

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.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1861.

NO. 26.

The Weekly Mariettian

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY
Frederick L. Baker,
AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

PUBLICATION OFFICE in the second story of CRULL'S ROW, on Front Street, five doors East of Mrs. Flury's Hotel, MARIETTA, LANCASTER COUNTY, PENN.
All subscriptions are not paid within six months, \$1.25 will be charged, and if delayed until the expiration of the year, \$1.50 will be charged. Any person sending us five new subscribers shall have a sixth copy for his trouble. No subscription received for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages 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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Geo. L. Mackey,

Fashionable Hat and Cap
MANUFACTURER,
MARKET STREET, MARIETTA, PENN.

HAVING purchased of Mr. Crull the stock and fixtures of this well known establishment, I hereby inform my numerous friends, and the public generally that I am prepared to supply their wants in the HAT AND CAP line at all times with promptness, and at as reasonable rates as any establishment in the Union. Having had 5 years experience as a practical hatter, and being in the receipt of the latest "Reports of Fashion," and the facilities for obtaining goods direct from the East in 48 hours; by strict attention to business and a desire to please, I hope to merit and receive a liberal share of public patronage.
I have disposed of my establishment to George L. Mackey, I cheerfully recommend him to the favorable notice of all who desire a "comfortable covering for the head."
In retiring from business I extend my unfeigned thanks to my friends for the patronage so liberally bestowed on me, and hope the same may be extended to my worthy successor.
JOHN CRULL,
Marietta, August 28, 1858.

JACOB A. WISNERS
TOBACCO, CIGAR & SNUFF STORE,
Opposite the Cross Keys Hotel,
MARIETTA, PA.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the public that he still continues, at the old stand, corner of Second and Walnut streets, directly opposite the Cross Keys Hotel, to keep on hand and for sale, all kinds of cigars from Half Spanish up, in prices from 30¢ to \$2.00 per thousand. Also, all kinds of cigars from Excelsior Cavendish, Oranoke Virginia, Congress Fine Spun Ladies Twist, Coarse Spun Twist, Eldorado, Jewel of Ophir tobacco, Anderson's best Fine-cut. All kinds of fine CIGAR MANUFACTURERS, imported stock, Sixes and Halves, Rappers Snuff and all kinds Fine-cut Smoking Tobacco. Scented snuffs, Fancy Pipes, Cigar Tubes, &c. [Jan. 30, '58.]

Alexander Lyndsey,
FASHIONABLE BOOT & SHOE
MANUFACTURER,
MARKET STREET, MARIETTA, PENN.

Would most respectfully inform the citizens of this Borough and neighborhood that he has the largest assortment of City made work in his line of business in this Borough, and he has a practical BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, who is enabled to select with more judgment than those who are not. He continues to manufacture in the very best manner everything in the BOOT AND SHOE LINE, which he will warrant for neatness and good fit.
Call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

WM. B. REDGRAVE,
Commission Lumber Merchant,
West Falls Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

RESPECTFULLY offers his services for the sale of LUMBER of every description. From his knowledge of the business he feels confident of being able to obtain the highest market rates for all consignments entrusted to his care.

JAMES M. ANDERSON respectfully announces to the citizens of Marietta and vicinity, that he has just received direct from the manufacturers one of the largest and best assortments of Confectionery ever offered in this Borough, consisting of *Candies, Foreign Fruits, and Nuts, Toys, and Holiday Presents*, in endless variety. Come and see and be convinced of the fine assortment and the low price of all everything in his line is selling.

EMBROIDERIES—Just received the largest and most desirable lot of Embroideries ever offered for sale here, consisting in part of beautiful French Worked Collets, Underclothes, fine French and Jacknet Edging and Insertings, Flouncings, &c., which will be sold at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction to all.
R. Duffenbach.

NEW BRASS
CLOCK S—Good Time
Keepers, for One Dollar.
Clocks, Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired and charges moderate, at WOLFE'S.

LANTERN—A new large sized Scotch-Gingham Umbrella, Paragon frame, black curved handle, with a dog head on it. Any person having it in their possession will please return it to J. M. Anderson.

HOME OIL LAMPS: Just received a new and large assortment of new-style Oil Lamps—superior to anything now in use, and cheaper than they can be bought in town.
GROVE & ROTH.

A General Assortment of all kinds of BUILDING HARDWARE, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Bolt Cellar Grates, Paints, Oils, Glass and
STEARNS & CO.

BAGATELLE:—An excellent Bagatelle Table for sale cheap; inquire at this office.

YOTT'S Hanging and Side Lamps,
For Sale at GROVE & ROTH'S.

FRENCH MUSTARD in pots at WOLFE'S.

THE DYING INFIDEL.

Reprinted from the Cincinnati Gazette of September 1836.

What shall I be? Where shall I go?
I'd give a thousand worlds to know,
Shall I exist? or shall I not?
Censuring to be—I dread the thought—
Does death, in fact, destroy the whole,
And with the body kill the soul?
Reason! I choose thee for my guide,
I'll hear thy voice, and none beside;
Come, now, decide the doubtful strife,
"Twixt endless sleep and endless life.
Some who thy sole dominion own,
As Nature's brightest, eldest son,
Say thou hast taught the soul will live,
And her account to God must give.
Others deny that this will be,
And both for proof appeal to thee.
I feel, I know that I do sin,
And conscience rages here within;
If there's a God—(I fear 'tis true)—
Does he his creatures' conduct view?
And if the soul immortal prove,
Can sinners ever taste His love?
Will they have nothing, then, to fear,
Because he governs there and here?
If he is good, will he destroy,
And banish every human joy?
Are parents hurried to the tomb,
Merely to give successors room?
If he regards our action here,
Why not revenge the injured tear,
And crush the cruel and unjust,
Their pride and malice, in the dust?
These thoughts an anxious doubt create
That this is not our final state.
The Bible doctrine may be right—
If so, I sink to endless night.
I hate that God whom they revere,
His holiness is to severe;
I hate His law, which says I must
Be liked to Him, or be accused.
Once I could laugh at what some tell,
And scorn the thought of heaven and hell,
But reason shines as clear as day,
Although my outward man decay;
Yes, it may shine and never stop,
And misery fill my future cup.
Draw near, my friend, if friend indeed,
You will assist me now in need:
With you I spent the joyous day,
And cast the thought of death away;
I gave the rein to sin and lust,
Which hastened my return to dust.
O, can you screen my soul from harm
Against the power of any arm?
Ah! wretches, stop—deceive no more,
I've heard all you can say before.
I scorned the Christian and his God,
And trampled on the Saviour's blood;
With him I now no part can claim,
For still I hate the very name:
Yet he must be more safe than I,
Better prepared to live or die!

BEARD AND MUSTACHE AMONG THE CLERGY.—The beard and mustache appear to be gaining ground among the clergy, to whom they have, until lately, been forbidden vanities. The Boston Herald states that, on one occasion of late, there were three full-bearded ministers in the pulpit of Park Street Church. Military ardor also begins to show itself among those who have usually been debarr'd, by their cloth, from warlike occupations, although chaplains, in Revolutionary times, occasionally wielded the sword or musket. It is stated that the Wilkes Guard, a military company in Washington, Ga., have elected the Rev. G. G. Norman, of the Methodist Church, Captain, in place of their late Captain, Hon. J. T. Irvin.

SHOEING HORSES FOR WINTER.—N. P. Willis, of the Home Journal, in one of his recent Idlewild Letters, says: "You will have discovered, of course, that you cannot have uninterrupted winter riding with a horse shod in the ordinary way.—The sharp points of frozen mud will wound the frog of the foot and with snow on the ground, the hollow hoof soon collects a hard ball, which makes the footing very insecure. But these evils are remedied by a piece of sole leather nailed on under the shoe—a protection to the hoof which makes a surprising difference in the confidence and surefootedness of the animal's step."

The second Wednesday in February is the day fixed by law for counting the electoral vote in Congress, and declaring the election of President and Vice President of the U. S. It is now openly asserted, that a plan is under consideration to defeat, if it may be, the action of the law, by the refusal of the Senators to meet the House of Representatives, and participate in counting and declaring the vote.

Mr. Shaw, the inventor of percussion caps, died at Bordentown, New Jersey, recently, having attained the age of eighty-six years. He was born in England. A few years ago our government granted him quite a large sum for his invention for loading.

Mr. Redpath has chartered the British brig Janet Kidson, at Boston, to proceed to Jersey City, and thence to Port au Prince. She will take on board 13 colored passengers, also John Brown, son of late John Brown.

BUFF—A True Story.

BY DR. WILLIAM ELLDER.

When I was a very little boy I had a very big dog. He took his name from his color—it was Buff—not from his character, for he was as remarkable for magnanimity as for strength and courage. He was very patient, too; all the worry and work that a seven-year old urchin could inflict upon him in a long holiday, never disturbed his equanimity. He probably had once been a puppy, but no one who knew him would think of uncoiling such an inference, from the principles of natural history, to his prejudice—he was every inch and every ounce a dog, and one of the biggest, noblest of the race, at that. How he hated the harness of my little wagon in summer, and board-sled in winter!—He was faithful, and fond of his little master; but, naturally enough, while he performed the duties and felt the sentiments of a dog, he resisted the degradation of a hack. Nothing else ever made him exhibit any doggedness of temper. I never caught him in a sneak, except when he was trying to escape the collar and traces; or at a dodge, except when a hole in the fence, or the low door of his dormitory, offered him an opportunity of stripping me off his back. My troubles and tumbles of this sort, often ruffled my temper with him; but more mature reflection has long since reconciled me to his conduct in this respect, and in the "late remorse of love," I admit that he was right. Alas! poor Buff! Every dog, they say, has his day; but Buff's was shamefully shortened. A beggar poisoned him; for it was a principle with him never to let a tatterdemalion cross our door-step. He had an opinion, and a post, to maintain—he had some dignity of his own, and, of course, a decent indignation against vagabonds deficient in both dress and address. He suspected them of fleas, perhaps; perhaps of felony; anyhow, he could not abide them, and if it was only a capricious antipathy, I don't think it a very serious impeachment of his otherwise unquestionable philanthropy. He may have been a reformer, and had a mission; and for that reason, must be excused if he garrisoned the premises with rather severe fidelity. I doubt not that excellent authorities can be found for growling and barking alarmingly for conscience' sake, and I claim the benefit for the justification of Buff; the more by token that the poor fellow fell a martyr to it at last. See, there is a doctrine and a parable even in the life and death of a dog.

One day—how well I remember the day—I was trying to drive a family of refractory pigs out of the yard, and after a dozen failures, called upon Buff for assistance. He had been looking on contemplatively for half an hour, while the struggle lasted, without offering any assistance, or exhibiting any interest in the matter, and now absolutely refused to interfere. There was another witness of my perplexity—my father was standing on the porch, very quietly waiting for the result. A regular fight had begun with Buff for his insolent indifference and downright disobedience; but, detecting the presence, and hoping for the interposition of the paramount authority, I began my complaint with, "Papa, what is the reason that Buff won't hunt these pigs?"

"Why, William, don't you know that a big dog will not worry little pigs? If you want to have help at a mean little job, you must employ a puppy in the service."

Buff was fairly vindicated, and I had a lesson which has served me many a time since. Just then I felt only the rebuke, without at all relishing it, and, indeed, without fully understanding its philosophy.

That night, after saying my daily prayer, and feeling as good as if I had been whipped, or praised, or pardoned some little iniquity, and had my account with the world and the world to come happily squared, and at liberty to begin again, I renewed the complaint and apology by saying, "But, papa, what is the reason that Buff oughtn't to worry little pigs when they are in the yard, where they have no business to be?"

"Why, see here, my son; little pigs have some rights, even when they are doing wrong. Haven't they?"

"No; I don't see how they can be right when they are wrong."

Smiling in a way that made me think I was not quite up to the argument, although I could not see the kink in it, he answered,

"Well, then, if the pigs are not quite right when they are wrong, or, what is a very different thing, if they have no rights when they are in anything wrong

—as, for instance, in the wrong yard or wrong trough—little boys and little dogs may, nevertheless, be wrong in their way of turning them out—may they not?"

"I suppose so; but—"

"Come, come, William; you can defend yourself any other time. Buff knows we are talking about him, and he is pressing in between us here, and looking at you, as much as to say, Little master, I can not speak for myself, you know—do listen to what papa is going to say for me."

"Get away, Buff," was my answer; "you have your great big paw on my toe, that has a splinter in it."

"He has a worse grip of you than that, William; he has you in the wrong. Put up your little foot, and let me see that dreadful sore toe. Tut, there is no splinter there."

"But there was one, yesterday. See how red it is!"

"Red, William; it isn't as red as your face; and I know it doesn't hurt you as badly as you feel somewhere else."

"I want to go to bed, papa."

"No, no, my boy; you are too wide awake just now for that. You have not been so wide awake, all over and all through, for a week; and I want you to reflect, while you lie awake to think over this matter, that there are some things and some ways of doing things, that are unworthy of anything but puppies and mean people; no matter what wrongs they undertake to correct. You wouldn't smother a poor little pig in a puddle because it happened to be trespassing on your playground. You wouldn't kick a little baby with your boots on, for taking your pieces of bread and butter that happened to fall within its reach, any more than Buff would crush the bones of a little pig for playing in the yard. It is not what a wrong doer may seem to deserve when you are angry, but what is becoming yourself, that you should do. Now, my son, shake hands with Buff—poor Buff—and then with me, and go to your little bed." There, that's right; now run along."

"But, papa—"

"Never mind, now; go, and don't walk as if you were carrying a weight, nor look as if it were too heavy for you. Open your window, for the robins will be singing in the apple tree in the morning; your dear little too will be well as ever, and you will be as happy and merry as a bird again. You will be my own brave boy; and when you get to be a big one, you'll understand Buff."

The moral of my story, as applied to the HUNTERS OF MEN, is—altered a little from the original—"In all your service, copy Buff."

THE WATCH OF GEN. WASHINGTON.—We were shown yesterday, says the Louisville Journal, a gold watch of the olden-time, which is of great value as a memento of an important event in American history. The watch was a present from Gen. Washington to Gen. Lafayette, and bears the following inscription on the back of the inner case:—"G. Washington to Gilbert Mottiers de Lafayette. Lord Cornwallis's capitulation, Yorktown, December 17, 1781."—The watch is of London manufacture, and was made in 1769. It is said that the watch was taken to San Francisco from Paris by a Frenchman, who became embarrassed there, and sold it to the present owner for the sum of fifty dollars.

EFFECTS OF DRINK.—John D. Defrees, writing to the Indianapolis Journal, says: "Twenty years ago, I was a looker-on at the doings of Congress. The two men who attracted the most attention were William Cost Johnson, of Maryland, and Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky. They were the most brilliant orators—the 'observed of all observers.' Mr. Johnson died in Maryland a few days ago, a pauper and an outcast, unnoticed and unlamented. The papers a few days ago, informed us that Marshall is an inmate of a hospital at Buffalo.—Intemperance, of course, is the cause of all this."

FUGITIVE SLAVE CAUGHT.—A well-dressed negro, with one hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket, was arrested near Rome, Indiana, a few nights ago, and taken to the jail in Hawsville, Ky. He confessed that he was a runaway, and belonged to a Mr. Boyd, of Louisiana.—*Louisville Journal.*

Spare moments are like the gold dust of time. Of all the portions of our life spare moments are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptations find the access to the garden of the soul.

WHAT A CONTRAST.—When about ten years ago, Millard Fillmore was President of the United States, and the frolicsome Palmettoes threatened to cut up some of their odd shins, that excellent executive officer caused a strong body of troops to be quietly put into Fort Moultrie. The gay and gallant Palmettoes awoke one fine morning, and found this awkward fact suddenly staring them in the face, whereupon their chivalric governor waxed wroth and applied to President Fillmore for an explanation. "Sir," was the answer, "the President of the United States is not responsible for his official conduct to the governor of South Carolina."—The amiable President then in office did not particularly affect heroic qualities; but he understood his duty to the Constitution he was sworn to support, and his vigorous mode of confronting rebellion tipped in the bud to the great satisfaction of everybody except the combustible and explosive Palmettoes.

If the gentleman now at the head of the Government, says the New York World, had had the forecast, discretion and spirit, two months ago, to do his plain duty, he would not now be the object of universal contempt and derision. He had good reason to suppose, more than two months ago, that some such mad prank as we now witness would be attempted close on the heels of Lincoln's election; and it was the clearest dictate of prudence that the exigency should find him prepared. A few ships of war in complete readiness for any service that might be wanted of them; adequate garrisons in the forts, and moderate detachments of the regular army stationed at points whence they could be readily transported by railroad to the scene of the apprehended disturbances, would have prevented the rebellion from swelling to its present formidable dimensions.

MRS. BONAPARTE, OF BALTIMORE.—From a letter of M. Gaillardet, dated Paris, Dec. 7th, to the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, we translate the following: "I had the honor and pleasure of meeting, a few days ago, at the table of one of the most agreeable American ladies of the Champs-Elysees Quarter, with Mrs. Patterson, the first wife of Prince Jerome Bonaparte. She is one of the most interesting of women, by reason of her character and her wit, which has preserved all its vivacity, notwithstanding her great age. She speaks French with much facility, and told me some lively particulars of her relations with Prince Jerome. She possesses numerous letters from her former husband, and proposes one day to publish them, with memoirs. In yielding to the desire of her grand-son to pursue a military career in the French army, she wished him to preserve an independence and rank worthy of his name. With this view, the excellent woman gives the young officer an annual allowance of 26,000 francs. Mrs. Patterson's fortune consists of savings made from the pension granted to her by Napoleon I. as a feeble compensation for the destruction of her prospects for a reason of State. This pension was stopped by the Bourbons. In restoring it to the honorable septuagenary, Napoleon III. would do an act of justice as well as of policy, in the interest of the memory of his two uncles."

DEATH OF A NOTED CHARACTER.—Jas. W. Whitney, familiarly known as "Milord Coke," the King of the Missouri Legislative lobby, died in Pike county, Mo., on the 13th ult., aged 84 years. In former times, the "Lobby" or third house, was regularly organized at every session of the Missouri Legislature. "Milord Coke" was the perpetual president at the third house, always claiming that position as a matter of right. As a parliamentarian, he had no superior in the State, and many a speaker and Lieutenant Governor has been brought to the blush by "Milord's" stinging reviews of some of the decisions given by them from the chair. Mr. Whitney was a graduate of Williams' College. He afterwards studied law in Cazenovia, N. Y., and emigrated to Alton while Illinois was yet a territory. Before coming West he married in Massachusetts, where he lived with his wife and son for a short time, when one day, from some cause which he never would explain, he packed up his clothes and left, never seeing or corresponding with his family afterwards.

Another English Prince will shortly visit this country. It is Prince Albert, the second son of Queen Victoria, who has left the ship Euryalus, and will join the St. George, a larger vessel, which will sail early next year for the West Indies and North America.

A PRACTICAL ARGUMENT.—Sen. Doolittle of Wisconsin, in his speech on Thursday a-week, took up the fugitive slave agitation, and hit the nail on the head as follows:

"He said Mr. Lincoln was in favor of giving the South the fugitive slave law, and read speeches to support the assertion. The South complain that they lose a great deal by fugitives and few are reclaimed. This arises from the fact that they possess a species of property with a will of its own, and legs of its own, and desire of its own to get away. This is no fault of ours, and the North are not responsible for that. The Senator from Va., (Mr. Mason) told us that a few years ago Virginia lost annually \$100,000, and he believed she lost the same now. He would concede that for the sake of argument Virginia had about 500,000 slaves, worth on an average \$800, (at least before the panic) making \$400,000,000. The loss of \$100,000 is only one-fortieth of one per cent., or about one-quarter of a mill on a dollar. This is less than the risk incurred in any other species of property in the United States. Suppose the people of the border States form themselves into an Insurance Company, how small would be the premium to cover the loss. This special property has special advantages. It has advantages of representation, and it is strange that such property should be subjected to peculiar risks? What will those gentlemen gain by severing the bonds of the Union? If they run this slight risk now, what risk will they run then, when the Northern States will be under no obligations to return their property? Would 10 per cent. cover the loss of the State?"

RENEWED AS A FAST AMERICAN.—A large picture in a recent number of Punch is entitled "Latest from America," and represents the Prince of Wales on his return home after his American tour. The Royal youth has suffered a change during his absence. He has become Americanized, and now sits before the grate with his legs resting on the mantel-piece, a cigar in his mouth and a pocket-pistol in his hand, while a box of fragrant Havannas is on the table near by. A sherry-cobbler, with its characteristic straws, is on the mantel-piece. The young prince wears a shocking bad hat, tipped over on one side, sports a goatee, and really looks like "one of the boys." In the background stands Prince Albert, gazing on his son with an expression of amazement, not unmingled with fear.

Quilp has a mortal hatred of pianofortes, and resists all attempt of his family to get one into the house. "You don't like music," says Mrs. Quilp. "It is not a question of music," replied the incorrigible husband. "I like music; but silence is delicious compared with discords and disagreeable noises generally. Good playing is charming, but 'practicing' is excruciating. Think how much wretched, ear-torturing practice a 'poor parient' must bear before the best of his five girls has made her playing tolerable even to herself! Who would tolerate a Babel of his house under pretence of loving music? It is a delusion, a humbug, a device of the enemy; and I'll none of it."

Whittier, the poet, says in reference to the present crisis: "The South are setting fire to the clothes upon their backs, hoping their neighbors may scorch their fingers in trying to put it out."—He also says, "that those fighting about Lincoln's election, are fighting with the census-takers, and Greenleaf's arithmetic; they look like the figure 3 getting agry because it ain't the figure 5."

Postmaster General Holt has adopted a short and sensible policy toward a few disunion postmasters who propose to resign their offices. He informs them that if they name successors who will give the usual securities to the Department, they will be accepted, and business permitted to go on as before.—Otherwise, the offices will be discontinued.

The Hartford Times says that Colt's pistol factory is now driven to its full capacity.—Three hundred pistols are turned out daily, finished and complete. Sharpe's rifle factory is also full of business, and hard at work to meet large orders.

The Cattle Commissioners in Massachusetts have issued a circular, in which they express the belief that the disease called "pleuro pneumonia" is exterminated, and recommend the passage of a law by Congress regulating the importation of cattle.