

# 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.

SEVENTH YEAR

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From long experience in building machinery we flatter ourselves that we can give general satisfaction to those who may favor us with their orders. *Repairing promptly attended to.* (Orders by mail addressed as above, will meet with prompt attention. *Prices to suit the times.*)  
**Z. SUPLEE**  
T. R. SUPLEE.  
Columbia, October 20, 1860. 14-1/2

**PLUMB & DYER,**  
**Fashionable Tailors & Drapers,**  
Opposite A. Cusack'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 continuation of past favors.

**Christian Plumb,**  
**Nathan Dyer.**  
Cutting done at short notice.  
Marietta, Sep. 10, 1859.-1/2

**JEWELRY.**—A large and selected stock of fine jewelry of the latest patterns from the best factories in the country can be found at  
**H. L. & E. J. ZAHMS.**  
Cor. North Queen st. and Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa. Our prices are moderate and all goods warranted to be as represented.

**MORE NEW GOODS!** The subscriber having just returned from Philadelphia where he received and added to his  
**FALL AND WINTER STOCK**  
of Dress Goods. Call and see the new styles and learn the low prices, at **DIFFENBACH'S.**

**100 BARRELS** Choice Varieties of **NEW-YORK APPLES,** 50 Boxes Valencia and Bunch Raisins, 20 Bags pared and unpared Dried Peaches, 50 Bags pared Dried Apples, 1000 Lbs. Cod Fish; Fine Syrups, Sugars, &c. Do. &c. **SPANGLER & PATTERSON.**

**SPECTACLES** to suit all who can be aided with glasses, can be bought at **H. L. & E. J. ZAHMS,** Cor. of North Queen-st. and Center Square, Lancaster. New glasses refitted in old frames, at short notice. [16-1/2]

**CLOTHS AND CASSIMERS.**—A very superior selection of French Cloths, and Cassimere, and a variety of beautiful Vestings, new and fashionable lot, just arrived at **Diffenbach's Cheap Store.**

**BUGGY** and Steigh BLANKETS of various styles and at much lower prices than the same grades were sold last fall.  
**Spangler & Patterson.**

**FLAVOURING EXTRACTS:** Vanilla, Strawberry, Pine Apple, Almond, Rose, Lemon, &c. Just received and for sale at **Groce & Roth's.**

**SUPERIOR** article of Rectified Crab Apple Cider, for sale by the barrel or gallon at **J. R. Diffenbach's Store.**

**CHASE'S CONCENTRATED LYE,** superior to any now in use, can be had at the **Cheap Store of Diffenbach.**

**GOODWIN'S** Tobacco. The best in the world. For sale at **WOLFE'S.**

**TO LANDLORDS!** Just received, Scotch and Irish **W. H. & J. E. S.** warranted pure, at **H. D. Benjamin's.**

**ST. CROIX** and **NEW ENGLAND RUM** for culinary purposes, warranted genuine at **H. D. Benjamin & Co's.**

**BOLLEN'S** long celebrated **GIN,** **BENJAMIN & CO.**

**STATIONARY**—the largest assortment in town at **Groce & Roth's.**

**CONSTANTLY** on hand, Monongahela rectified Whisky, **Benjamin & Co.**

## THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

List! list! what fearful tone was that which rose  
Upon the wind of midnight? Nature sounds  
No knell o'er earth for the departed year,  
Yet when its last breath passed into the void  
Of the by-gone eternity, I heard  
Echoed within the chambers of my soul  
A sound, perchance the shadow of a sound,  
Wild, strange and dismal, as it were a wail,  
A low and blended wail, from all the graves  
And sepulchres of ocean and of earth  
Upon the stilly air. Oh was it not  
The solemn voice of old Eternity  
Uttering one cry, one wild and deep lament,  
For his dead child!

The year, alas! is gone  
Forever from the world! He seemed too  
strong,  
Too mighty 'er to die. He laid his hand  
On breathing millions, and they sank beneath  
The green grass of the grave, he blew across  
The trumpet-blast of battle, and dark hosts  
Met in the mortal shock, and when the flame  
And smoke of conflict had gone by, they lay  
Like autumn's red leaves on the plain; he  
passed  
O'er earth and, at each wave of his broad wings,  
Volcano, earthquake, whirlwind, storm; and  
flood  
Sprang up beneath their silent spell and wrought  
The fearful errands of their destiny;  
Yet now his own great mission done, he lies  
On scorched and broken pinnions with the dead,  
There, there to sleep.

What is time?  
A giant power, stern, vast, and bodiless,  
That we may feel but never see. We gaze  
With aching eyes into the past, and there  
We see a thousand shapes of light and gloom  
Floating like atoms in the pallid beams  
Of mournful memory, but the perished year  
Is all unseen. From thence we sadly turn,  
And, gazing on the future, we behold  
Dim, countless phantoms trooping from its  
dark

Unfathomed ocean to the lonely shore  
Of earthly being, but the coming years  
Are all invisible. And then we pause  
And gaze above, around, beneath, and lo!  
Our eyes are startled by the mighty deeds  
Of the now passing time: the iron wheel  
Of his stern presence rests upon our souls;  
We feel the awful spectre touch our brows  
With his cold death-like finger; and we hear  
The deep and mingled roar that rises up  
From all his mighty doings on our earth;  
And yet he has no form to cast its gleam  
Or shadow on your sight.

The parted year  
Called forth from *Cauley's* blooming Paradise  
Of sweet spring-flowers—he waved his autumn  
wand  
And they were not. He woke in human souls  
Myriads of hopes and joys and burning loves,  
That seemed like things of immortality—  
He touched them and they died. Another year,  
The gift of God, is cast beneath the skies,  
And what is darkly hidden in the still  
And silent depths of its mysterious months,  
We may not know—thank God, we may not  
know.

We only know that with each passing month  
And day and hour, the low, deep wail of grief,  
The maddened cry of agony, the shout  
Of fierce ambition, the loud thunder shock  
Of bloody conflict, and the knell of death  
Will echo, each, in one brief moment o'er  
The sea of time, and then be swallowed up  
And lost forever in the onward sweep  
Of its unquenching waves.

The midnight skies  
Are weeping silent tears as if they grieved  
For the old year, and the pale stars look sad  
And tremble, as if living, sorrowing hearts  
Were throbbing in their breasts. In vain! in  
vain!

The faded year is nothing now. The flowers,  
The birds, the waves, the thousand melodies  
Of vernal life and nature will come back,  
But he returns no more. The winds may  
search  
For him in their far journeyings; the grand  
Old ocean with its thunder tones may call  
For ever to him in its ceaseless dash  
Beneath the heavens; the bright and burning  
stars

With their high tones of Eden minstrelsy  
May speak his name in their eternal sweep  
Along their flaming paths; the comets wild  
May seek him by the baleful blaze they spread  
Through realms of ancient night; but none of  
these:

Shall ever find him, for he liveth not  
In all the universe of God. Years die,  
And centuries die, and there will come a day  
When the dread angel of the Apocalypse,  
Standing on hand and sea, will lift his hand  
And swear that time shall be no more.

Yet thou,  
Oh man, will never die. The earth will pass  
Like a wild dream away, the very heavens  
Be rolled together as a scroll, but he,  
Beneath whose feet the sun and stars are dust,  
Hath said that thou shall never die. Those  
great  
And awful words of the Omnipotent  
Are caught up and re-echoed to thy soul  
By all the world of nature. A deep voice,  
That tells thee of thy immortality,  
Speaks in the breeze and in the hurricane,  
The loud rush of the cataract; the peal  
From the dark bosom of the cloud, and all  
The thousand mystic cadences of night,  
Deep mingles with the everlasting roar  
Of ocean in his wild unrest, and swells  
Forever in the angel-symphonies  
Sung by the stars around the midnight throne.

The Honduras Government has  
pardoned Colonel Rauler, who was captured  
along with Walker.

## [FOR "THE WEEKLY MARIETTIAN"] CLEVER FELLOWS.

"Say what you will, he's a d-d clever fellow."  
"That's so."

There is a deeper and a more significant truth, contained and expressed in the above brief lines, than many of those persons imagine, upon the end of whose tongues they sit so frequently and so trippingly, almost every day of their lives. Is it not possible, that there may be few other men who are more effectually and more peculiarly damned, than those whose entire energies and substances have become exhausted, in the suicidal effort to win the empty title of, or being what the world denominates, "a clever fellow"? The bare suggestion, that such a thing may be, seems like a harsh saying in connection with such a subject; but, when we desire to present a naked and unadorned truth, with the hope that it may be seen and acknowledged as truth, we must not disguise it, by clothing it in such a garb as would destroy its potency, and divest it of its penetrating power. "He who spake as never man spake," never minced his words, but called all things, at once, by such names as their internal qualities indicated them to be, no matter how fair they may have appeared externally. "He that believeth shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned," might probably have been spoken in more euphonious language, or in words more musical to the sensuous ear, than those in which we find them recorded in the sacred oracles, but then possibly the axe would not have been so effectually laid at the root of the tree, or its office so clearly comprehended, as in the words employed. But, like prisons, and pains and penalties in the life of the world, these words are only terrible to the habitually evil, and to perverse violators of law and order; to those whose walk and conversation is in the fear of the letter and the spirit of the law, or who are "a law unto themselves," they are only regarded as reactive consequences upon the heads of evil doers, in accordance with the immutable principles of truth. But we are digressing, and returning to the subject again, we by no means wish to be understood as saying, that all clever fellows are necessarily the subjects of the condemnation alluded to, for, as it is among all other characters and conditions of men, there must needs be a variety of shades and grades of quality, corresponding to the motives by which men are actuated in their daily lives.— But let men coolly and calmly reflect upon their own characters and conduct, and also upon those of other men, with whom they may have had social and commercial intercourse, and if it does not become apparent that the greater number of those acts which fall for the actors the name of a clever fellow, are as cold, as selfish, as calculating, and as ulterior in all their aims and ends, as any that can possibly disgrace the name and sentiment of humanity, then they must be too deeply immersed in the false surroundings of a perverted understanding, to be cognizant of anything that is evil.

"Clever fellows"—so called, by a sort of common consent, claim privileges and immunities, that are accorded to no other members of the community, no matter how worthy or how needy they may be; and this same unlimited, and indiscriminate indulgence of clever fellows by society, makes them the most exacting and presumptuous individuals that promenade the avenues of life. Modest worth often shrinks abashed from such a presence, and would be astonished at its own impudency were it not to seek the "little finger" of that "whole hand," which is so arrogantly monopolized by the clever fellow. Is this spurious clever fellowship to be approved, or condemned? and are its influences upon its victims and upon itself, a blessing or a curse? It is very probable that, under all these circumstances, clever fellows may, from the want of a proper analization of their intentions, believe that they are acting disinterestedly, honestly, and humanely; and the society and community in which they move, may also acquiesce in that belief.

But, suppose we particularize, drawing upon our imagination, assisted by life experiences, for cases in detail, to illustrate our general thought—let us see.  
One man, by fair or foul means, obtains an office of responsibility and great trust, in which he has the control and disbursement of large amounts of money, which is to be honestly and legally appropriated, so as to subserve the interests of the community and the government or institution from which he derives his authority, or his official function; and, in that office, and with the means it places under his control, he forthwith

commences the business of building up the character and calling of a clever fellow, in order that he may be enabled to attain a higher position in office or in society—a position that perhaps until now, had never entered his mind. Nor will he be long in drawing around him a host of sham or "sunshine" friends, who without stint will award to him, with an abjuration, the title and position he is so ambitious of attaining, at least so long as his power, his influence, and his material means continue to flow, whether they be his own honestly earned dollars, or those confided to his charge for the use of others. No one can doubt that such a man, and by such a course, may attain his end, so far as winning a title is concerned; but can it not also be seen how effectually such a man brings condemnation upon himself—and not only upon himself, but upon his family and his true friends, by such a procedure.— It will be apparent that such an individual is literally damned; for, the end means come—a denunciation must take place—and then the loss of reputation "of honor and of just renown," the loss of an unsullied conscience, and the self-abasement and self-condemnation which are the consequences of detection and exposure, is surely a damnation of the deepest dye; and one that often hurries the poor subject of it into the eternal presence perhaps to encounter one more deeper still. It is very true, that men in such positions and with the opportunities they afford, are also influenced in their conduct by motives of self-aggrandizement, luxurious living, and excessive and expensive appointments; but the means thus squandered are in many—if not in the majority of instances—far less than those expended in the insane effort to be considered and called by everybody a clever fellow.

Another man starts out into business under the most favorable auspices, and launches his craft—of whatever depth or capacity it may be—upon the broad commercial ocean, with a fair wind and tide before him, and a clear blue sky above him; thinking only of the distant haven in whose secure and placid waters he soon expects to be anchored without a peradventure or encountering a super-vening storm. That port he most certainly would have reached sooner or later, and with as much of the cargo that he started out with, as would be conducive to his best interests, and to his present and future happiness, were it not for the fatal error he committed, by turning his attention from his compass and steering his craft by that, to the glittering but worthless bauble of becoming a clever fellow. It is so grateful to the vanity of man to be regarded as a clever fellow, that its allurements become irresistible to the poor subject of them, when surrounded by the fawning sycophants which such a presence never fails to attract within its sphere. Patrons to such a man will no doubt come in swarms—much larger swarms than when his motives of action are dictated by a plain and inflexible sense of duty—for the whole community will have "horses to hold, babies to mind, bundles to carry, or axes to grind." Neither will it be long before the clever fellow will be compelled to "rob Peter to pay Paul," for his flatterers will not all exercise the same degree of influence over him—some will be nearer to the throne, and some farther away; some will be in a condition occasionally to give—expecting not less than three times its value in return—but others, and by far the larger portion, will only and always think of receiving. Many of the insects that thus gather around a clever fellow are void of a sting, and are therefore comparatively harmless, but they nevertheless all exhaust and annoy, and each adds its mite to that general damnation of character and substance, which must inevitably follow in their wake. Look abroad and see how many of the sons of men have been compelled to retire from the arena of trade and commerce prematurely, from the disabling effects, growing out of vain attempts to win the worthless, and always equivocal, title of a clever fellow.

A third individual may have received what is termed a finished education—may have been the favorite graduate of some learned institution or college, and may possess all the untried and unformed essentials of a useful and efficient citizenship in any of the various walks of life. He may be the possessor of ample material means and a respectable parentage, and large and influential family connections. Under all these circumstances it would seem a miracle that he should not succeed in life and be the progenitor, not only of a respectable posterity, but also of the *uses the good*

and the truths which contribute to the wellbeing of that posterity, in time and in eternity. But a fatal bar to all this, is, perhaps, the name of a "clever fellow" which he won at college or seminary.— The time and means necessary to sustain successfully such a character absorbs the whole man and all his energies, both physical and mental, and leaves very little to be devoted to the maturing, perfecting, and carrying into practical operation, those virtues and principles, which in an elementary form had been inculcated and partially appropriated, during the earlier years of youth and manhood. This state of things if persisted in, brings the usual damning effects in its train; even if the surroundings of such a man should be too refined, externally, to indulge in obscurity or ob- jurgation; for, there are such things in the world as "whited sepulchers" that are filled with "rotteness and dead mens bones;" and refined licentiousness or evil in any form, is more sweeping and farther reaching in its damnation—and also dams its victims lower—than that which has been indulged in more grossly and revoltingly because more ignorantly. The consequences and the injuries incidental to a fall, are always proportioned to the elevation from which the individual has fallen, and every deep observer of the progress which men are making in this world, is compelled to look with sadness upon the moral skeletons that here and there abound in society, who are the unworthy representatives of the once opulent and elite of the land, but who have fallen victims to excesses, growing out of attempts, successful or adverse, to become in name, a clever fellow. But it may be asked, are there no truly clever fellows? or is it criminal and therefore necessarily damning to become such? To the first question we are happy to answer, yes! but to the second we unhesitatingly and unequivocally answer, no;—notwithstanding it has passed into a proverb, that "worth makes the man the want of it the fellow."

There are clever fellows by scores in this world; more than have ever received any credit for being such, and whose actions being governed by a high sense of duty towards all classes of society, they never court any credit for being such. With such persons charity always begins at home, but instead of ending there, it goes out wherever it may lawfully find anything to do, by and through lawful means. The truly clever fellow is always charitable; not alone that kind of charity which seeks to make a display of almsgiving; but a charity that has regard to the sentiments, the feelings, the opinions, and the rights of others. The truly clever fellow also only gives that which is his own, or that which has been placed in his charge to give in some other name; and to give it under such circumstances and at such times as will subserve the greatest use. It need scarcely be asserted that the larger number of those who have earned the reputation of being clever fellows, have done it at the expense of others—have given and in one way or another squandered at haphazard, the substance that never belonged to them, and for which they have never been able to make an adequate return—this need not be asserted here at any length, for it is too apparent to the most superficial observer.

Yes, there are legitimate clever fellows—thanks for those green spots in the social desert—there are clever fellows, but they are those who are actuated by a sense of sterling and inflexible, yet charitable duty, in their intercourse with their fellow men.

GRANTELLUS.  
There was an old Farmer who had one hen that, not content with her proper sphere of action, was continually endeavoring to crow. At last, after repeated attempts, she succeeded in making something like a crow. The farmer was taking his breakfast at the time, and hearing the noise went out, but soon returned, bearing in his hand the crowing hen, minus her head. "There," said he, "I'm willing hens should do most anything, but I ain't willing they should crow; it's setting a bad example."

Mrs. Gaines' great suit is set down for trial in January, in the Supreme Court—No. 66 on the calendar. It involves about two-thirds of the city of New Orleans. All parties have arrived in Washington, and are preparing for the case.

Queen Victoria is a good woman—she bought a dozen iron beads and presented them to the poor people of Lalmor.

## FRANCE AND SECESSION: The New York Commercial Advertiser, in a very able article on the interference of France,

says:  
The position of France and of Louis Napoleon towards the seceding States, is now a topic of conversation as it has heretofore been of speculation. Reliable intelligence has been received to the effect that the Emperor of France declines to pave the way for negotiations with South Carolina. Overtures have already been made to him and his recognition has been solicited. He states that even if the independence of South Carolina, and if a southern confederation is recognized by the northern States and by the rest of the Union, France cannot tolerate the idea on which this separate existence is based, and she will not endorse the system of slavery or the revival of the slave trade. This intelligence is rather dampening to the heated spirits of the secessionists, who had counted confidently upon French sympathy, and, if necessary, intervention. But the whole policy of France is in the line of humanity, and against such a denial of rights as is contemplated and maintained by the south.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE: On Thursday evening of last week the marriage of Mr. A. Berghman, the Secretary of the Belgian Legation at Washington, to Miss Lily Macalester, daughter of Chas. Macalester, Esq., of Philadelphia, and Vice Regent of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association, took place at the residence of Mr. Macalester. The ceremony was performed by the Protestant as well as the Catholic form, the civil service having previously been performed, as in European Catholic countries. The bride was attended by seven bridesmaids, the first being Miss Harriet Lane, the niece of the President of the United States.— The groomsmen were all gentlemen attached to the Diplomatic service. The bride and groom departed for a brief visit to New York. The *trousseau* of the bride, and the dresses of herself and her attendants at the wedding are described as surpassingly beautiful.

Wm. Smithman, who is a native of England, a millwright for many years a resident of Juneau county, Wis., arrived at St. Louis last week from Memphis, and exhibited the marks of fearful lashing and abuse received at a place called Sanatobia Station, in Mississippi, on the Tennessee and Mississippi Railroad. He was charged, on arriving at Sanatobia, with tampering with a slave, and although protesting entire innocence, was taken out, stripped, received two hundred lashes, and afterwards tarred and feathered, and threatened with hanging if he did not leave in five minutes. The Southern people have an easy way of obtaining all the evidence they want to convict any obnoxious man of a crime.— They seize a slave, threaten and lash him, till, to escape insufferable torture or death, he "confesses" that the white object of hate had "tampered" with him, and then the crime is sufficiently proved to justify indignity, brutal abuse, and even actual murder. We read of such exacted confessions in the dark ages of Europe with indignation and horror; but this is the "dark age" in the extreme South. They talk of our laws as "infamous," while they themselves regard their own laws but as ropes of sand in cases where Northern men should be protected.

The Smithsonian Institute is preparing, by order of Congress, a most interesting report on agricultural meteorology, which will be a welcome boon to our farmers. Besides meteorological statistics collected during the last ten years, at nearly four hundred stations, it will contain the arrivals and departure of birds, fishes and migratory animals, and also a time of planting and harvesting of crops, &c., at the different points of the United States.

A Bangor, Me., bully attacked Smith, the razor-strop man, with a torrent of abuse. Unable to stand it any longer, Smith put down his basket, took off his glasses, and said—"My friend, I only get mad once in fourteen years, and this is my time—I'm mad all through!" With this remark, he pitched in and whipped the fellow till he had taken all the conceit out of him.

A French machinist, named Baird, has just invented a movable fort, which is said to be a terrible machine, propelled by steam. It is mounted on wheels, and may at some future day be expedited into an enemy's camp, to deal out the destroying missiles with which it is well supplied.