

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 1, 1865.

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Reading & Columbia Railroad.

TRAINS of this road run by Reading Rail Road 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 Columbia at 7:10 A. M., Manheim at 7:58; Litz at 8:13; Ephrata at 8:42; Reinholdville at 9:08; Sinking Springs at 9:40 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 12:30 P. M., and also with trains for Pottsville, the Lebanon Valley and Harrisburg.

2:15 P. M.—PASSENGER TRAIN for Reading and intermediate stations, connecting at Landville at 2:50 P. M. with Express train of Penn'a. R. R., both East and West, leaving Manheim at 2:55; Litz at 3:11; Ephrata at 3:40; Reinholdville at 4:17; Sinking Springs at 4:50 and arriving at Reading at 5:20 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 at 3:30 and arriving at Reading at 3:40 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 Sinking Springs at 6:16; Reinholdville at 6:44; Ephrata at 7:11; Litz at 7:40; Manheim at 7:58, making connection at Landville with train of Penn'a. Railroad, reaching Lancaster at 8:55 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, leaving Columbia at 10:55; Sinking Springs at 11:18; Reinholdville at 11:53; 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 12:30; and Philadelphia at 3:30 P. M., leaving Sinking Springs at 6:31; Reinholdville 6:59; Ephrata 7:26; Litz 7:50; Manheim 8:11; Landville 8:37; arriving at Columbia at 9 P. M.

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Having just added a "NEWBURY MOUNTAIN JOBBER PRESS," together with a large assortment of new Job and Card type, Cuts, Borders, &c., &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.

Prep at a True Nihil Reader.

She slumbered in the rocking-chair She'd occupied all day, And in her lap, half open, there The last new novel lay; Upon the hearth the dying brands Their latest radiance shed— A flaring candle near her stands, With a crown about its head.

Her hair, which long unkempt had been, Was hanging loosely round, The curls by many a shining pin In closest durance bound.

Her gown—it had been white I ween, But white it was not then— Her ruffles too, had once been clean, And might be so again.

One slipshod foot the feeder prest, The other sought the floor, And folded o'er her heaving breast, A faded shawl she wore.

The flickering light is fading fast, The parlor colder grows; The midnight hour has long been past— The cock for morning crows.

She careth not for mortal things, For in her busy brain The novelist's imaginations Are acted o'er again;

But while in this delicious nap Her willing sense is bound, The book falls gently from her lap, And at its rustling sound,

She wakes!—but 'tis, alas! to see The candle's latest beam: Nor in the blackened coals can she Beave one friendly gleam.

Then, groping through the passage far, She steals with noiseless tread, And, leaving every door ajar, Creeps shivering into bed!

The Tongue.—A white fur on the tongue attends simple fever and inflammation. Yellowness of the tongue attends a derangement of the liver, and is common to bilious or typhus fevers. A tongue vividly red on the tip or edge, or down the centre, or over the whole surface, attends inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach or bowels. A white velvet tongue attends mental disease. A tongue red at the tips, becoming brown, dry and glazed, attends typhus state.

During the last illness of Dr. Cibrae, a celebrated French physician, he was attacked with delirium, on recovering from which he felt his own pulse, mistaking himself for one of his patients.

"Why was I not called before?" he said, "It is too late; has the gentleman been bled?" his attendant answered in the negative.

"Then he is a dead man," answered Cibrae; "he will not live six hours," and his prediction was verified.

A Rochester coppersmith, on going home from his work one night, quarrelled with his wife. She went to the cupboard, put a teaspoonful of corrosive sublimate in a glass of high wine, and drank it off. Every effort was made to save her life, but she died in the morning, after intense suffering.

Last year about this time, Mr. Enoch Plimmer, at Newbury, Mass., set a trap to catch a wood-chuck, but instead something caught the trap and carried it away. A few days since he was knocking a crow's nest from a tree, and discovered therein a steel trap and the bones of the wood-chuck.

May not a bird who sleeps upon the wing be said to occupy a feather bed?

Local Military Reminiscences, (and some incidental cogitations thereon.)

MR. EDITOR:—Your success in "drumming up" old muster rolls, has thus far, no doubt, been beyond your expectations when you first commenced it. There is now only the roll of the "Rangers" wanting, to make the series of the older organizations complete; and that will, doubtless, be forthcoming in due time.

Before the publication in your paper of the roll of the company commanded by Capt. Huston, in the war of 1812, I supposed I should have had some knowledge of a large number of its members, but in this I was quite mistaken. In passing my eyes down the column of names I find there are but few that I ever saw or heard of before, or with whom I can associate any persons that I ever knew.

Beginning with the head of the list, I find the name of the Captain with whom I am well acquainted. He was the Colonel of our Regiment in my early military career. Lieut. Carr was, probably, a brother, or other relative, of a Presbyterian minister who officiated in Marietta many long years ago, and who died in the house now owned by Dr. Cushman, on the west corner of Front and Gay streets,—if he was not the veritable (subsequent) minister himself. For many years after the death of Mr. Carr, his funeral was universally considered "the largest that ever took place in Marietta." John Shimp, the Esquire of the company, I do not remember to have ever seen, but he was probably the father or brother of David Shimp, a "tide pilot" on the Susquehanna river many years ago. He, (David,) was a brother-in-law to your townsman, Andrew Brooks, and was drowned by being thrown off a craft of some kind, about the spring of 1820, somewhere between Marietta and Port Deposit. First-Sergeant Robert Maxwell, I think, was the husband of the widow Maxwell, who for many years kept a boarding house in Marietta, and he was also the father-in-law of William Pierce and Benjamin Garman. It may, however, have been that he was an elder son of the late Mrs. Maxwell and therefore a brother-in-law of the aforementioned. 4th Sergeant, Henry Nopske I have often seen, both at Maytown, where he resided, and had a large family, and died; and at the "Haines Fishery," where he was a periodical visitor and participator. First Corporal Joshua Todd, was the father or brother of David and Thomas Todd—the one a carpenter and the other a cordwainer, who were well known about Marietta, Maytown and Columbia, in my earlier days of manhood.

Philip Bealer, the 4th on the list of "privates," was an uncle or grandfather of the gentlemanly host of the "White Swan." He at one time, I think, kept the "Vinegar Ferry," or "Bealer's Ferry" as it was afterwards called. "Bealer's water melon patch" was an institution well known to "us boys," and I only refrain from making a confession in relation thereto at this time, on account of the irrelevancy of the subject. William Barnes, doubtless a citizen of Maytown, I was acquainted with some of his sons. Who could John Bell have been? Was he a brother of Joseph Bell who was the father of the present John Bell? Joseph Bell enlisted in the service of his country, and died at "Black-Rock" in Canada I think in 1813 or 1814. Nicholas Clepper, I knew him well, and also his sons Joseph and Nicholas jr. He was a staunch farmer of "Collyfoss," a locality and a name quite familiar in the days of my boyhood. Our "dads" used to twit the senior Nicholas, about his "going a fishing when it was too windy to plough." John Bird, "little man," as he was called, afterwards the bass drummer of the "Old Blues"—husband of "Granny Bird," a famous midwife and nurse in days of yore, and who accompanied her husband to the wars. Christopher Hollinger, a large family of this name lived about Maytown. I may have seen and known the man, but I cannot localize him in my mind. Alexander Hamler, a "tide pilot" on the Susquehanna, who lived in Front street, Marietta, a few doors below "Horn street." William Hayes and Robert Johnson, I think both of these men were "Maytowners" the former perhaps the father of the present John Hayes. Elias Jamison, a citizen of Marietta, whom I remember well. I think "Plum" one time assisted him to discharge a lockless gun, loaded with powder and salt, at "Trump's cow," in which "Lias was more hurt than the cow. Francis McGloughlen, a Tailor I think, and brother of the old cordwainer, Jemmy McGloughlen, with one leg, who

lived "long, long ago" in the house for many years afterwards owned and occupied by Sally Bell. John Mosey, a brother of David Mosey perhaps, an uncle to the present Frank Mosey. John Morgan, likely the father of Decatur Morgan, who was more or less identified with the early navigation of the Pennsylvania canal. Anthony and Theodor Robinson, I think were cousins of Richard and Joseph Robinson, who belonged to Capt. Grosh's company. Mathias Sheets, afterwards a farmer, who often visited Marietta with "apples to sell."

Robert Shank, brother to John Shank, the cooper, who for many years conducted business in the frame shop on the corner of Front and Locust streets (of-tener called "Horn street"), Marietta. John Vaughan, if not the man himself, then the father or uncle of John Vaughan, that carried on the Hating business in Columbia, Pa. Reuben Welshontz—everybody in and about Marietta and Maytown is acquainted with Reuben, who is one of the survivors of that ancient military corps. John Williams was doubtless a member of a family of that name who lived near the river above Marietta. James Wilson, was the father of Fletcher Wilson, well known in Marietta for many years and lived on the Marietta and Elizabeth-town road. John White I remember well, for he was my father's landlord, and of course called at our house, at least on every rent day. I think he was also the proprietor of "White's Fishery."

I knew him when I was a boy, particularly from his having been afflicted with a large goitre. My impressions of most of the foregoing individuals themselves are very faint indeed, but I still have some recollection of them or their family connections. There is another name about which I shall now say something, and as it is nearly related to myself, I must ask the reader's indulgence in advance, for anything that may appear like egotism. The name I refer to is between those of Anthony and Theodor Robinson, and the spelling of it illustrates the changes which gradually take place in many of the names of our countrymen, and especially those derived from the German. For instance, many of the Kieffers are now called Cooper—the Zimmermans, Carpenter—the Schwartzs, Blacks, &c., &c., but these are only literal translations of their originals. Jacob Roadvon—this is a rendering of my father's name very different from any that I have ever seen or known before. The first way I was taught to spell my name was Rodfonk. This I learned from George Briscoe, a Marylander, to whom I went to school for one or two "quarters," in the "long, low" brick school house, just opposite the residence of Geo. Rudisill, in Market street, Marietta, about the year 1820. English people invariably pronounced my name "Rodfonk," but Germans pronounced it "Raufong," a literal translation of which would be "Wheel-catch." But neither of these were the true rendering of the name, although the German version was the nearest approximation in sound, and therefore the translation was also erroneous. Briscoe had the highest opinion of the penknife blades manufactured for him, by my father, and on one occasion when he visited him, he found him engaged in engraving his name on the barrel of a rifle, that he had just finished.

"J. Rathvon," ejaculated Briscoe; why Jacob is that your name? I thought it was Rodfonk. From that time forth Briscoe taught me to write my name "Rathvon," although I am now aware that it was not spelt so by my ancestry for like many other names of men and things, it has undergone some change by modification and abbreviation. I have before me the muster roll of a company from Lancaster county, that served in the army during the Revolutionary war. The 2nd Lieutenant on this list is George Rathfang and the first "high private" Jacob Rathfang. These men were brothers, and were the sons of George Rathfang, senior, who, with his brother Christian, had emigrated from the Canton of Berne, in Switzerland, some thirty years before the revolution, and had settled in Onestoga township, in the county of Lancaster. I know of no other name that makes any approximation to mine, either in orthography, or pronunciation, except the English names of "Rathvon" "Rathbun" "Rathburn" and "Rathbons" but it is not derived from any of these, nor is it a modification of any of them, unless it may have been carried from Scotland or England over to Switzerland. I believe the larger number of the family still spell the name "Rathvon" but in the German this makes no

difference in the sound, the letter 'v' in that language having the same sound as 'f'. Among English people however the sound of 'v' is more smooth and convenient when following the 'h,' or in commencing a syllable, and hence I presume the change was made. A branch of the family settled near Middletown in the county of Dauphin, among whom were at least one clergyman and one school teacher, and I think my father received the present rendering of his and my name from them, for I have since learned that his own brothers and most of their children, still spell it Rathfon, I think linguistic ethnologists regard the letters 'h' and 'v' as equivalent, and represent them both by the same character, adding only a slight appendage, indicating the one or the other of those sounds. The original name I am inclined to believe was Rathfang but when, how, and for what reason, the first deviation took place, I am unable to say, nor is it of any importance to know. But in the German language the pronunciation of the name is widely different from the English. In the former the 'th' is never aspirated as it is in the latter, the pronunciation in the German therefore, is "Raufong," and from this can be easily perceived the illiterate English corruption of "Rodfonk."

"Rath" is the German name of a counsellor or legal advisor—in short what we term a lawyer; it also means a member of a town council, and therefore the building in which the council meets, is called the "Rath-house, or Town-house. If the name was not derived from Rath-man—an advisor; or Rath-sam—advisable, then probably it may have been derived from some official functionary whose duty it was to apprehend seditions or disloyal members of the local legislatures, for "fang," means to catch, or an instrument to catch with. The German name for wheel, is "Rad" not "Rath," and here again is the probable origin of "Rod" among the English.

With this, I hope pardonable digression, Mr. Editor, allow me to say that the name on the muster roll referred to, should be rendered Jacob Rathvon, instead of "Roadvon." This I know, because I have often heard my father say that he served under Capt. Huston in the war of 1812, and I have also heard Col. Huston say that my father was a member of his company. This mis-calling and misspelling of personal names is, however, quite common in almost every community. In the days of my boyhood the Zubbins of Marietta, were named, by a large portion of the community, O'villy, and I believe, until I became able to read their name, I pronounced it so myself. For many years Houseal was pronounced Houseagle, and so on to the end of the chapter.

Under any circumstances, the war of 1812, as compared with the great rebellion, now seemingly so auspiciously closing, was as a dwarf to a giant, and it is to be sincerely hoped, that when the final ending of the present war, does come, it may be more decisive of the great principles involved in it, than was that of 1812. Not only the principles involved at the outset or commencement of the war, but also those that, as unavoidable contingencies, were forced into it, in order to bring it to a successful termination. All honor therefore to those who have at any time, "endured and dared in behalf of their country, its constitution and laws." S. S. R.

A little girl, about four years old, and a little boy, about six, had been cautioned not to take away the nest eggs; but one morning, when they went for the egg, the little girl took it and started for the house. Her disappointed brother followed, crying, "Mother! Mother! Sussey's been and got the egg the old hen measures by!"

Free masonry has existed now for many centuries. It was introduced into England in the year 674. The oldest Lodge in England is said to be the Grand Lodge of York, which was founded A. D. 926.

When Benjamin parted with Jeff. Davis, he said: "We're both going to the same place." "How is that?" asked Davis. "Well," said Benjamin, "I'm going to Europe, and you're going to your rope."

Why is a photographic album like the drainer of a bar counter? Because it is often a receptacle for empty mugs.

A School of Whales.—"What do whales want at school, papa?" "To learn to spout, my son."

No Baby in the House. No baby in the house, I know,— 'Tis far too nice and clean; No toys by careless fingers strewn Upon the floor are seen; No finger-marks are on the panes, No scratches on the chairs, No wooden men set up in rows, Or marshalled off in pairs; No little stockings to be darned, No little slippers to be mended, No pile of mending to be done, Made up of baby clothes; No little troubles to be soothed, No little hands to fold, No grimy fingers to be washed, No stories to be told; No tender kisses to be given, No nicknames, "Clove" and "Mouse;" No merry frolics after tea,— No baby in the house!

A SMALL JOB.—"Well, doctor," said a chap suffering with the toothache, "how much do you ax for the job? Guy! but you did it quick though!" "My terms," replied the dentist, "are one dollar." "A dollar for half a minute's work! One dollar! thunder! Why, a doctor down t'our place, drew a tooth for me two years ago, and it took him two hours. He dragged me all around the room, and lost his grip half a dozen times. I never seen such hard work,—and he charged me only twenty-five cents. A dollar for a minute's work! O, git out! you must be jokin'!"

A DOG STORY.—A friend of his—said President Lincoln—passing along a village street, was painfully bitten by an ugly dog. A single blow of a heavy stick, skillfully aimed, killed the animal instantly; but the enraged pedestrian still continued to pummel the whelp, till little vestige of the canine form remained. At length he was accosted with, "What are you about? That dog has been dead these ten minutes." "I know it," was the reply; "but I want to give the beast a realizing sense that there is a punishment after death."

CONUNDRUMS.—Why are washerwomen the greatest navigators on the globe? Because they are continually crossing the line and running from pole to pole.

Why is the letter A like a honey-suckle? Because a B follows it.

Why is the letter D like a sailor? Because it follows the C.

Why is a fashionably dressed young lady like a careful housewife? Because her waist (waste) is always as small as she can make it.

A disloyal lady (we think she was a lady, over the left) near Catawissa, in this state, who remarked on hearing of the assassination of President Lincoln, that he was in hell, was significantly rebuked by an old gentleman standing by, with the inquiry: "How do you know? Have you received a letter from your father—the Devil?"

A country clergyman being opposed to the use of the violin in the church service, was, however, overruled by his congregation, who determined on having one. On the following Sunday, the parson commenced the service by exclaiming in long drawn accents, "You may B-D-D-I-e and S-I-n-g the 40th psalm."

But—Some people always have a but, which they put in the way of everything. Enquiring of such a one the character of his neighbor, he replied, "Why, he is a poor, fair, clever sort of man, but—hem!" "But what?" "Why—hem—why he feeds his darned old horse on pumpkins!"

"Daddy, I reckon as how I might go a cortin' now, bein' as how gooseberry pies is comin' in fashion, main't I?" "Yes, son, I reckon so. Well, if I don't go to see somebody's gal next Sunday, then saw my old hat in two."

"A nursery must be a great place for dancing, Simon." "Why so?" "Because it is." "I don't see how." "Ain't a nursery a regular ball-room?" "Well you're a rouster."

The officiating clergyman at the marriage of a deaf and dumb couple, wittily and gallantly wished them un-speakable bliss.

It was a smart child who asked his father, a while since, what kind of wood the 'Board of Trade' was made of.

A young lady, when recommended to exercise for her health, said she would jump at an offer, and run her own risk.

"Ma, what is a fortification?" "Two twentifications, dear."