in this respect. Seek poor families in your town or neighborhood. You can readily find them. Some of them have long since become convinced that rich Christians care nothing about them. If they have any Bibles and can read them, they learn therefrom that Jesus pitied the poor and visited them in their distress, and bade his followers do the same.—"But who now-a-days cares for us poor?" Where are the Christians, who have Christ's spirit and love to the poor?—Bring them a gift, warm their beds and fill their tables in the name of the Saviour, and they will learn to love and trust in the good being whose spirit you possess.

The day on which we celebrate the birth of Christ comes at a very appropriate season. After a most delightful Summer, covering the earth with an endless variety of life, beautiful to behold and hear, the frosty cold has swept all away for us. Hills, dells and trees look equally bleak—all life deserted in aspect. All the cheerful music of nature has given place to the mournful sighing of winter

storms. The birds have gone, the purring of brooks and dash of water-falls are frozen silent. All is hushed by the icy wand of Winter. It is so bleak and quiet that one is reminded of a house of mourning. The aspect of the world around teaches us that "we all do fade as a leaf," and that "all flesh is as grass." But right on the heels of these sad lessons and illustrations of our mortality, comes the birth of Him who brought life and immortality to light. Right in the season when the decay of vegetation and the first hush of animal life give us a keen sense of the uncertainty and instability of earth, and when thoughts of death and the grave steal over our passive minds, then we hail the birth of Him who is "the resurrection and the life."

A day of rejoicing we should, therefore, make it. Not perplex our minds as to whether this is the identical day of his birth. It is enough that it is the day set apart to commemorate his birth with festive praise. Unfathomable mystery! The Almighty Creator is born as a helpless infant, and becomes dependent on a mortal, and is cherished in the arms of a frail mother. The infinite God is nursed on the breast of maternal love, a faint image of his own tender love to his children. "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet I will not forget thee." He who fills imminently with his presence, and whom the heaven of heavens can not contain, is wrapped in swaddling clothes and cradled in a manger. He who made and upholds all things by the word of his power, has not where to lay his head. He who prepares mansions for his people in heaven, whose presence is heaven and home to the weary soul, is without a home to the weary soul, is without a home and habitation on earth. Presumptuous reason says: "How can these things be?" A childlike faith says: Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.

"Was kein Verstand der Verstandigen sieht, Das ubet in Enhalt ein Kindlich Gemuth."  
We wish to speak to a child that has not yet learned to talk. It knows nothing about the meaning of language and words. It knows not the meaning of the word love, but when the parent puts a gift into its little hand, it sees and feels the meaning of it. The gift becomes the word which speaks of the parent's love, and the child smiles an innocent response. God loved the human family most tenderly in its estrangement from him. He loved the world and longed to deliver it from its lost estate. But how can God speak to man? What language should the Eternal use in speaking to a child of time? How can the finite creature attain to an understanding of the Infinite Creator? "Only a God can understand him. How shall he tell us of his gracious purposes, and lead us on to love, purity and peace? He sends the Gift. The word he wishes to speak to us comes in a language we know.—"The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." The Word assumes its simplest form—a child born of a woman. Then grows up to manhood. And through it speaks to me of faith, hope and charity! God taught us lessons of pity by sending his Son to live goodness, purity and love. Others had spoken beauty of what man ought to be; but he our world menders of the present day, left him powerless to reach his high destiny. But Jesus brought both the World and the power to obey it. The life of Christ is truth, teaching by example. Every act of his life is a sermon in deed, a word from God, spoken by one who had trials and wants in common with us, a message from Heaven translated in the language of Humanity. Many things in Theology, and in the Bible too, are hard to be understood, but the pure divine life of God on earth, speaking to us as our elder brother, in acts of kindness, tenderness, mercy, love and truth; this is plain to us, and "we behold his glory, as the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

**ARTIFICIAL FISH BREEDING.**—This is becoming quite a business in some portions of our country, and we do not see why it should not prove successful. A Mr. Kellogg of Hartford, Conn., has already in the course of his experiments, succeeded in "producing" by artificial means, over 1000 trout, which are now doing well. He has lately sailed for France to procure further information from the great fish breeders of that country. On his return, it is said, he will be joined in the business by Col. Colt, of pistol notoriety.

**A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE:** A mother teaching her child to pray, is an object at once the most sublime and tender that the imagination can conceive. Elevated above earthly things, she seems like one of those guardian angels, the companions of our earthly pilgrimage, through whose ministrations we are incited to do good and restrained from evil. The image of the mother, becomes associated in his mind with the invocation she taught him to his Father who is in Heaven. When the seductions of the world assail his youthful mind, that well-remembered prayer to his "Father who is in Heaven," will strengthen him to resist evil. When in riper years he mingles with mankind and encounters fraud under the mask of honesty, when he sees confiding goodness betrayed, generosity ridiculed as weakness, unbridled hatred, and the coolness of interested friendship, he may indeed be tempted to despise his fellow men; but he will remember his "Father who is in Heaven."

"Should he, on the contrary, abandon himself to the world and allow the seed of self-love to spring up and flourish in his heart, he will, notwithstanding, sometimes hear a warning voice in the depths of his soul, severely tender as those maternal lips which instructed him to say "Father who is in Heaven." But when the trials of life are over, and he may be extended on the bed of death, with no other consolation but the peace of an approving conscience, he will recall the scenes of his infancy, the image of his mother, and with tranquil confidence will resign his soul to Him who died that he might live—the Redeemer of the world.

**A WARNING TO BUCHER PLAYERS.**—A young man of Milwaukee, who is very fond of a daughter of a "pillar" in one of the popular churches, was taking tea at the house of his adored a few evenings since, and had some fruit-cake offered him. Being somewhat confused on account of his situation as the cake was held out, he cried out, "I pass." The father hearing him, and having played some in his younger days, was horrified at the young man's infatuation of the game, and thought he would teach him a lesson, and spoke bluntly, "You pass, do you? Then I order you up, and there's the door." The young man slooped.

When the Duke of Kent, the Prince of Wales' grand-father—then a young man of twenty-seven—arrived in Boston, in 1794, the only mention of his presence made in the Independent Chronicle, one of the papers of the town, occurs in a paragraph apologizing for the brief report of the foreign news contained in the sheet, and stating that the English papers were loaned to the Prince, who carried them away with him! The Massachusetts Mercury, of February 7th, 1794, devoted three lines to the royal visitor and merely said: "Yesterday arrived in this town, Edward, fourth son of the Chief Magistrate of Great Britain. His residence is at the British Consuls."

The compass which was used by Roger Williams in his journey when banished from Massachusetts, is, or was, recently, in the possession of Mrs. Harriet Brown, of Providence. It is made of brass, nearly three inches in diameter, containing the needle, and a card exhibiting the points of the compass. On the top is fastened a small sun-dial. With this, Williams directed his steps through the wilderness and snows of winter in 1637, suffering from the intense cold and constant hunger. The little relic has been remarkably well preserved, and was useful in a recent survey of the burial ground of the Williams family.

The Rev. A. Laurie had occasion to exchange pulpits with the Rev. E. H. Chapin, of New York. Many members of Mr. Chapin's congregation have an idea that nobody else can preach a sermon like their pastor, and when they enter church and find a stranger occupying his place, they are apt to turn and go out. So it happened on this occasion that not a few persons departed, and others were on the point of doing so, when Mr. Laurie arose, hymn-book in hand, and gravely remarked: "All who came to worship E. H. Chapin, will have an opportunity to retire, and those who came to worship the Everlasting God will please unite in singing the following hymn."

At the recent election in Maine, Ralph Faranham, the only survivor of the battle of Bunker Hill, now 105 years of age, walked six miles to vote. He has voted at every Presidential election since the adoption of the Constitution.

**THE LITTLE QUAKERESS WHO WAS DESPERATELY IN LOVE.**—An amusing matrimonial story is told of the olden time in New England. It so fell out that two young people became very much smitten with each other as young people do.—The young woman's father was a wealthy Quaker—the young man was respectable. The father could stand no such union, and resolutely opposed it, and the daughter dare not disobey openly. She "met him by moonlight" when she pretended never to see him, and she pined and wasted away. She was really in love, a state of sighs and tears, which women often reach in imagination than reality. Still the father remained inexorable.

Time passed on, and the rose on Mary's cheek passed off. She let no concealment, like a worm in a bad prey on that damask cheek, however, but when the father asked her why she pined, she always told him. The old gentleman was a widower, and loved his daughter dearly. Had it been a widowed mother who had Mary in charge, a widower's pride would have given way before the importunities of a daughter. Men are not however, stubborn in such matters, and when the father saw that his daughter's heart was really set upon the match, he surprised her one day by breathing out—

"Mary, rather than mope to death, thee had better marry as soon as thee chooses, and whom thee pleases."  
And then what did Mary? Wait till the birds of the air had told her swain of the change, or until her father had time to alter his mind again? Not a bit of it. She clapped her neat plain bonnet on her head and walked directly to the house of her intended, as directly as the street would carry her. She walked into the house without knocking—knocking was not then fashionable—and she found the family just setting down to dinner.

Some little commotion was exhibited at so unexpected and so unusual an apparition as the heiress in the widow's cottage, but she heeded it not. She walked directly up to him and took both his hands in hers.  
"John," said she, "father says I may have thee."  
And John got up directly from the dinner table, and went to the parson's. In just twenty-five minutes, they were man and wife.

**MANGANESE IN PENNSYLVANIA:** It is said that a rich deposit of manganese has recently been discovered in Maxatawny township, Berks county, Pa. The land belongs to a German farmer named John Kohler, and has been leased by parties who have contracted with a New York firm to deliver to them all the manganese which the place will yield. It is of superior quality, and the deposit is very extensive, at some points commencing four feet below the surface, and as far as ascertained, seventy-five feet in depth. With the exception of an inferior article found in Vermont, the manganese used in the United States is mainly imported from Bohemia, Saxony, France, England, and other countries. Manganese is a mineral used in the bleaching of muslin, linen, &c., by potters for glazing their ware, and by glass manufacturers to obliterate discolorations produced by "sequoyd" of iron, and for many other purposes.

A novel question of law has been brought before a Justice of the Peace in Montville, Ct. Mr. Church's hen set for a week upon sixteen eggs, when Mr. Tinker's turkey came along, drove off the hen, finished the incubation, hatched out the chickens and trotted them home, upon Mr. Tinker's premises. Mr. Church brought an action of trover for the chickens, claiming them on the ground that his hen laid the eggs and did the best part of the setting. The case was fairly tried, with eminent legal talent on each side, and judgment was given for plaintiff to recover eight cents a piece for the chickens.

A degraded white woman, who is married and has four children, in Washington county, Md., lately eloped with a negro man. They were followed to Philadelphia, arrested there as fugitives from justice, and brought back, there being no excitement or attempt at rescue. The woman was sent back to her friends and the negro sold and sent off.

The Empress Eugenie is traveling incog. in England. She rode about in common street hacks in London, and went on foot to various stores and purchased goods. She intends to visit Scotland in the same manner.

"IT IS BETTER TO SAVE THAN TO DESTROY."—History tells us of a conqueror who died from a pestilence caused by the dead bodies of the vanquished. As a set-off against such a life on humanity, we will point to a philanthropist whose sole aim it is to overcome disease, and rob the grave of victims. The man to whom we refer is a foreigner, an Englishman, but nowhere can be looked upon as an alien, for he knows no distinction of race or creed in his efforts to rescue his fellow creatures from the grasp of death. Our readers will already surmise that we refer to Thomas Holloway, a name well known in this country and wherever the English language is spoken. The popularity which his marvellous remedies have attained in all parts of Europe and America, is without a parallel in the annals of medicine. Here, in the United States, they are recognized as indispensable household curatives. All classes resort to Holloway's Pills in those diseases of the stomach, liver, and excretory organs, so prevalent in this climate, and no preparation is so extensively used as a dressing for wounds, bruises, ulcers, leprosy, cancers, tumors, and other external injuries and diseases, as Holloway's Ointment.

If a world-wide reputation, founded on the successful issues of twenty years' warfare with disease, is any compensation for the labors of the physician, Holloway has unquestionably achieved it.—The patronage of monarchs, the gratitude of the million, the honors of science, the eulogies of the press—are all his. If he possessed the power of the prince in the fairy tale, of traversing the earth invisible, there are few portions of it where he would find himself a stranger. He would meet with his remedies among the aborigines of America, the luxurious races of Asia, the blacks of Africa. Not only are they standard medicaments of civilization in its old domains, but they seem to be the companions of its march toward every point of the compass. It is no easy matter for any product of Europe to penetrate into the interior of China; yet, Holloway's Pills and Ointment are there. Nay, more, they actually advertised in the heart of expansive empire. To deny the intrinsic value of articles that have been recognized as specifics for innumerable disorders in all parts of the globe, would be ridiculous. A community may be deluded, but the whole world cannot be deceived for twenty years in a matter of such vast moment to every human being, as the preservation of health and life. Chicago "Journal," 11th Mo. 1851.

Some time ago, the wife of an able farmer in Ohio eloped with a farm laborer. The deserted husband obtained a divorce and plodded on alone. After a while the sister of the recreant wife, living on an adjoining farm, slowly drew his regard and eventually they were married. The other day a croak was heard at the door, and the farmer, opening it, beheld, wan, pale and ragged, his truant former wife. Her father had turned his back to her, her paramour had fallen into drunkenness, and hopeless, homeless, she as a last resort, turned to her former happy home. The farmer called his wife; she would not see her sister, but a tear glistened in the farmer's eye. He supplied her present wants, and then built her a cabin on the extreme end of his farm, where by his bounty she is living out the remnant of her days in remembrance of her crime and folly.

The birth of a new Imperial Grand Duke of Russia has been heralded by proclamation. He has received the name of Paul and been appointed chief of the Kooro regiment of infantry, several regiments of Guards, and the Rifle Battalion of the Imperial Family. We have no doubt the Prince took to arms immediately and will attack the breast-works vigorously.

What a strange thing some girls are? Offer one of their good wages to work for you, and ten chances to one, if the old woman can spare any of her bits, but just propose matrimony, and see if they don't jump at the very chance of working a life-time for board and clothes.

Shoeing Hens is a common practice in some parts of the country. This is done by sewing a sort of stocking on their feet during garden time. By this means they are effectually prevented from scratching.

If South Carolina does secede, recede, draw back, back down, back out from the Union, we hope she will have the grace to display a huge crawfish on her coat of arms.