

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal: Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, News of the Day, Local Intelligence, &c.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

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U. S. 10-40 BONDS.

These Bonds are issued under the Act of Congress of March 8th, 1864, which provides that all Bonds issued under this Act shall be EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by or under any State or municipal authority. Subscriptions to these Bonds are received in United States notes or notes of National Banks. They are TO BE REDEEMED IN COIN, at the pleasure of the Government, at any period not less than ten months nor more than forty years from their date, and until their redemption FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST WILL BE PAID IN COIN, on Bonds of not over one hundred dollars annually and on all other Bonds semi-annually. The interest is payable on the first days of March and September in each year.

Subscribers will receive either Registered or Coupon Bonds, as they may prefer. Registered Bonds are recorded on the books of the U. S. Treasurer, and can be transferred only on the owner's order. Coupon Bonds are payable to bearer, and are more convenient for commercial uses.

Subscribers to this loan will have the option of having their Bonds draw interest from March 1st, by paying the accrued interest in coin—or in United States notes, or the notes of National Banks, adding fifty per cent. for premium—or receive them drawing interest from the date of subscription and deposit. As these Bonds are

Exempt from Municipal or State Taxation, their value is increased from one to three per cent. per annum, according to the rate of taxes levied in various parts of the country.

At the present rate of premium on gold they pay

Over Eight Per Cent Interest in currency, and are of equal convenience as a permanent or temporary investment.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as the various descriptions of U. S. Bonds: In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties or stock companies or separate communities only is pledged for payment, while for the debts of the United States the whole property of the country is held to secure the payment of both principal and interest in coin.

These bonds may be subscribed for in sums from \$50 up to any magnitude, on the same terms, and are thus made equally available to the smallest lender and the largest capitalist. They can be converted into money at any moment, and the holder will have the benefit of the interest.

It may be useful to state in this connection that the total Funded Debt of the United States on which interest is payable in gold, on the 30th day of March, 1864, was \$768,965,000. The interest on this debt for the coming fiscal year will be \$45,937,126, while the customs revenue in gold for the current fiscal year, ending June 30th, 1864, has been so far at the rate of over \$100,000,000 per annum.

It will be seen that even the present gold revenues of the Government are largely in excess of the wants of the Treasury for the payment of the gold interest, while the recent increase of the tariff will doubtless raise the annual receipts from customs on the same amount of importations, to \$150,000,000 per annum.

Instructions to the National Banks acting as loan agents were not issued from the United States Treasury until March 26, but in the first three weeks of April the subscriptions averaged more than TEN MILLIONS A WEEK.

Subscriptions will be received by the First National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa. Second National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa. Third National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.

And by all National Banks which are depositaries of Public money, and all RESPECTABLE BANKS & BANKERS throughout the country, (acting as agents of the National Depository Banks,) will furnish further information on application and AFFORD EVERY FACILITY TO SUBSCRIBERS. [3minside.]

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry

H. L. & E. J. ZAHM RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public that they still continue the WATCH, CLOCK and JEWELRY business at the old stand, North-west Corner of North Queen street and Center Square, Lancaster, Pa. A full assortment of goods in our line of business always on hand and for sale at the lowest cash rates. Repairing attended to personally by the proprietors. Lancaster, January 1, 1869.

PLATED WARE: A large and fine stock of Plated ware at H. L. & E. J. ZAHM's, Corner of North Queen street & Center Square Lancaster, Pa. Tea Sets, in variety, Coffee Urns, Pitchers, Goblets, Salt Stands, Cake Urns, Baskets, Card Baskets, Spoons, Forks, Knives, Casters, &c., &c., at manufacturers' prices. H. L. & E. J. ZAHM'S, Cor. North Queen st. and Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa. Our prices are moderate and all goods warranted to be as represented. REPAIRING attended to at moderate rates.

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OFFICE: { CULL'S Row, Front Street, five doors below Flury's Hotel. TERMS: One Dollar a year, payable in advance, and if subscriptions be not paid within six months \$1.25 will be charged, but if delayed until the expiration of the year, \$1.50 will be charged.

ADVERTISING RATES: One square (12 lines, or less) 50 cents for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Professional and Business cards, of six lines or less at \$3 per annum. Notices in the reading columns, five cents a line. Marriages and Deaths, the simple announcement, FREE; but for any additional lines, five cents a line. A liberal deduction made to yearly and half yearly advertisers.

Having recently added a large lot of new Job and Card type, Cuts, Borders, &c., to the Job Office of "The Mariettian," which will insure the fine execution of all kinds of JOB & CARD PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the largest Poster, at prices to suit the War times.

FAREWELL.

Farewell, farewell, dear friend to thee, We now are called to part, And soon thou'lt be afar from me, Still cherished in my heart. Adieu, adieu, my dear, dear friend, Perhaps we meet no more, But often will I think of hours That now, alas! are o'er.

The memory of the past, dear friend, Shall never, never fade, These joys and hours of happiness, Too deep an impress made, The sorrow of this throbbing heart, The sighs my bosom swell, I cannot now express in words— Dear friend, fare well, farewell.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—Mr. John Seymour's report contains many thrilling incidents. We extract the following which transpired on the battlefield of Gettysburg:

A rebel prisoner asked for a clean shirt for his young comrade whose flesh, but blood stained bandages, told of a recent amputation just above the knee. One of the Sanitary Commission gave the shirt, but said the boy must first be washed. "Who will do that?" "Oh, any of those women yonder." A kind looking woman from Philadelphia was asked if she was willing to wash a rebel prisoner. "Certainly," was the prompt reply, "I have a son in the Union army, and I would like to have somebody wash him."

With towel and water in a tin basin she cheerfully walked through the mud to the tent. Careful not to disturb the amputated leg, she gently removed the old shirt and began to wash him; but the tenderness of a mother's heart was at work, and she began to cry over him, saying that she imagined she was washing her own son. This was more than he could bear. He, too, began to weep, and to ask God to bless her for her kindness to him. The scene was too much for the bystanders, and they left the northern mother and the southern son to their sacred grief, wishing that tears could blot out the sin of this rebellion and the blood of this unnatural war.

NEVER.—Never taste an atom when you are not hungry; it is suicidal.

Never enter an omnibus without having the exact change.

Never stop to talk in a church aisle after service is over.

Never pick your nose in company.

Never speak of your father as "the old man."

Never reply to the epithet of a drunkard, a fool, or a low fellow.

Never speak contemptuously of womanhood.

Never abuse one who was once your bosom friend.

Never seek to create a smile at the expense of your religion or your Bible.

Never stand at the corner of the street.

Never eat a hearty supper.

Never insult poverty.

Never eat between meals.

Never fret: it will only shorten your days.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth must be the grief of that parent whom unrelenting fate compels to take sides against his own son in a war for freedom.—Cincinnati Gazette.

Very just and true, and yet we know a conservative Editor, who, whilst making every possible effort to encourage and promote the vigorous prosecution of the war, has actually been jeered, taunted, reviled, and rallied at, by at least a score of abolition Editors, because it is his terrible misfortune to have a son in the rebel army.—Louisville Journal.

The young fellow who makes engagements with the ladies only to break them off, is a beau of promise.

Ladies should never put pins in their mouths. Their lips should be roses without thorns.

The Decencies of Life.

It is not decent for a person to make a show above his or her means.

It is not decent for a man to run in debt when he does not intend to pay.

It is not decent for persons to be always talking ill of their neighbors.

It is not decent to ascribe improper motives to every one we come in contact with.

It is not decent for young people to show no respect to the aged.

It is not decent to be always praising yourself.

It is not decent in persons going to church to incommode others by making a noise.

It is not decent to spend your money in foolishness, when you have debts that ought to be paid.

It is not decent to starve your family by spending your money for liquor.

It is not decent to cheat your neighbor, because you happen to have more knowledge than he is possessed of.

It is not decent to put the bottle too near your neighbor's mouth and make him drunk.

LOCAL ARISTOCRACIES.—In Boston, the only recognized aristocracy is intellect; and the question put by a Bostonian is this:—What do you know?

In New York, it is a mere matter of wealth and the question is: What are you worth?

In Philadelphia it is blood, the exact quality of which is decided by your answer as to what are your relations?

In Washington, where politics govern:—How many votes do you control?

In Charleston as in the Quaker city, it is the blood or pedigree, and the question is: Who was your grandfather?

In Cincinnati, the queen land oil city:—How many hogs do you kill?

In Chicago, before the panic, it was: How many corner lots do you own?

In St. Louis the passport to favor is secured by an affirmative answer to the question: Have you got any interest in a fur company?

In New Orleans, south of Canal street among the merchants it was: How much cotton do you ship? North of Canal street among the French creoles. How does he dress?

In Mobile, it is manners that makes the man, and the question is: How does he behave?

SINE DIE.—In a Western State, one of the political parties has for twenty years been in the habit of holding their nominating conventions at the residence of Mr. G.

He happened on a recent occasion, for the first time, to be in when they had finished their business, and heard a little delegate move that "this convention adjourn sine die."

"Sine die!" said Mr. G., to a person standing near, "where's that?"

"Why, that's in the northern part of the county," said his neighbor.

"Hold on if you please, Mr. Chairman," said the landlord, "hold on; I'd like to be heard on that question. I have kept a public house more than twenty years. I am a poor man. I have always belonged to the party, and never split a ticket in my life. This is the most central location in the county, and it's where we've always met. I've never had nor asked for an office, and I've worked day and night for the party, and now I think it is contemptible to go to adjourn this convention way up to sine die."

NEWSPAPERS.—Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and most amply remunerated is the patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes, it is next to impossible to fill a sheet fifty-two times a year without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is away from him at school should be supplied with a newspaper. I well remember that a difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had and those who had not access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were decidedly superior to the last, in debate and composition, at least. The reason is plain; they had command of more facts. Youth will peruse a newspaper with delight when they will read nothing else.—Judge Longstreet.

Nobody ever lost anything by love," said a sage looking person. "That's not true," said a young lady, who heard the remark, "for I once lost three nights' sleep."

Some wit affirms that military buttons are very attractive to a man, especially if they are brass buttons.

LOUISVILLE JOURNALISMS.—The Georgetown school girls, who behaved so badly at the Capitol Hotel in Frankfort while the rebels were invading the town, must not flatter themselves that their offence will be passed over. We mean to have a bill introduced into the next Legislature to prohibit their getting married. The breed ought to cease.

The old astrologers talked about "malignant stars." If there ever were such things, they may now be seen upon the ill-starred banner of the rebel Confederacy.

One great reason of John Morgan's invasion of Kentucky is said to be that he can't get horses in the Confederacy and is too aristocratic to use jackasses and mules.

Getting "sucked" is a phrase used to signify being cheated. We suppose we may say then that the mother of a young baby gets habitually cheated.

It is said that John Morgan and his forces are beating a retreat. They may thank God that they can beat something in Kentucky.

The invisible exhalations of the body leave a saltiness upon the skin. We hope that the rebels, in their rage for salt, don't lick their wives.

The ladies of Rome, Ga., now occupied by Sherman's troops, are described as very pretty, generally shiftless, and altogether rebellious.

The rebellion opened more than three years ago. We trust that ere long it will be opened again—for a post mortem examination.

The people of the interior of Kentucky have been rapidly losing flesh lately—in the shape of horses and cattle.

If any man in the army flatters the President and avows abolition opinions the President is pretty sure to strap him.

Marshal Pelissier, who, in the French war with Algiers, suffocated 600 Arabs, in a cave with the smoke and fumes of fire and brimstone, is dead. Probably he can appreciate the merits of flame and sulphur by this time better than he could in the Algerian war.

An old lady who sells eggs in Cincinnati has over her door, "New eggs laid every day by Betty Briggs."

A "big Injun" having strayed from the camp, found himself lost on trying to return to it. After looking about he drew himself up and exclaimed, "Injun lost!" but recovering himself, and feeling unwilling to acknowledge such short sightedness, continued, "No, Injun no lost—wigwam lost; Injun here!"

Chloroform is recommended as excellent for scolding wives. A husband who has just tried it, says, "No family should be without it."

Fond lovers are green turtles, that marriage often changes to snapping turtles.

JOHN COCHRANE.—If there is in this country a more unscrupulous and slippery politician than John Cochrane, we know not where to look for him. In 1848 he was a Free Soiler, but, having succeeded in avenging the wrongs of Mr. Van Buren by the defeat of General Cass, he abandoned the party, and, in 1852, was a supporter of the fugitive slave law and of that arrant tool of the slave oligarchy, Franklin Pierce, who rewarded his treachery to freedom by making him Collector of the port of New York. He sustained the Administration of the infamous Buchanan to the very end; he supported Breckinridge for President in 1860, and as a member of Congress in the winter of 1860-1, did all he could by his speeches and votes to betray the North; and, in April, 1861, after the inauguration of Lincoln, he went to Richmond and made a speech to the slavemongers, then plotting treason.

A married couple travelling in England recently, held the following dialogue:—"My dear, are you comfortable in that corner?" "Quite, thank you, my dear." "Sure there's plenty of room for your feet?" "Quite sure, love." "And no cold air from the window by your ear?" "Quite certain, darling." "Then my dear, I'll change places with you."

To make silk, which has been wrinkled and "tumbled," appear like new, sponge it on the surface with a weak solution of gum arabic or white glue, and iron it on the wrong side.

When have married people passed through the alphabet of love? When they reach the ba-be.

THE NEW TWO-CENT COIN.—The new two-cent coin just issued from the mint is already in limited circulation. The weight is about twice that of the new one-cent coin recently authorized to be made of copper; and the metal and color of the larger and smaller coin do not differ materially, if at all. In size the two-cent piece is between the nickel and new copper cent (which are of like diameter) and the cumbersome old copper coin. The difference in diameter of the recent one-cent and two-cent issues is about one eighth of an inch, while the two-cent coin is much thicker; and the difference in diameter of the two-cent and the old copper one-cent coin is one sixth of an inch—quite sufficient in both cases to prevent any confusion or possible mistake. The design of the new piece is mainly excellent. It is certainly unique and quite pretty, as well as easily distinguishable. The obverse, contains, besides the usual inscription "United States of America" a wreath formed apparently of heads of wheat, encircling a very prominent figure "2" over the word "cents" in small letters. The reverse is much handsomer. It comprises an ornamented shield surmounted by a scroll bearing the words "In God we trust." Two arrows are crossed on the back of the shield, and the ground work is a wreath of laurel. The date of the piece completes the design.

THE NATIONAL COVENANT.—We see it stated that the Ladies' National Covenant have issued an address, embodying the following pledge:—

For three years, or during the war, we pledge ourselves to each other and the country, to purchase no imported goods where those of American manufacture can be obtained.

We furthermore pledge ourselves to purchase no article of foreign importation contained in the following list:—

Dress goods or velvets, silks, grenadines, India crape and organdies.

India lace and broche shawls.

Furs, wrought laces and embroideries.

Jewelry, watches and precious stones.

Hair ornaments, fans, artificial flowers and feathers, carpets, furniture, silks and velvets, painted China, ormolu, bronze, marble ornaments and mirrors.

Or, in other words, those comprising the Covenant are bound to the use of home-spun and all articles of American manufacture.

A HAPPY WOMAN.—Is she not the very sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman is happy because she cannot help it—whose smiles even the coldest sprinkles of misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, for talent, for style. The sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of "being contented under any circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference; the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Do they live in a log cabin, the fire that leaps up on its humble hearth becomes brighter than the gilded chandeliers in Aladdin palace. Were the stream of life so dark and unpropitious that the sunshine of a happy face falling on the turbid tide would not waken an answering gleam? Why, these joyous-tempered people don't know half the good they do.

REAL GENTLEMEN.—"Well, Mr. Fluke," said a lawyer to a waiter who was under examination, "you say the defendant is no gentleman. What makes you think so?" "Cause, sir, he always says 'Thank you,' when I hand him a mutton-chop, or even a piece of bread. Now a real gentleman never does this, but hollers out, 'Here, Bill, get me a mutton-chop, or I'll throw this pepper-box at your head.' You can't deceive me with a gentleman, your worship. 'Cause why? I have associated with too many at the race course."

SCENE AT A FAIR.—Very pretty girl pinning bouquet on Young Swell's coat. Young Swell.—"Twenty-five cents for the bouquet, I think you said; here's a two dollar Greenback."

Young Lady.—"Yes; twenty-five cents for the bouquet; a dollar for pinning it on your coat; and seventy-five cents for the pin.—That's just right; thank you. Can't I show you something else?"

A farmer who lives on a certain hill called Hard Scrabble, in Central New York, says that last summer, owing to the drought and poor land, together, the grass was so short they had to labor before they could mow it.

A MAN EATING HIS WIFE'S FACE: A shocking affair took place near Ennis-corthy, Ireland on the 23d. In the morning a laboring man was passing a house occupied by a shoemaker named Quail—recently discharged as cured from the Carlow Lunatic Asylum—when his attention was attracted by cries and moans proceeding from the interior. On entering the house, a horrible scene presented itself. Quail was actually eating his wife's face, the wretched woman writhing in the greatest agony. The lunatic was driven off his prey, and his poor victim removed to Ennis-corthy. Her lips were bitten completely off, and the remainder of her face all gnawed and blackened. Quail was subsequently committed as a dangerous lunatic. His face and neck presented the appearance of his having been wallowing in blood.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HAND.—Two charming women were discussing one day what it is which constitutes beauty in the hand. They differed in opinion as much as the shape of the beautiful member whose merit they were discussing. A gentleman friend presented himself, and by common consent the question was referred to him. It was a delicate matter. He thought of Paris and the three goddesses. Glancing from one to the other of the beautiful white hands presented for his examination, he replied at last—"I give it up—the question is too hard for me; but ask the poor, and they will tell you the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives."

WILLIAM PENN'S TEA-SET.—We saw yesterday a beautiful photograph of the silver tea-set formerly belonging to William Penn, and by him presented to James Logan. The tea service consisting of six pieces, on each of which is engraved the monogram of the great Friend, belongs to Mrs. Rachel Howland, of this city: and the elegant photograph executed for Mrs. H. are to be presented by her to the Sanitary Fair in Philadelphia. These must find a ready sale in the City of Brotherly Love, where the memory of the illustrious founder of the State is kept fresh and green.—New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury.

An amusing incident, says the Selingsgrove (Pa.) Post, occurred in one of our churches last Sunday, which caused considerable tittering throughout the congregation. While the minister was in the midst of his sermon, a little boy about ten years of age quietly left his seat, took his hat, walked up to the pulpit and asked permission of the minister to leave the church, saying that he forgot to feed the pig. The request was granted, and the boy left; but returned in a few minutes, no doubt greatly relieved. It embarrassed the minister for some minutes afterwards.

A very pleasant interview is said to have taken place, a few mornings ago between President Lincoln and the schoolmaster who taught him the rudiments when a little boy. Mr. Lincoln gave a warm grasp to the hand that once wielded the birch across his juvenile trousers, and the "Jolly Old Pedagogue," was delighted with the cordial reception he met with. "The schoolmaster is about ten years older than his former pupil."

An Irishman was indulging in the very intellectual occupation of sucking raw eggs and reading a newspaper. By some mischance he contrived to bolt a live chicken. The poor bird chirruped as it went down his throat, and he very coolly said: "Be the powers, my young friend, you spoke too late."

Please ring the bell.—Mischievous Boy (reading the sign).—Please ring the bell. Vy, of course I will! Anything to oblige a person who speaks so periphrastically!

The faces of soldiers coming out of an engagement, and those of young women going into one, are generally powdered.

The following is a copy of a letter received by a village schoolmaster: "Sir, as you are a man of nodge, I intend to inter my son in your skull."

The month of May, with her lambs at play, is sum; but the month of July, with her burning eye, is summer.

At what season were Adam and Eve most unhappy in Eden? In the Fall.

Men slip on water when it is frozen, and on whiskey when it isn't.

Kindness is a language that even the dumb brutes can understand.