

The Marietian

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F. L. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

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A MOTHER'S WAITING.

When he comes back all glorious,
With the love light in his eye,
From the battle field victorious,
Who'll be happier than I?

See, the big arm chair is waiting,
Vacant still, in its old place—
Time! press quickly on the hours
Till I see his pleasant face!

He was too young, they told me,
To march against the foe;
Yet, when his country needed aid,
His mother bade him go!

Twere meet slaves should tremble
Whom tyrants hold in thrall;
But my boy was a freeman born—
As went at Freedom's call.

My small weak hand would waver
The shortest sword to bear;
But he stands ready in the ranks,
And holds his musket there.

My faint heart would falter
The battle ground to see;
But his is strong in Freedom's might—
He fights for her and me.

I am watching and waiting,
As mothers watch and wait,
Whose sons are in the army now,
And it is growing late.

My life's past its morning,
It's near sunset in the sky—
Oh! I long once more to clasp him
In my arms before I die.

Yet further off the army goes—
He will return no more,
Till our glorious flag is free again
To float o'er sea and shore;

Where'er it waves in days gone by,
Its folds again shall rest,
From the depths of the lowest valley
To the highest mountain crest.

And he, my boy, my darling,
The pride of my old heart,
Where'er his place may be, I know
He will fulfil his part.

Not until the war is over
Shall we meet in fond embrace—
Time! press swiftly on the hours
Till I see his pleasant face!

THE FINE LADY.

Her heart is set on folly,
An amber gathering stanzas;
She courts each poor occurrence—
Heeds not the heavenly laws.
Pity her!

She has a little beauty,
And she flaunts it in the day,
While the selfish wrinkles, spreading,
Steal all its charms away.
Pity her!

She has a little money,
And she flings it everywhere;
'Tis a gowwow on her bosom—
'Tis a tinsel in her hair.
Pity her!

She has a little feeling—
She spreads a foolish net
That snares her own weak footsteps,
For his for whom 'tis set.
Pity her!

Ye harmless household drudges,
Ye draggled daily wear
And horrid palms of labor
A softer heart may bear.
Pity her!

Ye steadfast ones, whose burdens
Weigh valorous shoulders down,
With hands that cannot idle,
And brows that will not frown.
Pity her!

Ye saints, whose thoughts are folded
As gracefully to rest
As a dove's stainless pinion
Upon her guileless breast.
Pity her!

But most, ye hopeful angels
That send distress and work,
Hot task and sweating forehead,
Ye heal man's idle ink.
Pity her!

There is often but a slight separation
Between a woman's love and her
hate; her keen teeth are very near to
her sweet lips.

Why do physicians have a greater
horror of the sea than any body else?—
Because they are more likely to see
sickness.

The Best Way to Put Money out at Interest.

The following information we insert in our columns for the benefit of our readers:

[From the Phila. Ledger, March 27.]

One of the most surprising things in the recent conversion of greenback notes into the popular Five-Twenty six per cent. Government loan at par, is the universality of the call. We happened in, yesterday, at the office of Jay Cooke, who is the agent for the sale of these loans, and the conversion of the greenbacks, and found his table literally covered with orders and accompanying drafts for almost all amounts, from five thousand to a hundred thousand dollars each, and from all parts of the Union.

The little States of Delaware and New Jersey are free takers, as are also Pennsylvania, New York and the New England States. But the West is most especially an active taker, as well as thro her banks as by individuals. The amount of orders lying before us, all received during the day, amounted to over fifteen hundred thousand dollars. With this spontaneous proffer of money, Secretary Chase must feel himself entirely at ease, and will take care to put himself beyond those money sharpeners, whose chief study is how to profit themselves most from the troubles of the country and the necessities of the treasury.

There are millions of dollars lying idle all over the country, and while the uncertainty existed as to what Congress would do, and the bullion brokers were successful in running up gold to the discredit of the Government issues, this capital was clutched close. But as the policy and measures of the Secretary of Treasury are gradually developed, confidence in the Government and in the future is strengthened, and holders are now anxious to make their long unemployed means productive—hence the ready and liberal investment in the Five-Twenty loans at par. Almost every town and village throughout the country has individual holders of money, to larger amounts probably than ever before at one time, for which satisfactory takers cannot be found. Many of those are now investors in these loans, and the number of such is likely to increase, until the demand shall put all the Government loans on a par with, at least, the loans of the various incorporated companies. The country banks are also free takers for themselves and their customers. On the 1st of July this Five-Twenty loan will, under the law, be withdrawn.

BERKS CO., PA., March 20, '63.
J. COOKE, Esq.,
United States Loan Agent,
114 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILA.

Dear Sir:—I see by your papers that you are selling for the Government a new Loan called "Five-Twenties." I expect to have shortly a few thousand dollars to spare, and as I have made up my mind that the Government Loans are safe and good, and that it is my duty and interest, at this time, to put my money into them in preference over any other loans or stocks, I write to get information of you as follows:

1st. Why are they called "Five-Twenties?"

2d. Do you take country money, or only Legal Tender Notes, or will a check on Philadelphia, or New York, answer for Subscriptions?

3d. Do you sell the Bonds at Par?

4th. As I cannot come to Philadelphia, how am I to get the Bonds?

5th. What Interest do they pay, and how and when and where is it paid, and is it paid in Gold or Legal Tender?

6th. How does Secretary Chase get enough Gold to pay the Interest?

7th. Will the face of the Bonds be paid in Gold when due?

8th. Can I have the Bonds payable to Bearer with Coupons, or registered and payable to my order?

9th. What sizes are the bonds?

10th. Will I have to pay the same tax on them as I now pay on my Railroad, or other Bonds?

11th. What is the present debt of the Government, and what amount is it likely to reach if the Rebellion should last a year or two longer?

12th. Will Secretary Chase get enough from Custom House duties and Internal Revenue, Income Taxes, &c., &c., to make it certain that he can pay the Interest punctually?

I have no doubt that a good many of my neighbors would like to take these Bonds, and if you will answer my questions I will show the letters to them.

Very Respectfully,
S. M. F.

Office of JAY COOKE, Subscription Agent, at Office of JAY COOKE & Co., Bankers, 114 S. Third St. PHILADELPHIA, March 23, 1862.

Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 10th inst. is received, and I will cheerfully give you the information desired by answering your questions in due order.

1st. These Bonds are called "Five-Twenties" because, while they are twenty-year Bonds, they may be redeemed by the Government in GOLD at any time after five years. Many people suppose that the Interest is only 5.20 per cent. This is a mistake; they pay Six per cent Interest.

2nd. Legal Tender notes or checks upon Philadelphia or New York that will bring Legal Tenders, are what the Secretary allows me to receive. No doubt your nearest Bank will give you a check or Legal Tenders for your country funds.

3d. The Bonds are sold at Par, the Interest to commence the day you pay the money.

4th. I have made arrangements with your nearest Bank or Bankers, who will generally have the Bonds on hand. If not, you can send the money to me by Express, and I will send back the Bonds free of cost.

5th. The Bonds pay Six per cent Interest in Gold, three per cent every six months, on the first day of May and November at the Mint in Philadelphia, or at Sub-Treasury in New York or elsewhere. If you have Coupon Bonds all you do is to cut the proper Coupon off each six months, and collect it yourself or give it to Bank for collection. If you have Registered Bonds, you can give your Bank a power of attorney to the interest for you.

6th. The duties on imports of all articles from abroad must be paid in Gold and this is the way Secretary Chase gets his gold. It is now being paid into the Treasury at the rate of Two Hundred Thousand Dollars each day, which is twice as much as he needs to pay the Interest in Gold.

7th. Congress has provided that the Bonds shall be PAID IN GOLD when due.

8th. You can have either Coupon Bonds payable to the Bearer or Registered Bonds payable to your order.

9th. The former are in 50's, 100's, 500's and 1000's,—the latter in the same amounts, also \$5000's and \$10,000.

10th. No! You will not have to pay any taxes on these Bonds if your income from them does not exceed \$600; and on all above \$600 you will only have to pay one-half as much Income Tax as if your money was invested in Mortgages or other Securities. I consider the Government Bonds as first of all—all other Bonds are taxed one-quarter per cent. to pay the Interest on the Government Bonds, and the Supreme Court of the United States has just decided no State or City, or County can tax Government Bonds.

11th. The present bonded debt of the United States is less than THREE HUNDRED MILLION, including the seven and three-tenths Treasury Notes; but the Government owes enough more in the shape of Legal Tenders, Deposits in the Sub-Treasuries, Certificates of Indebtedness, &c., to increase the debt to about eight or nine hundred millions. Secretary Chase has calculated that the debt may reach one thousand, seven hundred millions, if the Rebellion lasts eighteen months longer. It is, however, believed now that it will not last six months longer; but even if it does, our National Debt will be small compared with that of Great Britain or France whilst our resources are vastly greater.

12th. I have no doubt that the revenue will not only be ample to pay the ordinary expense of the Government and all interest on the debt, but leave at least one hundred millions annually toward paying off debts again as it has twice before—in a few years after the authorized notice.

I hope that all who have idle money will at once purchase these Five-Twenty Year Bonds. The right to demand them or Legal Tenders will end on the first day of July, 1863, as per the following authorized notice:

SPECIAL NOTICE.
On and after July 1st, 1863, the privilege of converting the present issue of Legal Tender Notes into the National Six per cent. Loan (commonly called "Five-Twenties") will cease.

All who wish to invest in the Five-Twenty Loan, must, therefore, apply before the first of July next.

JAY COOKE, Subscription Agent,
No. 114 S. Third Street, Phila.

Those who neglect these Six per cent Bonds, the Interest and principal of which they get in GOLD, may have occasion to regret it. I am, very truly, your Friend JAY COOKE, Subscription Agent, at Office of JAY COOKE & Co., No. 114 S. Third Street, Philadelphia.

The Banks and Bankers of your and adjoining Counties will keep a supply of these Bonds on hand; if you prefer to go there and get them.

How To Procure A Husband.

The following true story might, perhaps, furnish matter for a little comedy, if comedies were still written in England. It is generally the case that the more beautiful and richer a young female is, the more difficult are her parents and herself in the choice of a husband, and the more offers they refuse. The one is too tall, the other too short, this not wealthy, that not respectable enough.

Meanwhile one spring passes after another, and year after year carries away leaf after leaf of the bloom of youth, and opportunity after opportunity. Miss Harriet Selwood was the richest heiress in her native town; but had already completed her twenty-seventh year, and beheld almost all her young friends united to men whom she had at one time or other discarded. Harriet began to be set down for an old maid. Her parents became really uneasy, and she herself lamented in private a position which is not a natural one, and to which those to whom nature and fortune have been niggardly of their gifts are obliged to submit; but Harriet, as we have said, was both handsome and very rich. Such was the state of things when her uncle, a wealthy merchant in the north of England, came on a visit to her parents. He was a jovial, lively, straightforward man, accustomed to attack all difficulties boldly and coolly.

"You see," said her father to him one day, "Harriet continues single. The girl is handsome; what she is to have for her fortune you know; even in this scandal-loving town, not a creature can breathe the slightest imputation against her; and yet she is getting to be an old maid."

"True," replied the uncle; "but look you, brother, the grand point in every affair in this world is to seize the right moment; this you have not done—it is a misfortune; but let the girl go along with me, and before the end of three months I will return her to you as the wife of a man as young and as wealthy as herself."

Away went the niece with the uncle. On the way home he thus addressed her: "Mind what I am going to say. You are no longer Miss Selwood, but Mrs. Lumley, my niece, a young, wealthy, childless widow. You had the misfortune to lose your husband, Col. Lumley, after a happy union of a quarter of a year, by a fall from his horse while hunting."

"But, uncle—"

"Let me manage, if you please, Mrs. Lumley. Your father has invested me with full powers. Here, look you, is the wedding-ring given you by your late husband. Jewels, and whatever else you need, your aunt will supply you with; and accustom yourself to cast down your eyes."

The keen-witted uncle introduced his niece everywhere, and the young widow excited a great sensation. The gentlemen thronged about her, and she soon had her choice out of twenty suitors.

Her uncle advised her to take the one who was deepest in love with her, and a rare chance decreed that this should be precisely the most amiable and opulent. The match was soon concluded, and one day the uncle desired to say a few words to his future nephew in private.

"My dear sir," he began, "we have told you an untruth."

"How so? Are Mrs. Lumley's affections—"

"Nothing of the kind. My niece is sincerely attached to you."

"Then her fortune, I suppose, is not equal to what you told me?"

"On the contrary, it is larger."

"Well, what is the matter, then?"

"A joke, an innocent joke, which came into my head one day when I was in a good humor—we could not well recall it afterward. My niece is not a widow."

"What! is Col. Lumley living?"

"No, no; she is a spinster."

The lover protested that he was a happier fellow than he had conceived himself; and the old maid was forthwith metamorphosed into a young wife.

A Lawyer Under Difficulties.

The following precious fragment of a diary was picked up several days ago from among the sweepings of the court. The original is somewhat defaced, but there is enough left to explain itself, and to excite sympathy for the unfortunate author. The first entry was made at the time of the suspension of specie payments in 1857. The name of the bank in which the shares were held is illegible from defacement:

"1857, October 20.—Bought one hundred shares of — bank stock at 67, \$6,700.

"1858, July 10.—Received a dividend of four per cent, on above, viz., \$400. (Here follows the notation of regular semi-annual dividends of four per cent, up to July, 1863, the interest on the investment being about fifteen per cent, clear.)

"1863, March 1.—Sold the above stock at par, say \$10,000, and ordered my broker to buy that amount in gold for market money next winter, for which I paid in currency \$17,200.

"March 2.—Slept well last night with my two bags of gold under the pillow.

"March 5.—Got a fit of dyspepsia.—Sick all night and no better to-day.

"March 8.—Damn the brokers. Gold down ten or twelve per cent. Went to bed with an infernal headache.

"March 9.—Doctor prescribes a dose of calomel and jalap to break up a threatened attack of jaundice. Liver torpid. Gold down. Damn the abolitionists. Can't eat.

"March 10.—Went to the country, leaving discretionary power with broker to sell my two bags of gold. Country going to pet.

"March 14.—Returned from country. Liver in awful condition. Dreadful constipation. Gold a little better. Damn the country. P. M.—Infernal broker sold out my two bags of gold at the lowest, and now it's up again. Just the way with these fellows. He sends me net proceeds in greenbacks, \$15,000.

"March 15.—Here I am on my back, the devilish doctors at me. I'm a damned fool."

Here ends the diary. The sum of the speculation, as I calculated it, amounts to this: With an outlay of \$6,700 the lawyer bought bank stock, and for five years received an interest of fifteen per cent, on his outlay. He then sold his stock for \$40,000, making a profit of \$3,300. By his gold speculation he lost \$2,200, got his liver into an "awful condition," became "dreadfully constipated," and has a doctor's bill in prospect. For his ten thousand dollars of bank stock, yielding an interest of eight per cent, a year, he now has seven thousand eight hundred dollars in "currency," yielding no interest at all, and "dreadful" every day. The emphatic conclusion of the diary is worthy of practical note.—N. Y. Post.

How COAL IS SOLD IN LONDON.—In the city of London coal is sent to the consumers in sacks containing one hundred pounds each. These are loaded on large carts drawn by enormous horses, with scales and weights to each cart, and, if desired by the purchaser, the sack is weighed by the driver. When the honesty of the coal merchant and the integrity of the driver are well established, the weighing of the sack is seldom required. In the purchase of a cart-load of sacks, some three or four of them, taken promiscuously, are tested by the scales, and if found correct, the weighing of the remainder of the load is dispensed with. This mode of buying and selling coal is the result of many years' experience in the city of London.

A Witness in court who had been cautioned to give a precise answer to every question, and not talk about what he might think the question meant, was interrogated as follows: "You drive the Rockingham coach?" "No, sir, I do not." "Why, man, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?" "No, sir, I did not." "Now, sir, I put it to you on your oath—do you not drive the Rockingham coach?" "No, sir, I drive the horses?"

This now common expression is a corruption of the word "Homburg," and originated in the following manner: During a period when war prevailed on the Continent, so many false reports and lying bulletins were fabricated at Hamburg, that at length, when any one would signify his disbelief of a statement, he would say: "You had that from Hamburg;" and thus "That is Hamburg," or "humburg," became a common expression of incredulity.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER.—The following letter, picked up in camp by an officer of one of the detachments stationed near Harper's Ferry, has been handed to us for publication as a curiosity of military literature. We give it verbatim, as it is, and though the bad spelling may cause a smile, we can assure the reader that the evil complained of is a joke.

To his Xlency Mister Linkin, President and Commander in Chief of the Army, Honable Sir,—Our teeth and our payshioes is both worn out with the grannit biskit sarved out to us as rations. Its easier for a wiper to bite a file than it is for the rank and file to chew hard tack. Sometimes our friends sends us a few boxes of Dayton's Boston Crackers and Milk Biskits from Washington, which is resaved with more gratitood than the manor in the wilderness was by the Holy Moses. Xlent Sir, couldnt you have those holesome and delifutal articles substituted for the slivers of flint as is ruining our teeth and skinnin the insides of our stumicks? Hoping your Xlency will pardon the liberty I have took, and enclosing a pece of hard tack and a pece of the Dayton biskit for comparison, I remain your Xlency's humble soger.

THE LAND OF CONTRARIES.—In Australia the north is the hot wind, and the south the cool; the westerly wind the most unhealthy, and the east the most salubrious. It is summer with the colony when it is winter here, and the barometer is considered to rise before bad weather and to fall before good. The swans are black, and the eagles are white; the mole lays eggs, and has a duck's bill; the kangaroo (an animal between the deer and the squirrel) has five claws on his fore paws, three talons on his hind legs, like a bird, and yet hops on his tail. There is a bird (meliphaga) which has a broom in its mouth instead of a tongue. The cod is found in the rivers; and the perch in the sea; the valleys are cold, and the mountain-tops warm. The nettle is a lofty tree, and the poplar a dwarfish shrub; the pears are of wood, with the stalks at the broad ends; the cherry grows with the stone outside. The fields are fenced with mahogany, the humblest house is fitted up with cedar, and myrtle plants are burnt for fuel. The trees are without fruit, their flowers without scent, and the birds without song. Such is the land of Australia!

MIGRATION OF EELS.—A close observer states that the following interesting evolution occur when eels come in from the sea. The aggregate shoal, about 40 ascend the inland streams, moves up the shore of the river, in the form of a long, dark, rope-like body, in shape not unlike an enormous specimen of the animal which composes it. On reaching the first tributary, a portion, consisting of the number of eels adequate for peopling this stream, detach themselves from the main body, and pass up; and in the subsequent onward passage of the shoal, this marvelous system of detaching, on reaching the mouths of the brooks, a proportionate quantity of the great advancing swarm, is repeated, until the entire number has been suitably provided with rivulets to reveal in—such being the wonderful instinct by which nature ordains that each stream shall be provided with a competent number of these migratory creatures.

"Class in the middle of geography, stand up: What's a pyramid?"

"A pile of men in a circus, one on top of top of the other."

"Where's Egypt?"

"Where it always was."

"Where's Wales?"

"All over the sea."

"Very well—stay there till I show you a species of birch that grows all over the country."

A few days ago, two large trunks filled with fine-tooth combs, were seized in Washington on their way to Dixie. That was too bad. It was cruel. It was remorseless. Do the United States authorities mean that the poor rebels shall be eaten alive!

The afflicted rebels have precious little use for their own teeth, but a great deal for comb-teeth.

Why is a crusty old maid of fifty like the most beautiful, most accomplished, most elegant and most admirable young lady in the town? Because she is "matchless."

What prevents the running river from running away? Why, it's tide up.