

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 24, 1865.

VOL. XI.—NO. 46.

Reading & Columbia Railroad.

TRAINS of this road run by Reading Railroad time, which is ten minutes faster than that of Pennsylvania Railroad.

TRAINS ON THIS ROAD RUN AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVING COLUMBIA AT

7:10 A. M.—Mail Passenger train for Reading and intermediate stations, leaving Landisville at 7:43 a. m., Manheim at 7:58; Litz at 8:13; Ephrata at 8:28; Reinholdville at 8:43; Sinking Springs at 8:58; and arriving at Reading at ten o'clock. At Reading connection is made with Fast Express train of East Pennsylvania Railroad, reaching New York at 2:30 P. M. with train of Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, reaching Philadelphia at 1:30 P. M., and also with train for Pottsville, the Lebanon Valley and Harrisburg.

2:15 P. M.—PASSENGER TRAIN for Reading and intermediate stations, connecting at Landisville at 2:50 P. M. with Express train of Penn'a. R. R., both East and West, leaving Manheim at 3:05; Litz at 3:20; Ephrata at 3:35; Reinholdville at 3:50; Sinking Springs at 4:05; and arriving at Reading at 4:20 P. M. At Reading connection is made with trains for Pottsville and Lebanon Valley.

LEAVE LITZ AT

2:15 P. M.—Express Passenger Train for Reading and intermediate stations, leaving Ephrata at 2:44, Reinholdville at 3:11; Sinking Springs, 3:30; and arriving at Reading at 3:45 P. M. At Reading connection is made with Fast Express of East Penn'a. R. R., reaching New York at 10 o'clock, P. M., and with train of Philadelphia and Reading R. R., reaching Philadelphia at 7:05 P. M.

LEAVE READING AT

6:00 A. M.—MAIL-PASSENGER train for Columbia and intermediate stations, leaving Ephrata at 6:44, Reinholdville at 7:11; Sinking Springs at 7:26; Manheim at 7:41; and arriving at Landisville with train of Penn'a. Railroad, reaching Lancaster at 8:33 A. M., and Philadelphia at 12:30; arriving at Columbia at 9 o'clock, A. M., there connecting the ferry for Wrightsville and Northern Central Railroad, at 11:45 A. M. with train of Penn'a. Railroad for the West.

10:55 A. M.—Passenger Train for Litz and intermediate stations, in arrival of passenger trains from Philadelphia and Pottsville, leaving Sinking Springs at 11:18; Reinholdville at 11:33; Ephrata, 12:25; and arriving at Litz at one o'clock, P. M.

6:15 P. M.—Mail Passenger Train for Columbia and intermediate stations with passengers leaving New York at 12 M., and Philadelphia at 3:30 P. M., leaving Sinking Springs at 6:31; Reinholdville at 6:59; Ephrata, 7:15; Manheim 8:11; Landisville 8:37; arriving at Columbia at 9 P. M.

The Pleasure Travel to Ephrata and Litz Springs from New York, Philadelphia and Lancaster is by this schedule accommodated several times per day with Express trains connecting in all directions.

Through tickets to New York, Philadelphia and Lancaster sold at principal stations. Freight carried with utmost promptness and dispatch, at the lowest rates.

Further information with regard to Freight or passage may be obtained from the agents of the Company.

MENDES COHEN, Superintendent.
E. F. KEEVER, General Freight and Ticket Agent.

Stoves! Stoves!!

John Spangler,
OPPOSITE HARRY WOLFE'S.

As the season for Stoves is fast approaching I would call the attention of all wishing to purchase

Parlor or Cooking Stoves,

to my large and well selected stock, which embraces the best and most desirable Stoves that the Eastern markets afford, and which were purchased early, which will enable me to dispose of them advantageously to buyers.

Among the leading Parlor and Cook Stoves are the following:

Parlor Stoves. Meteor Gas Burner, Columbia do, Oval do do, Bell, Gem, Tropic Eggs, Monitor.

Also, the Vulcan and Sanford's Heaters, a very desirable article for heating two or four rooms with very little, if any, more fuel than an ordinary parlor stove would consume.

Ranges for cooking constantly on hand, all of which will be sold on reasonable terms.

Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

WASHINGTON Skeleton Skirts. The best article of the kind made each Skirt guaranteed. We are Agents for the Manufacturer.

Good Style Cassimeres for Suits, Cloths, Vestings, Jeans, Cottonades, Shirting Flannels, Neck Ties, &c.

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Wall and Window Paper, Ingrain and Rag Carpet, Wool and Linen Carpet Chain. A large assortment of Boys and Mens Hats and Caps. Common and Fine Glass Ware, Fine Granite Dinner Sets.

GROCERIES. Sugar Syrup, Teas New-Mackerel in all sized packages Sugar cured Hams and Dried Beef, Salt, Rice Spices &c. All at the lowest prices.

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If you want a First-rate Black or Fancy Silk A neat or gay chalice or De Laine A superior Black or fancy Woollen De Laine A fine or medium Black or Colored Alpaca A good Lavella, De Baige or Poplin An Excellent Chintz or good Calico A French, English or Shambray Gingham You will find it at SPANGLER & RICH'S

FRANKLIN HINKLE, M. D.
After an absence of nearly three years in the Navy and Army of the United States has returned to the Borough of Marietta and resumed the practice of Medicine.

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A liberal deduction made to yearly and half yearly advertisers.

Having just added a "NEWBURY MOUNTAIN JOBBER PRESS," together with a large assortment of New Job and Card type, Cuts, Borders, &c., to the Job Office of "THE MARIETTIAN," which will insure the fine and speedy execution of all kinds of Job & CARD PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the LARGEST POSTER, at reasonable prices.

The Lost Kite.

"My kite! my kite! I've lost my kite! Oh! when I saw the steady flight— With which she gained her lofty height, How could I know that, letting go That naughty string would bring so low

My pretty, buoyant, darling kite, To pass forever out of sight!

"A purple cloud was sailing by, With silver borders, o'er the sky; I thought it seemed to come so nigh, I'd let my kite go up and light Upon its fringe so soft and bright, To see how noble, high, and proud She'd look while riding on a cloud!

"As near her shining mark she drew, I clapped my hands—the line slipped through

My silly fingers—and she flew Away! away! in airy play, Right over where the water lay! She veered and fluttered, swung, and gave

A plunge! I then vanished in the wave!

"I never more shall want to look On that false cloud, or on the brook; Nor e'er to feel the breeze that took My dearest joy, thus to destroy The pastime of your happy boy!

My kite! my kite! how sad to think She soared so high, so soon to sink!"

"Be this," the mother said, and smiled, "A lesson to you, simple child! And when by fancies vain and wild As that which cost the kite that's lost,

Thy busy brain again is crossed, Of shining vapor then beware, Nor place thy joys on flimsy air!

"I have a darling treasure, too, That sometimes would, by slipping through

My guardian hands, the way pursue, From which more tight than thou thy kite,

I hold my jewel, new and bright, Least he should stray without a guide, To drown my hopes in sorrow's tide!"

THE HAND OF GOD.—The Boston Post, in an editorial under the head "Thoughts for the day," says with great force: No people was ever taught the lesson of direct dependence upon Heaven more thoroughly than we. The course of war has incited it at every stage. Where we felt the most assurance we have as often failed. We have been directed into paths which ourselves we should not have elected to follow. Our unwilling steps have proved the most direct to the place of safety. The wisest counsels of our wisest men have been thwarted by events again and again. Unlooked for instruments of deliverance have been placed in our hands. The humble have succeeded in confounding the high and mighty. Devices which were built mainly or entirely on human skill have been put aside as a child puts away its toys. Wherever we have looked for help, if we have averted our faces from Heaven we looked invariably in vain. The Ruler of the universe has visibly led us through the miraculous maze of National peril; and to him we must continue to appeal for safety and guidance, if we would continue one people, and enjoy lasting prosperity and happiness.

The Chicago Journal says that Jeff never was a good-looking man, but it appears that his wife's dress made him captivating.

We may forgive ignorance, but not presumption. He who has nothing to say, should say nothing.

Local Military Reminiscences.

"Donegal Rangers."

MR. EDITOR:—As some time has elapsed since the publication of your last "muster roll," and as it does not seem likely that any one else is able or willing to furnish you a roll of the "DONEGAL RANGERS," I will therefore essay one myself, made from memory—for I really think the "Rangers" are worthy of a place in the series of your "Local Military Reminiscences." Should any member of that ancient and redoubtable rifle corps, feel himself slighted, in not finding his name in its list as here published, he can have it afterwards included in an addenda or appendix, by furnishing you with the same. Or what might be better still, suppose before publishing this, you request—through the columns of your paper—all those, who knew themselves to have been members of the company aforesaid, to send in their names for the purpose of publication, in the absence of an authentic roll from the proper parties. This may reach the case, and be satisfactory "all round."

John Huss, Frederick Haines, John Hertzler, Joseph Bucher, John Park, J. T. Anderson, John Bell, Alex. L. Evans, A. N. Cassel, James Wilson, George Cummings, John Hopkins, Benj. Weaver, John Moore, George Murray, Phineas Rogers, John Hays, John Roath, S. D. Miller, David Cassel, jr. Saml. Zink, J. H. McCall, Jno. K. Fidler, Michael May, Benj. Libhart, John Evans, John Cochran, Michael Kapp, Pennington, Stoner, John Clements, James Steel, Wm. Spangler, Peter Gorner, John Fryberger, Lewis Gorner, Thomas Stence, Charles Heisler, George Radisill, sr. John Kugle, Benj. Mackley, Henry Longenecker, George Kremer, Peter Keesey, Wm. H. Grosh, John Waller, John B. Maloney, Samuel Oberlin, John Kline, Richard Hickie.

The first commissioned officers of the Rangers were as follows, viz:

Capt. John Huss, 1st. Lieut. Frederick Haines, 2nd. do. John Hertzler.

Capt. Huss continued in office for seven years, the legal term of the company, but at a subsequent election A. N. Cassel was made 1st Lieut. and John Park 2nd. Lieut. in which capacity they served during the last three and a half years of its term. I think that the first "Orderly Sergeant" was Samuel D. Miller, but that subsequently, Joseph Bucher and J. T. Anderson were respectively elected to that post.

I cannot at this time recall any of the other non-commissioned officers, and there is a possibility that I may have placed some names on the roll that ought not to be there, and that I have omitted a number of others that ought to be there.

There is a remarkable "sprinkling" of Johns on the roll, there being some eighteen or twenty of that name, and what is also not less remarkable, a large proportion of that name have passed into the "world of spirits," than of any other.

Ever since I commenced these reminiscences, I have been endeavoring to recall something that the Rangers did—some exploit or event that might serve as an illustration of their history, and some of their peculiarities; but I find myself altogether unable to do so; indeed my recollections seem to be mainly limited to the Old Grays.

Like the "Grays," in their latter years the military exercises of the Rangers was confined mainly to a bi-monthly

"March up the hill, and then March down again."

If we except an occasional range "over the fields" to Maytown or elsewhere. I do not recollect that the Rangers had a corps of martial music, belonging to the company, during the whole term of their existence. In their early history Lewis Gorner or John Schwalgee gave them an occasional "blast" upon the "Kent Bagle."

I hope some old member of the company may improve upon the recollection that I have feebly endeavored to trace and perpetuate.

S. S. R.

The following is popular in the army, and will be recognized by many of the returning veterans:

"Died, near the southside railroad, on Sunday, April 9, 1865, the Southern Confederacy, aged four years. Conceived in sin, born in iniquity, nurtured by tyranny, died of a chronic attack of PUNCH. U. S. Grant, attending physician; Abraham Lincoln, undertaker; Jeff. Davis, chief mourner."

EPITAPH.

"Gentle stranger, drop a tear, The C. S. A. lies buried here; 'In youth it lived and prosper'd well, 'But like Lucifer it fell; 'Tis body here, it's soul in—well, 'E'en if I knew I wouldn't tell. 'Rest, C. S. A. from every strife, 'Your death is better than your life; 'And this one line shall grace your grave— 'Your death gave freedom to the slave."

ONE REASON FOR MARRYING.—A bachelor friend of ours is about getting married for no other reason than to have some one to take care of him when he is ill. The treatment he received at a fashionable boarding-house the last time he had the ague has cured him not only of single life, but single bedsteads and single mattresses. He ordered, he says, the servants to bring him up some gruel on Monday morning, but which he never got until Wednesday afternoon. During his whole confinement not a single soul visited him save the young gentleman who cleaned the knives, and he came not for the purpose of consolation, but to inform him that "Missus would be much obliged if Mr. Skeesick would do his shaking on a chair, so as not to get the bedstead apart." This was the feather that broke Skeesick's bachelorship. From that moment he resolved to connect his fortunes with a piece of dimity. Who can blame him? No one who has ever passed through a confirmed bronchitis in a fashionable boarding house.

A GOOD EXCUSE.—The Janesville (Wis.) Gazette, says, a lady friend whose graceful pen has often enlivened our columns, writes an apology for her long silence. She says:

"The dainty little bit of humanity beside me, just five weeks old to-day, will I trust, be a sufficient excuse for my long silence, showing, at least, that my Nellie May is not so very small either, for she weighed eleven pounds when born, and has done nothing but eat, sleep and grow ever since, so she is in a fair way to become as big as her mamma very soon."

A gentleman talking to another on the subject of marriage made the following observation: "I first saw my wife in a storm; carried her to a ball in a storm; courted her in a storm; was published to her in a storm; married her in a storm; lived in a storm all her life; but thank heaven, I buried her in pleasant weather."

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly of them, they will speak kindly of you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasant echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

Two things to be kept—your word and your temper. The former when dealing with a printer, and the latter when disputing with a woman.

Which travels at the greater speed, heat or cold? Heat: because you can easily catch cold.

Why does a railroad clerk cut a hole in your return ticket? Ans.—To let you pass through.

You will be always reckoned by the world nearly of the same character with those whose company you keep.

If you ever promise at all, take care, at least, that it be so as nobody may suffer by trusting to you.

Dog Fight in Frogtown.

There is an excellent moral to the following story which is told with great skill. It shows us how a whole village is sometimes torn to pieces by a fight between two puppies.

The most remarkable fight on record came off at Frogtown, on the frontier of Maine, some years ago. It engrossed the entire community in one indiscriminate melee—interminable lawsuits or suits at law—distraction of the town and its downfall or ruin.

A fanciful genius, named Joe Tucker, a man about town, a lounge without visible means of support—a do nothing, loafing, cigar-smoking, good natured fellow, owned a dog; a sleek, intelligent, and rather pretty beast, always at Joe's heels, and known as well as his master, and liked far more by the Frogowners. One day Joe and his dog were passing Bunion's grocery store, when a pie-bald, ugly-looking dog, standing-along-side a wood wagon bounded on to Joe Tucker's dog—knocked him heels over head, and so frightened Bob Carter's wife who was passing towards her husband's blacksmith shop with his dinner, that she stumbled backwards, and her old sunbonnet flopped off, and scared the horse attached to the wagon. He started, hit Latherem's barber pole, upset a load of wood, all of which falling down Gumbo's refreshment cellar, struck one of Gumbo's children on the head, killed it for a short time stone dead, and so alarmed Mrs. Gumbo, that she dropped a stew-pan of boiling hot oysters into the lap instead of the dish of the customer, who sat waiting for the savory concoction by a table in the corner. Mrs. Gumbo rushed for the child; the customer for the door. Mrs. Gumbo screamed, and the customer yelled!

"Oh! oh! oh-oh-oh, my poor child!" cried Mrs. Gumbo.

"Eh, e-be-e-e-e," screamed the poor child.

"Oh, murder-r-r! Oh, my everlasting sir, I'm scalded to all eternity!"

"Murder, murder!" roared the poor customer.

The horse, a part of the wagon, and some wood were on their mad career. The owner of the strange dog came out of the store just in time to see Joe Tucker seize a rock to demolish the savage dog, and not waiting to see Joe let drive, gave him such a pop on the back that poor Joe fell forty feet up the street, and striking a long ladder upon which Jim Ederby was perched, paint-pot in hand some thirty feet from terra firma, brought ladder, Jim, and paint pot sprawling to the earth, crippling poor Jim for life, and sprinkling blue paint over the broadcloths, satinetts, and calicoes of Abraham Miller, a formal and even tempered Quaker, who ran out of the door just as the two dogs had gone fairly at it, hip and thigh, nip and catch. A glance at matters seemed to convince Abraham of the true state of the case; and in an unusually elevated voice, Abraham called out to Joe Tucker, who had righted up;

"Joseph Tucker, thy dog's a-fighting!"

"Let 'em fight it out," yelled the pugnacious owner of the strange dog. "Let them fight it out; I'll bet a log of wood my dog can beat any dog in town, and I can beat the owner."

"We have said Abraham Miller was a quiet man; Quakers are proverbially so. But the gauntlet thrown down by the stranger from the country stirred the gall of Abraham, and he rushed into the store; and from the back yard, having slipped his collar, Abraham brought forth a brindle cur, strong, low, and powerful.

"Friend," said the excited Quaker, "thy dog shall be well beaten, I promise thee! Hyke, seize upon him!"

"Turk, here boy!"

And the dogs went at it.

Bob Carter, the smith coming up in time to hear the stranger's defiance to the town, and bent on a fight with somebody for the insult and damage to his wife, clamped the collar of the stranger, and by a series of ten-pound-ten upon the face, back, and sides of his bully antagonist, with his natural sledge-hammers Bob stirred up the strength and ire of the bully stranger to the top of his compass, and they made the sparks fly dreadfully.

Joe Tucker's dog, reinforced by Abraham Miller's, took a fresh start, and between the two the strange dog was being cruelly put to his traps. Deacon Pugh one of the most pious and substantial men in Frogtown came up, and indeed the whole town was assembling, and Deacon Pugh, armed with a heavy walking stick and shocked at the spectacle before him, marched up to the dogs, ex-

claiming as he did so:

"Fie, fie, for shame! disgraceful!—you mean citizens of Frogtown, will you stand by and—"

"Don't thee, don't thee strike my dog, Deacon Pugh!" cried Abraham Miller, advancing to the Deacon, who was about to cut right and left among the dogs with his cane.

"Your dogs!" shouted the Deacon, with evident fervor.

"Not my dogs, Deacon Pugh," said the Quaker.

"What did you say so for, then?" shouted the Deacon.

"I never said my dogs, Deacon Pugh." "You did!" responded the Deacon with excitement.

"Deacon Pugh, thee speaks groundlessly," said the Quaker.

"You tell a falsehood, Abraham Miller!"

"Thee utters a mendacious assertion," reiterated Abraham.

"You—you tell a lie!" bawled the Deacon.

"Thee has provoked my evil passions, Deacon Pugh," shouted the stalwart Quaker, "and I will chastise thee."

And into the Deacon's wool, went the Quaker.

The Deacon, nothing loth, entered into the fight, and we leave them thus to "nip and tuck" to look to the stranger and Bob Carter, who fought and fit, and fit and fought, until Squire Catchem and the constable came up, and in the attempt to preserve the peace and arrest the offenders, the Squire was thrust through the window of a neighboring watchmaker, doing a heap of damage, while lawyer Hooker, in attempting to aid the constable, was hit in a mistake by the furious blacksmith in the short ribs, and went reeling down Gumbo's cellar with frightful velocity. The friends and fellow-churchmen of Deacon Pugh took sides against the Quaker antagonist, and the shop boys of Abraham, seeing their employer thus beset, came to the rescue, while two Irishmen, full of fun and frolic, believing it to be a "free fight," tried their hands and sticks upon the combatants indiscriminately, so indiscriminately, so that in less than half an hour the happy village of Frogtown was shaken from its propriety by one grand, sublimely ridiculous, and most terrific battle.

Heads and windows were smashed; children and women screamed; dogs barked; dust flew; labor ceased; and so furious, mad, and excited became the whole community, that a quiet looker-on, if there had been any, would have sworn the evil ones were all in Frogtown.

A heavy thunder storm finally put an end to the row, the dogs were all more or less killed, a child severely wounded, a man scalded, wagon broke, the horse ran himself to death, his owner badly beaten by Bob Carter, whose wife and wives of many others were dangerously scared; the painter was crippled, dry goods ruined; a Quaker and a Deacon, two Irishmen, Joe Tucker, town constable, lawyer Hooker, Squire Catchem, and some fifty others shamefully whipped. Lawsuits ensued, feuds followed, and the entire peace and good repute of Frogtown annihilated—all by a remarkable dog-fight.

The frequent use of the name of God, or the devil; allusions to passages of Scripture; mocking at anything serious or devout; oaths, vulgar by-words, cant phrases, affected hard words, when familiar terms will do as well; scraps of Latin, Greek, or French; quotations from plays, spoken in a theatrical manner; all these, much used in conversation, render a person very contemptible to grave and wise men.

A bachelor sea-captain who was remarking the other day that he wanted a good chief officer, was promptly informed by a young lady present that she had no objection to be his first mate. He took the hint—and the lady.

As well might a planet, revolving round a sun, expect to have perpetual daylight in both hemispheres, as a man may expect, in this life, to enjoy happiness throughout, unmix'd with sorrow or pain.

Most women had rather have any of their good qualities slighted, than their beauty. Yet that is the most inconsiderable accomplishment of a woman of real merit.

General Lane said, one day, at Indianapolis, in his speech after dinner, that he was "too full for utterance."

Transported for life. The man who marries happily.