

# The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 22, 1865.

VOL. XI.—NO. 50.

## 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 P. M.—Mail Passenger train for Reading and intermediate stations, leaving Sinking Springs at 7:43 a. m., Manheim at 8:13; Ephrata at 8:42; Reinholdville at 9:08; Sinking Springs at 9:40 and arriving at Reading at 10 o'clock. At Reading connection is made with East Express train for East Pennsylvania Railroad, reaching New York at 2:30 P. M. with train of Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, reaching Philadelphia at 1:20 P. M., and also with trains for Pottsville, the Lebanon Valley and Harrisburg.

7:15 P. M.—PASSENGER TRAIN for Reading and intermediate stations, leaving Sinking Springs at 7:43 a. m., Manheim at 8:13; Ephrata at 8:42; Reinholdville at 9:08; Sinking Springs at 9:40 and arriving at Reading at 10 o'clock. At Reading connection is made with East Express train for East Pennsylvania Railroad, reaching New York at 2:30 P. M. with train of Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, reaching Philadelphia at 1:20 P. M., and also with trains for Pottsville, the Lebanon Valley and Harrisburg.

### LEAVE LITZ AT

7:15 P. M.—Express Passenger Train for Reading and intermediate stations, leaving Sinking Springs at 7:43 a. m., Manheim at 8:13; Ephrata at 8:42; Reinholdville at 9:08; Sinking Springs at 9:40 and arriving at Reading at 10 o'clock. At Reading connection is made with East Express train for East Pennsylvania Railroad, reaching New York at 2:30 P. M. with train of Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, reaching Philadelphia at 1:20 P. M., and also with trains for Pottsville, the Lebanon Valley and Harrisburg.

### 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 7:56, making connection at Litz with train of Penna. 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 Penna. Railroad on the West.

10:55 A. M.—Passenger Train for Litz and intermediate stations, on arrival of passenger trains from Philadelphia and Pottsville, leaving Sinking Springs at 11:18; Reinholdville at 11:53; Ephrata at 12:23 and arriving at Litz at Columbia at 9 P. M.

6:15 P. M.—Mail Passenger Train for Columbia and intermediate stations, leaving Sinking Springs at 6:31; Reinholdville at 6:59; Ephrata at 7:26; Manheim at 7:54; Litz at 8:23; arriving at Columbia at 9 P. M.

7:15 P. M.—Express Passenger Train for Reading and intermediate stations, leaving Sinking Springs at 7:43 a. m., Manheim at 8:13; Ephrata at 8:42; Reinholdville at 9:08; Sinking Springs at 9:40 and arriving at Reading at 10 o'clock. At Reading connection is made with East Express train for East Pennsylvania Railroad, reaching New York at 2:30 P. M. with train of Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, reaching Philadelphia at 1:20 P. M., and also with trains for Pottsville, the Lebanon Valley and Harrisburg.

### F. L. Baker,

Stibbitt and Conspicuous.

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MORTGAGES,

### JUDGMENTS,

and in fact everything in the CONVEYANCING line. Having gratuitous intercourse with a member of the Lancaster Bar, he will be enabled to execute legal instruments of writing with accuracy.

He can be found at the office of "THE MARIETTIAN," "Lindsay's Building," (second floor) near the Post Office corner, or at his residence on Market street, half a square west of the "Donagel House," Marietta.

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From 7 to 8 A. M. 1 to 2. 6 to 7 P. M.

### DANIEL G. BAKER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LANCASTER, PA.

OFFICE—No. 24 NORTH DUKE STREET opposite the Court House, where he will attend to the practice of his profession in all its various branches.

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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.

## A Clock in the Crinoline.

The Missouri Democrat tells the following story of one of the defiant rebel ladies lately returned from Canada to St. Louis: "The revocation by the Provost Marshal General of the orders banishing certain rebels from the State, has caused the return to our city many high-spirited persons of both sexes. One of the fair exiles who has recently returned to the city, relates a striking incident of her experience in Canada. All kinds of goods are very cheap in Canada, compared with prices here, and the duty being high, smuggling is carried on to a great extent along the border, the American ladies being very skillful in concealing contraband articles in the folds of their petticoats and among the convolutions of their duplex elliptic skirts. Our St. Louis lady had taken a fancy to one of those beautiful little German clocks which can be wound up to strike at any moment the owner may desire to be awakened, and she concluded to purchase it and smuggle it across the line. She gave the clock-seller particular directions to fix the alarm apparatus so it would not strike, and he promised to do so. The lady, delighted with her purchase, and anticipating many a laugh with her St. Louis friends over the story of the Canadian clock, fastened the time piece securely to her hoops, and started on her homeward journey. Arriving at the Custom House without accident, she met the inquisitive conductor with a complainant countenance, and submitted without a tremor to the search which was instituted among her baggage. The officer found nothing contraband among her effects, and was passing to the next traveller, when a loud "wh-r-r-r" was heard under the lady's skirts. The strange noise was kept up for the full space of a minute; but to the lady it seemed an hour, and she became tremulous and excited. The Custom House officer, not daring to lay his hands on a woman "safe in the way of kindness," obtained an iron rod, with which he felt around the crinoline for the concealed clock. He succeeded in bringing it down, but the crystal was broken, and the hands were bent by the operation. The lady arrived safely in St. Louis last week, and tells the story, with considerable humor, of the clock found in the crinoline!"

## Popping the Question.

"But why don't you get married?" said a bouncing girl, with a laughing eye, to a smooth faced, innocent looking youth, who blushed up to the eyes at the question.

"Well I—" said the youth, stopping short with a gasp, and fixing his eyes upon vacancy with a puzzled and foolish expression.

"Well, go on; you what?" said the fair cross questioner, almost imperceptibly reclining nearer to the young man.

"Now just tell me right straight out, you what?"

"Why I—O, pshaw! I don't know!"

"You do, I say you do know, come, now, I want to know."

"Oh, I can't tell you."

"You can. Why, you know I'll never mention it, and you may tell, of course, you know, for haven't I always been your friend?"

"Well, you have, I know," replied the beleaguered youth.

"And I'm sure I always thought you liked me," continued the maiden, in tender and mellow accents.

"Oh, I do upon my word—yes, indeed I do, Maria," said the unsophisticated youth, very warmly, and he found that Maria had unconsciously placed her hand in his open palm.

Then there was a silence.

"And then—well, John?" said Maria, dropping her eyes to the ground.

"Oh! Oh! well!" said John, dropping his eyes and Maria's hand at the same moment.

"I'm pretty sure you love somebody, John; it's a fact," Maria, assuming again a tone of raillery. "I know you're in love; and John, why don't you tell me all about it at once?"

"Well, I—"

"Well, I!" Oh, you silly mortal what's there to be afraid of?"

"Oh, it ain't because I'm afraid of anything at all, and I'll; well, now Maria, I will tell you."

"Well, now, John?"

"I—"

"Yes."

"I am in love? now don't tell; you won't will you?" said John, violently seizing Maria by the hand, and looking in her face with a most imploring expression.

"Why, of course, you know John, I'll never breathe a word of it—you know I won't, don't you John?" This was spoken in a mellow whisper, and the cherry lips of Maria were so near John's ear when she spoke, that if he had turned his head to look at her, there might have occurred a dangerous collision.

"Well, Maria," said John, "I've told you now and you shall know all about it. I have always thought a great deal of you, and—"

"Yes, John."

"I am sure you would do anything for me that you could—"

"Yes, John, you know I would."

"Well, I thought so, and you don't know how long I've wanted to talk to you about it."

"I declare, John, I—you might have told me long ago, if you wanted, for I'm sure I never was angry with you in my life."

"No, you wasn't; and I have often felt a great mind to, but—"

"It's not too late now, you know, John."

"Well, Maria, do you think I am too young to get married?"

"Indeed; I do not John; and I know it would be a good thing for you, too, for everybody says the sooner young people are married the better, when they are prudent and inclined to love one another."

"That's just what I think, and now Maria, I do want to get married, and if you'll just—"

"Indeed I will, John, for you know I was always partial to you, and I've said so often behind your back."

"Well, I declare, I've all along thought, you might object, and that's the reason I've been always afraid to ask you."

"Object! no, I'd die first; you may ask me of just what you please."

"And you'll grant it?"

"I will."

"Then, Maria, I want you to pop the question for me to Mary Sullivan, for—"

"What?"

"Oh?"

"Do you love Mary Sullivan?"

"Oh, indeed I do, with all my heart?"

"I always thought you were a fool."

"Oh?"

"I say you're a fool, and you'd better go home, your mother wants you! Oh

## you—you—you stupid!"

exclaimed the mortified Maria, in a shrill treble, as she gave poor John a slap on the cheek that sent him reeling. It was noonday, and yet John declares he saw myriads of stars flashing around him, more than he ever saw before in the night time.

## THE POVERTY OF STATESMEN.

—Statesmen, who are worthy of the appellation given them, generally fail to secure fortunes. They devote themselves to pursuits which, if honestly adhered to, seldom yield rich rewards.

Jefferson died comparatively poor. Indeed, if Congress had not purchased his library, and given for it five times its value, he would with difficulty have kept the wolf from his door.

Madison saved money, and was comparatively rich. To add to his fortune, however, or rather that of his widow, Congress purchased his manuscript papers, and paid thirty thousand dollars for them.

James Monroe, the sixth President of the United States, died in New York, so poor that his remains found a resting place through the charity of one of his friends.

John Quincy Adams left some hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the result of industry, prudence and inheritance. He was a man of method and economy.

Martin Van Buren died very rich.—Throughout his political life, he studiously looked out for his own interest. It is not believed that he ever spent thirty shillings in politics. His party shook the bush, and he caught the bird.

Daniel Webster squandered some millions in his lifetime, the product of his professional and political speculations. He died, leaving his property to his children, and his debts to his friends. The former sold for less than twenty thousand dollars; the latter exceeded two hundred and fifty thousand.

Henry Clay left a very handsome estate. It probably exceeded one hundred thousand dollars. He was a prudent manager, and a scrupulously honest man.

James K. Polk left about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars—fifty thousand of which he saved from his Presidency of four years.

John Tyler left fifty thousand dollars.—Before he reached the Presidency he was a bankrupt. In office he husbanded his means.

Zachary Taylor left one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Millard Fillmore is a wealthy man, and keeps his money in a very strong and safe box.

Ex-President Pierce saved some fifty thousand dollars from his term of service.

## THE JUDGE AND HIS DEMOJOHN.

A good joke is told of a Judge in New Hampshire. He always kept a demi-john of good Jamaica in his private office for his particular friends. The Judge had noticed for some time that on Monday morning his Jamaica was considerably lighter than he had left it on Saturday night. Another fact had established itself in his mind. His son Sam was missing from the parental pew in church on Sundays. On Sunday afternoon Sam came in and went up stairs very heavy, when the Judge put the question pointedly to him:

"Sam, where have you been?"

"To church, sir," was the prompt reply.

"What church, Sam?"

"Second Methodist, sir."

"Had a good sermon, Sam?"

"Very powerful, sir; it quite staggered me."

"Ah! I see," said the Judge, "quite powerful! quite powerful!"

The next Sunday the son came home rather earlier than usual, and apparently not so much "under the weather."

His father hailed him with, "Well, Sam, been to the 'Second Methodist' again to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good sermon, my boy?"

"Fact was, father, that I couldn't get in; the church was shut up, and a ticket on the door."

"Sorry, Sam; keep going, you may get good by it yet."

"Sam says that upon going to the office for his usual refreshment, he found the 'John' empty, and bearing the following label:—'There will be no service here to-day; the church is temporarily closed.'"

William J. Allen, of Sigourney, Ill., killed his wife a little while ago, and gave as a reason that he was engaged to a girl fifteen years old, and wanted to get his wife out of the way.

## A Trip to Mount Vernon.

Washington, D. C., July 12, 1865.

Friend Baker:—As many of the citizens of Marietta have an investment in Mount Vernon, and having had the pleasure of visiting that place on Monday last (July 10th) and viewing for the first time, the resting place of the Father of our country, a place ever to be revered by all who love their country, and reverence the memory of him "who was first in War, first in Peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," I have thought a slight sketch might be interesting to your readers, if you should see proper to give it to them in my humble way. There is a boat makes an excursion three times each week,—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from Washington city to Mount Vernon, at the round fare of one dollar and fifty cents the trip, admitting you to the grounds included, (as I see that twenty-five cents is charged to visitors for admittance, by the committee). By permission of leave for one day, I procured a ticket and went on board the steamer "Wahasset," a very fine boat, and at 10½ A. M., the boat left the wharf, and being rather a gloomy day, there was but a small party on board, which made it the more pleasant to your humble correspondent, as he dislikes crowds. I found a number of my acquaintances on board from my boarding house, who were well provided with Lunch. I made one of the party, of course, for I was aware that a lunch would be most desirable before we should return. The boat touched at Alexandria, and proceeded down the Potomac until we reached Fort Washington, when we rounded to the wharf and took on ten "Blue-Coats," as is customary on those excursions, for reasons I shall explain as I proceed; when we came in sight of Mount Vernon, the bell on the boat commenced to toll, informing all on board that we were nearing the last resting place of the Great Immortal Washington, and the sound seemed more sad than any bell I have ever heard toll; soon the boat rounded and landed at the wharf, when all on board landed and wended their way toward the Mansion, there being a considerable rise of hill to ascend and a dense forest in front, the mansion is hid from view from the bank of the Potomac, however, each small party took up their line of march toward the mansion, when about half way up, the vault in which the remains of George Washington, and his consort, Martha Washington, was before us, when all the gentlemen, with uncovered heads, approached the iron gates, to look into the recess where was hidden all that now remains of the Hero of '76, and his consort. There being a recess in front of the vault to the right, there was what I shall term a marble coffin, with the inscription of Genl. George Washington, &c. On the left, one of the same, with the inscription of Martha Washington, &c.; and in front the iron gate. In front of the vault there is two monuments erected in memory of some of the Washington family, also a monument to the right of the vault in memory of the same; after winding our way a short distance, we came to the Mansion and Out-Houses, all looking in good order, having been repaired lately; as we were about to enter the mansion we found one of the blue coats (taken on board at Fort Washington) standing at the door, who demanded us to exhibit our tickets before we could enter. There are but three rooms and the Hall open for visitors, and some few relics of the family in each room; in the hall I noticed the key of the Bastille presented by Gen. Lafayette, to Gen. Washington. The family in charge of the grounds I presume occupy the balance of the house, as I saw it was tenanted. On the back porch there was an old colored man with quite a number of beautiful bouquets for sale at 25 cents each, gathered from the garden, and which he readily disposed of to the parties, especially to the ladies.

The Garden is beautiful and well laid out, and here we found the blue coats all around the garden and walks, with an eye on each visitor. There was no occasion to inquire why they were there, for at every turn you could see a placard in a conspicuous place with "Visitors are requested not to break any shrubbery or pluck any flowers, &c." On one tree I saw a notice, "\$5 fine for breaking any branches from this tree, by order of the committee"; it was a beautiful tree with leaves something like the Honey Locust, and had a flower of some kind, but I saw no one on the premises who could give any information in regard to the different objects

## as you passed along. The MNT.

accompanied us from Fort J O N D S.

I presume was not any more a handsome with the history of the are all the Gov- were. In the garden thant, and, Mto large boxes with stumps in them, about a foot above the ground, and I saw a crowd around them, as I came up I heard a gentleman remark that he supposed that one was the stump of the Cherry Tree for which Washington's Mother corrected him for whittling, &c., when a boy, when one of our party turned around to the old contraband, who was selling bouquets, and inquired what those stumps were, when he enlightened us by stating they were both stumps of some Palm trees that had been growing in the boxes and had died a natural death, thus spoiling a good story, and all interest was lost in the stumps. The garden is beautiful, but could be made much more so by a little more care in trimming the boxwood around the walks, which has grown very large and is spreading too much; and by removing the walls of an old house which was destroyed by fire in 1835, (so said our informant, the contraband, who appeared to be the only one to give any information), I heard a gentleman ask his age and he said he could not tell, but supposed he was about 80. In passing around I passed two vaults in the side of the hill, and I heard different accounts of them as I passed along, one said the first was the old Wine vault but a lady contended it was the vault in which George Washington was first placed, but when we reached the second vault the lady yielded and thought she was in error, as that was the vault. There are two summer houses along the slope of the hill. After spending two hours on the grounds, and partaking of the lunch, we started downward and whilst on our way down the hill we came across some of the finest Blackberries I have seen this season, and seeing no notice in regard to picking Blackberries, we took our desert from the bushes and it required no sugar or cream for they were sweet enough without. In the height of our enjoyment we heard the steam whistle notifying us "time was up," and by the time we were all on board, the bell rang which warned all to be on board, when the ten blue coats came on board, when we turned our course for the city; on our return we touched at Fort Washington and left the blue coats on shore, as they had, we suppose, performed their duty, and we again touched at Alexandria, and reached our boarding house at four and a half P. M., just in time for dinner, taken all in all, it was a very pleasant trip. The distance I believe is fourteen miles.

Yours, Respectfully,

W. C.

## A mouse ranging about a brewery

happened to fall into a vat of beer, and appealed to a cat to help him out.

The cat replied, "It is a foolish request, for as soon as I get you out I shall eat you up."

The mouse replied, that fate would be better than to be drowned in beer.

The cat lifted him up, but the fumes of the beer caused puss to sneeze, and the mouse took refuge in his hole.

The cat called on the mouse to come out.

"You, sir, did you not promise that I should eat you?"

"Ah," replied the mouse, "but you know I was in liquor at the time."

The mother of a little fellow who was about taking a ride in the Hartford horse cars, asked him as he scrambled in:

"Why, arn't you going to kiss your mother before you go?"

The little rogue was in such a hurry that he couldn't stop, and hastily called out:

"Conductor, won't you kiss mother for me?"

The following is said to be the copy of a letter sent by a member of the legal profession to a person who was indebted to one of his clients: "Sir: I am desired to apply to you for one hundred dollars, due to my client, Mr. Jones. If you send me the money by this day week, you will oblige me; if not, I will oblige you."

A young officer in the Prussian army stood looking at a private, whose brains had been blown out by a cannon ball. A superior officer, thinking him frightened, spoke encouragingly. Said the other, I was only wondering how a man with so much brain ever came to be here.