

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 29, 1865.

VOL. XI.—NO. 51.

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 8:13; Ephrata at 8:42; Reinholds 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 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.

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 west, leaving Manheim at 3:26; Litz at 4:10; Ephrata at 4:47; Reinholds at 5:03 and arriving at Reading at 5:20 P. M. At Reading connection is made with train 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; Reinholds at 3:13; Sinking Springs at 3:40 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

3:00 A. M.—MAIL PASSENGER train for Columbia and intermediate stations, leaving Sinking Springs at 6:16; Litz at 6:44; Ephrata at 7:11; Reinholds at 7:38, making connection at Landisville with train of Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, reaching 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 Reading at 10:55 A. M., reaching Sinking Springs at 11:18; Reinholds at 11:53; Ephrata 12:28 and arriving at Litz at one o'clock, P. M.

1:15 P. M.—Mail Passenger Train for Columbia and intermediate stations, leaving Reading at 1:15 P. M., reaching Sinking Springs at 6:31; Reinholds at 6:59; Ephrata at 7:26; Manheim at 8:11; Landisville at 8:48; arriving at Columbia at 9 P. M.

The Pleasure Travel to Ephrata and Sinking Springs from New-York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other points, is by the schedule accumulated 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 and passenger, may be obtained from the agents of the Company.

MENDES COHEN, Superintendent.

F. KEEVER, General Freight and Ticket Agent.

F. L. Baker, Stationer and Conductor.

Would most respectfully take this means of informing his friends and the public generally that he has commenced the drawing of

DEEDS,

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 "Doppel House," Marietta.

Blank Deeds, Mortgages, Judgments and Writs always on hand and for sale.

PHILADELPHIA 1865.

O'NEILL & BOURKE,

MANUFACTURERS OF

WALL PAPERS,

AND WINDOW CURTAIN PAPERS,

Corner Fourth and Market streets, PHILADELPHIA.

A fine stock of LINEN SHADES, constantly on hand.

First National Bank of Marietta

THIS BANKING ASSOCIATION

HAVING COMPLETED ITS ORGANIZATION

is now prepared to transact all kinds of

BANKING BUSINESS.

The Board of Directors meet weekly, on Wednesday, for discount and other business.

Bank Hours: From 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

JOHN HOLLINGER, President.

AMOS DORRMAN, Cashier.

DR. J. Z. HOFFER,

DENTIST,

OF THE BALTIMORE COLLEGE

OF DENTAL SURGERY,

LATE OF HARRISBURG.

OFFICE—Front street, next door to R. Williams' Drug Store, between Locust and Walnut streets, Columbia.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A new and reliable treatment.

Also, the

Instruction, an Essay of warning and charge. Address, Dr. J. SKILLIN HOWARD,

Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth-st., Philadelphia, Pa. [Jan. 1, 1865-17.]

DR. WM. B. FAHNESTOCK,

OFFICE—MAIN-ST., NEARLY OPPOSITE

Spangler & Patterson's Store.

OFFICE HOURS: 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.

PRINTING of every description executed with neatness and dispatch at the office of The Mariettian.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

AT ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR,

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Office in "LINDSAY'S BUILDING," second floor, on Elbow Lane, between the Post Office corner and Front street, Marietta, Lancaster County, Penn'a.

Single Copies, with or without Wrappers, FOUR CENTS.

ADVERTISING RATES: One square (10 lines, or less) 75 cents for the first insertion and One Dollar and a-half for 3 insertions. Professional and Business cards, of six lines or less at 50 per annum. Notices in the reading columns, ten cents a-line. Marriages and Deaths, the simple announcement, FREE; but for any additional lines, ten cents a line. 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., &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.

Showers.

How softly falls

Upon our cottage roof and walls,

The welcome rain!

An hour I've sat

And listened to its pit-a-pat

On sash and pane.

The flowers look up—

The daisy, pink and buttercup

Have fainting lain

Among the grass.

Low whispering to the winds that pass,

To plead for rain.

They brighter bloom—

Their chalice of sweet perfume

Enrich the air,

And to the skies

They raise their pure and grateful eyes

In wordless prayer.

In darkened woods,

Where owls amid the solitudes

Have dwelt so long,

The sylvan choir,

With well accorded voice and lyre

Renews its song.

Oh blessing free!

Thou symbolst God's love, and we

Accept it thus:

For as the showers

Revive the thirsty, drooping flowers,

He strengthens us.

Shall we behold

Earth's gladness when it rains, and cold

Ourselves remain?

Oh! lifted be

Our hearts, unchanging Friend, to Thee,

And not in vain!

A "HOSS CAR" ADVENTURE.—Artemus Ward is looking at things in Boston.

He had an adventure one day which resulted as follows:

I returned in the Hoss Cars part way.

—A pooty girl in spectacles sat near us,

and was tellin' a young man how much he reminded her of a man she used to know in Waltham.

Pooty soon the young man got out, and smilin' in a seductive manner, I said to the girl in spectacles,—Don't you remind you of somebody you used to know?

'Yes,' she said, 'you do remind me of one man, but he was sent to the penitentiary for stealin' a bar' of mackerel—

—he died there, so I conclude you ain't him.'

I didn't pursue the conversation.

LADIES RIDING SIDWAYS.—The introduction of this style of riding on horse-back is attributed to Anne of Bohemia, consort of Richard II. She it was (according to Stow) who originally showed the women of England how gracefully and conveniently they might ride on horse-back sideways.

Another old historian, enumerating the fashions of Richard II's reign, observes:—"Like-wise noble ladies used high heads and corsets, and robes with long trains, and seats on side-saddles on their horses, by the example of the respectable Queen Anne, daughter of the King of Bohemia, who first introduced the custom, into the kingdom; for, before, women of every kind rode as men."

A young widow of very polite address, whose husband had lately died, was visited soon after by the minister of the parish, who inquired, as usual, about her husband's health, when she replied, with a peculiar smile, "He's dead, I thank you."

Dobbs says that he has one of the most obedient boys in the world. He tells him to do as he pleases, and he does it without murmuring.

The richest child in Europe—Both's-child

Washington Letter from Mr. William Child.

Washington, July 21, 1865.

Friend Baker:—Not quite four years ago the 45th Regiment P. V. entered this city under command of Col. Welsh, of Columbia, in high spirits, all eager to serve their country in the hour of danger. Fathers, husbands and brothers left their homes and all that was near and dear to them. It was one among the first Regiments that left our country for the seat of war, and I think the 45th had more citizens of Marietta than any other regiment from the State, and have been in the service longer than any other regiment from our section of the State, as most of them re-enlisted after their first three years had expired, and I may say when they first enlisted it was done with a Patriotic motive, as they received no bounty, and all entered the service for the love of the Glorious Old Union, which they have helped to preserve and may many yet live to see the stars and stripes floating as of old, and I hope may ever float over these United States until the last Reveille is sounded when I hope the 45th may all be found in the ranks with their General at the head, who has only gone before them with a company or more of his men, who have sacrificed their lives for their country. When the 45th passed through here the other day, I was again with them, and when I cast my eyes over them as they stood in rank before entering the cars, and as I took them each of my native place by the hand, I thought I must yet see some familiar faces that four years ago I had taken by the hand and welcomed to this city with gladness and joy beaming in our faces, but O, God! how many noble hearts that beat high then are now laid low in the dust, pierced by a fatal ball; died by disease contracted by exposure, or by wounds, after suffering and lingering in hospitals, or starved to death in the loathsome rebel prisons; and how many have been made widows—how many have become fatherless and brotherless—how many chairs have been made vacant, and how many hearts have been made sad within that time; but they have sacrificed their lives in a righteous and noble cause, and I hope their reward is Immortality. Although I have only made mention of the 45th regiment, I would include all, but as I bade farewell for the last time—shook hands with the boys of the 45th for the last time as soldiers, as they had been mustered out the service, a few days before, and on their way to Harrisburg, to be paid off and sent home, each to take his place in the community as citizens once more, I thought that I had neglected some but they had left the ranks. They had gone on furloughs never to return, and their places had been filled in the ranks by stranger faces to me. When I look back and think how many I have taken by the hand the past four years, and welcomed them in the uniform of high privates who now wear the insignia of some officer for their meritorious conduct and bravery during the war, I feel proud of our Marietta boys who can sport a shoulder strap, earned by his own good conduct and bravery; I think I feel full as proud of their shoulder straps as they do who wear them, and I would have all the Marietta boys return home with shoulder straps could I have done so; none should have returned as high privates—all should have been officers, yet many who do not wear the insignia of an officer are none the less deserving, for all could not be officers and placed in command—some must be privates, and I have no doubt all feel as proud returning home as those who wear shoulder straps, and when all become citizens again, I hope the young ladies will not be able to perceive the difference as to what young man wore shoulder straps. I must admit however, that young ladies have been accused of fancying the tinsel on the shoulders of certain persons, more than they do the real worth of the man who wears it; they should recollect the old adage, "that all that glitters is not gold," and recollect all our soldiers have fought to preserve their homes and firesides from the hands of the destroyers, and after four years of toil—and marching—and countermarching, those that are left are now home, or soon will be, to enjoy that peace and comfort they have battled for. I hope they may all soon resume their former occupations in your midst and ever have full and plenty, and live many years to recount their battles, and fight them over again in imagination, to their children, and their children's children, for years to come.

And now, friend Baker, as we have a

History of the Pennsylvania Reserves,

ably written by J. R. Sypher, Esq., I hope he, or some other person, will give us a History of the 45th Penna. Regiment, at least let us have an account of the number enlisted from the borough of Marietta, with the number of killed, wounded, and starved to death, as it would be interesting to many to have such information; for I think there are many more who have left the army on furloughs never to return to this earth, than is generally supposed to be missing from Marietta. Yours, Respectfully,

W. C.

Correspondence of "The Mariettian."

Rebersburg, Centre county, Pa., July 17, 1865.

Dear "Mariettian":—This morning I feel like having a little chat with you and through you with Mariettians. Last Tuesday noon I stood at the upper Station waiting for the train with one kind friend who had come to see me off. Soon the old iron horse came rushing on—baggage was put aboard and with a hasty "goodbye" we were off. Familiar objects were soon left behind, Round Top, Wild Cat, and the old Sawmill soon faded into the distance and I leaned my head against the window and gazed at the varied scenes that came to view as we dashed along the banks of the river, while my thoughts were busy with days gone by spent in the school-room with the girls and boys of Marietta. What varied and beautiful scenery along the Susquehanna; now the hillsides are bold and rocky, now covered with green and shady trees, and now again with waving grain. Through such scenes the rattling train hurried us along until we reached the busy bustling depot at Harrisburg. Here it was necessary to change cars for my course was to be still further along the Susquehanna. Taking the cars of the Northern Central Rail Road, I was soon again on the road bound for Lewisburg, the county seat of Union. It is a beautiful ride abounding in lovely and romantic scenery. We reached Lewisburg about half-past five o'clock in the evening. The bridge over the river at this place was washed away by the freshest last spring and has not yet been rebuilt. Lewisburg is a pleasant little place, well known for the hospitality and kindly spirit of its inhabitants. Many pleasant recollections of a week spent here at a meeting of the State Teachers' Association four years ago still linger in my mind. The University is a fine building standing on a hill to the south of the town and adds greatly to the appearance of the place. After supper the coach drove to the door and we started for a coach ride of nine miles through Buffalo Valley to Millersburg.

Buffalo Valley is as fine a little valley as can well be met with, containing excellent farms, upon which were standing good crops of grain, with promising fields of corn, oats and potatoes. If any one wishes to buy a farm outside of Lancaster County, let him come to Buffalo Valley. For beauty of location, ease of cultivation, and fertility of soil, the farmers in this valley are difficult to surpass. I had a view of sunset as we rode along this evening and a more gorgeous sunset I have seldom witnessed. Before us stretched an unbroken chain of mountains, the sky was covered with clouds except along the top of this mountain chain, where stretched a strip of clear blue; as the sun descended behind the mountain the ragged edges of the clouds caught his beams and were tinged with bright colors, until as he descended lower the whole west was aglow with brightness, as though the gates of the celestial city had opened to let out some glimpses of the eternal glory to shine upon us mortals. Gradually the glory departed, tint after tint of brightness faded and in a short time the clouds had resumed their dull leaden cast.

The lumbering coach still rattled on and about nine o'clock we reached the end of our day's journey, the little village of Millersburg, one of the most cheerful and delightful places in which I have ever had the fortune to spend a night. Four years ago I spent a night here, and a more cheerful, whole souled, sociable party of young lads and lasses I never met than those I met that night. Of course I set to work to find some of them this evening, and was fortunate enough to meet some, though not all in the same condition or bearing the same name as they did then. Some, alas! were no more to be found, for some lie buried beside the village church, while others sleep a soldier's sleep beneath

A Naughty Story.

A New York correspondent writes: "Shall I tell you a naughty story? Let its veracity excuse it:

"Some time last winter a carnival came off on one of the Brooklyn ponds. Everybody was expected to wear fancy dress and mark, and the affair being very select, good folks, by scores, resolved to go. Among them were Mr. Folie—I see that you demand all the names—and his handsome lady of Clinton avenue. Clinton avenue is the Madison square, the West Green street of Brooklyn, and Mrs. Folie is the most admired mistress of its most sumptuous dwelling.

"She was quite a good figure upon steel, having practiced upon the Capito-line—not to speak of parlor skating, which teaches one the motion quite as well—every good afternoon. But unfortunately, Mr. Folie, who must necessarily make one of the party, did not know the use of patins, though to gratify his wife, who was much too 'proper' to go anywhere by night, unaccompanied by her husband, he consented to the carnival. Folie had never seen his wife on ice, being a close business man, through something of a gallant, so he acknowledged her to be a nice thing, when gliding off so excellently, and rolling so elegantly. Poor fellow! must he patter around like a cripple, while she could skim like a racer? However, they masked at last in the separate buildings provided for the sexes, and put on their distinct costumes. Mr. Folie wore a dress of the time of Cosmo the First, and Mrs. Folie appeared as a fair Bretoness, with a starched cap and skirt gown, which gave her graceful limbs free circulation.—Folie, being absorbed in business, forgot to ask what his wife's garb would be; but Mrs. Folie, to be well protected, had betrayed her domino to a gentleman whom she made promise not to reveal her incognito, and particularly to introduce no gentleman to her who was not absolutely fastidious and honorable. So they shot out for the pond; the ice was smooth as crystal; drummond lights threw wide splashes of brightness to and fro, but here and there were dark isolated covers and corners, secure from intrusion. The people were numerous and the costumes so motley that the angel of the Plague would not have known whom to spare. So for an instant Mrs. Folie's friend disappeared, being a poor skater and unable to keep up with her, till returning, he made her acquainted with Mr. Dromio. Bowing merely, but not unmasking, the new arrival glided to Mrs. Folie's side, took her hands in his as couples on ice do, and they "rolled off" like two marvelous automatons. Dromio wore a splendid Florentine dress, plumed cap, long ringlets, dark hose over shapely limbs, with sword, jewelled dagger, and the cross of the order of St. John. He was the best gymnast on the pond—raced backward, forward, High Dutch, wriggle inside out, heel up, squirm, turn over, swallow himself! Mrs. Folie was in ecstasies. She was animated to a generous rivalry, and surpassed her own previous agility. Warmed by exercise and contact, their tones grew softer, their speech grew less formal; poor Mrs. Folie once slipped, when Dromio superbly caught her by the waist, and, bold man! kept his hand around her when they were again aloft.

"Withdraw your arm," whispered Mrs. Folie, "my husband is here—he may know you."

"Say not so," exclaimed the ardent Dromio; "let us ourselves withdraw."

"They glided off to the far angles of the pond, where, unobserved, their conversation sweetened. At last the supple Florentine seized Mrs. Folie's hand and swore it was the fairest on Long Island.

"Flatterer!" she answered. "If this were not the Carnival, I should be indignant."

"But since it is the Carnival, give me one kiss—you will not refuse me?"

"She did not. They lingered a luscious moment on the margin of the world moral and the demi monde, and then the bell at the great gate rang—the Carnival was over—it was time to unmask.

"I fear to uncover," said the lady, "you men are so seldom honorable!"

"But you must; the hour has arrived. Come! We must, we shall, meet again! Let us draw!"

"They slipped off the dark visages instantaneously, and looked into each other's faces.

"Good heavens! It is Folie!"

"My wife! my wife!" said the strong man, and they wilted.

"This closed the tableau.

"I may add that Folie was a good skater; but wishing to have some fun on his own account, had not told his wife so."

The "Ladies' Man."

By his air and gait, the ultra fashionable style of his clothing, the killing curl of his mustache, the "look and die" expression of his simpering face, his stream of small talk, and sundry other signs and tokens of a plethora of vanity, and a lack of soul and brain, you may distinguish at a glance the individual who plumes himself upon being a "ladies' man." His belief in his own irresistibility is written all over him. And to say the truth, your ladies' men have some ground for their self-conceit. It is indubitable that girls do sometimes fall in love, or what they suppose to be love, with fellows who look as if they had walked out of tailor's fashion plates—creatures that by the aid of the various artists who contribute to the "make up" of human popinjays have been converted into superb samples of what art can effect in the way of giving men an unmanly appearance. The woman who marries one of these flutterers, is to be pitied; for, if she has any glimmerings of common sense, and a heart under her bodice, she will soon discover that her dainty has no more of a man's spirit in him than an automatic figure on a Savoyard's hand-organ. But a woman worth a true man's love is never caught by such a specimen of ornamental hollow-ware. A sensible woman is, in fact, a terror to "ladies' men," for they are aware that her penetrating eye looks through them, and sounds the depth of their emptiness. She knows the man indeed from the trumpery counterfeit, and has no touch of the mackerel propensity to jump at a flashy bait, in her wholesome composition. The lady's man should be permitted to live and die a bachelor. His vocation is to dangle after the sex, to talk soft nonsense, to carry shawls and fans, to astonish bearding school misses, and to kindle love flames as evanescent and harmless as the fizz of a squib. If, however he must become a Benedick, let him be yoked with some vain and silly flirt, his natural counterpart. So shall the law of fitness not be outraged.