

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 26, 1865.

VOL. XII.—NO. 3.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
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-St., Marietta,
Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

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 col-
umns, 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,
Bardets, &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.

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 Landisville at 7:43 a. m., Manheim
at 8:13; Ephrata at 8:43; Reinholds-
ville 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
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 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.

7:15 P. M.—PASSENGER TRAIN
for Reading and intermediate sta-
tions, connecting at Landisville at 2:50 P. M.
with Express train of Penn'a. R. R., both
East and West, leaving Manheim at 3:26; Litiz
at 3:51; Ephrata at 4:16; Reinholds-ville 4:37;
Sinking Springs 5:03 and arriving at Reading
at 5:30 P. M. At Reading connection is made
with trains for Pottsville and Lebanon Valley.

LEAVE LITIZ AT
2:15 P. M.—Express Passenger Train
for Reading and intermediate sta-
tions, leaving Ephrata at 2:44, Reinholds-ville,
3:11; Sinking Springs, 3:30 and arriving at
Reading at 3:45 P. M. At Reading connection
is made with East 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 sta-
tions, leaving Sinking Springs at 6:16; Rein-
holds-ville at 6:44, Ephrata at 7:11, Litiz at
7:41, Manheim at 7:58, making connection at
Landisville with train of East Penn'a. R. R.,
reaching Lancaster at 8:33 A. M. and Phila-
delphia at 12:30; arriving at Columbia at 9
o'clock, A. M., there connecting the Ferry for
Wrightsville and Northern Central Railroad,
at 10:45 A. M. with train of Penn'a. Railroad
to the West.

10:55 A. M.—Passenger Train for Litiz
and intermediate stations, in ad-
dition of passenger trains from Philadelphia
and Pottsville, leaving Sinking Springs at 11:18
Reinholds-ville at 11:53; Ephrata 12:28 and
arriving at Litiz 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; Reinholds-ville 6:59; Ephra-
ta 7:26; Litiz 7:50; Manheim 8:11; Landis-
ville 8:37; arriving at Columbia at 9 P. M.

Through tickets to New-York, Phila-
delphia and Lancaster sold at principal sta-
tions. Freight carried with utmost prompt-
ness and dispatch, at the lowest rates.

Further information with regard to Freight
passage, may be obtained from the agents
of the Company.
MEXEN COHEN, Superintendent.
E. F. KEYSER, General Freight and Ticket
Agent.

DR. J. Z. HOFFER,
DENTIST,
OF THE BALTIMORE COLLEGE
OF DENTAL SURGERY,
LATE OF HARRISBURG.
OFFICE—2nd Street, next door to R.
Williams' Drug Store, between Locust
and Walnut streets, Columbia.

DR. WM. B. FAHNESTOCK,
OFFICE—MAIN-ST., NEARLY OPPOSITE
Spangler & Patterson's Store.
From 8 A. M.
" 1 to 2 P. M.
" 6 to 7 P. M.

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 re-
sumed the practice of Medicine.
Especially attention paid to Surgical cases
in which branch of his profession he has had
very considerable experience.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Diseases of the Urinary and Sexual Systems.
Best and reliable treatment. Also, the
Bland Chamber, an Essay of warning and
instruction, sent in sealed envelopes, free of
charge. Address, Dr. J. SKILLIN HIGHTON,
Philadelphia, No. 2 South Ninth-st.,
[Jan. 1, '65-ly.]

F. L. BAKER, SCRIVENER. All kinds of
Legal instruments prepared with care
and accuracy. He can be found at the office
"between the Post Office Corner and
Front Street."
DANIEL G. BAKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, PA.
OFFICE—No. 24 NORTH DUXE STREET
opposite the Court House, where he will at-
tend to the practice of his profession in all its
branches.

The Old Man's Darling.

So I'm "crazy" in loving a man of three
score;
Why, I had never come to my senses
before,
But I'm doubtful of yours, if you're think-
ing to prove
My insanity just by the fact of my love.
You would like to know what are his
wonderful wiles;
Only delicate praises and flattering
smiles;
'Tis no spell of enchantment, no magi-
cal art,
But the way he says "darling" that
goes to my heart.
Yes, he's "sixty," I cannot dispute with
you there,
But you'd make him a hundred, I think,
if you dare;
And I'm glad all his folly of first love
is past,
Since I'm sure, of the two, it is best to
be last.

"His hair is as white as the snowdrift,"
you say;
Then I never shall see it change slowly
to gray;
But I almost could wish, for his dear
sake alone,
That my tresses were nearer the hue of
his own.

"He can't see," then I'll help him to
see and to hear;
If it's needful, you know, I can sit very
near;
And he's young enough yet to interpret
the tone
Of a heart that is beating up close to
his own.

I "must aid him;" ah! that is my pleas-
ure and pride;
I should love him for this if for nothing
beside;
And though I've more reasons than I
can recall,
Yet the one that "he needs me" is
strongest of all.

So, if I'm insane, you will own, I am sure
That the case is so hopeless it's past
any cure;
And, besides, it is acting no very wise
part,
To be treating the head for disease of
the heart.

And if anything could make a woman
believe
That no dream can delude, and no fancy
deceive,
That she never knew lover's enchant-
ment before,
It's being the darling of one of three-
score!

WOULDN'T COME A SECOND TIME.—C
—, now of California, was for a time
secretary of the state of Illinois. One
day, during the legislative vacation, a
meek, cadaverous looking man, with a
white neckcloth, introduced himself to
him at his office, and stating that he had
been informed that Mr. C.—had the
letting of the hall of representatives,
he wished to secure it, if possible, for a
course of lectures he desired to deliver
in Springfield.

"May I ask," said the secretary,
"what is to be the subject of your lec-
tures?"
"Certainly," was the reply, with a
very solemn expression of countenance.
"The course I wish to deliver is on the
second coming of the Lord."
"It is of no use," said C.— "If
you take my advice, you will not waste
your time in this city. It is my private
opinion that if the Lord has been in
Springfield once, He will never come a
second time."

JOKE ON A MINISTER.—A young fellow
was taking a sleigh-ride with a pretty
girl when he met a Methodist minister
who was somewhat celebrated for tying
the knot matrimonial at short notice.
He stopped him, and asked, hurriedly—
"Can you tie a knot for me?"
"Yes," said Brother B.— "I guess
so; when do you want it done?"
"Well, right away," was the reply;
"is it lawful, though, here in the high-
way?" asked the wag.
"Oh, yes; this is as good a place as
any—as safe as the church itself."
"Well, then, I want a knot tied in my
horse's tail, to keep it out of the snow!"
shouted the wicked wag, as he drove
rapidly away, fearing lest the minister,
in his profane wrath, should fall from
grace.

All in your I. What is it in putting
its eyes out, leaves nothing but a nose?
Noise.

Sight Seeing in Washington City.

FOR THE MARIETTIAN.
Friend Baker:—Well, I believe we
left off at the Metropolitan Hall; this
neighborhood is lined with drinking
hells and bawdy houses, so we will pass
on and take a sight down Pennsylvania
avenue from the Treasury building.
Ain't it a grand sight?—how beautiful
those lamps look, lining the avenue for
more than a mile on each side; those
red and blue lights you see passing each
other are the lights of the street cars;
the red ones are the cars running from
Georgetown to the Washington depot;
the green or blue ones, are the cars
from Georgetown to the Navy yard; all
you have to do therefore is to remember
the color of the lights and you know
their destination—during the day you
can read on the side of the cars the
name of the line. By your permission
we will now proceed to Georgetown;
now we are near 10th street; that
building, with a kind of cupola, just be-
yond D street, is Ford's Theatre—
was prior to April 14, 1865—where J.
Wilkes Booth performed the last trag-
edy by shooting our worthy and humane
President. That building on the right-
hand corner is the "Kirkwood House,"
where President Johnson was to have
been dispatched. Do you observe that
line of hacks—looking like a funeral—
they are all for hire, but before you en-
ter one, be certain to ascertain what
they are allowed to charge you, or they
will grossly impose on you; they are al-
lowed one dollar an hour, but they will
charge you five if you do not know bet-
ter than to give it to them. There you
see another angle handsomely fenced in
and fine shade trees around it—that is
Grover's Theatre—it is the only theatre
in the city now open. That large build-
ing to the right is "Willard's Hotel"—
it looks very gloomy just now; in 1861
it was like a "bee hive"—literally jam-
med night and day with sojourners, it
being general head quarters for idle ar-
my officers. That large building to our
left with those large columns is the
Treasury building; that rather old-fash-
ioned brick house near by is called the
State Department, a very unpretending
place for Secretary Seward to occupy;
a new one, however, on a fine scale, is
about being erected; that on our right
is the banking house of Jay Cooke &
Co. That rather dilapidated building
to our right is Riggs & Co's banking
house. There near by is Lafayette
Square with its fine walks and delight-
ful shade trees, in the centre is Clark
Mills' equestrian statue of General
Jackson; that white building on our
left is the "White House" occupied at
present by that poor tailor, Andrew
Johnson; that fine room is the "East
Room," which is almost always open to
"everybody and the rest of mankind."
The building, you will observe, does not
make much of an outside display, but
the grounds are very handsome—the
view toward the Potomac beautiful; in
the centre of the lawn is a fine fountain
and basin, and a music stand for the
Marine band to play—during the Sum-
mer evenings—every Saturday evening;
here, too, the aristocracy, like in the
Capitol grounds, display their fineries
whilst the poor go to enjoy the cool
shade and fine music. The "Marine"
is a fine band, composed of 38 members,
dressed in red coats and white pants.
Here we are now at the corner of 17th
street, that building at our right is the
Art building, built by the banker Cor-
coran, but as he left for England at the
breaking out of the war, the govern-
ment has taken possession of his prop-
erty and converted this building into a
Quartermaster department; that to the
left on 17th street is the War Depart-
ment and that just below it the Navy.
Here we are at the "Circle"—that in
the centre is the statue of Geo. Wash-
ington facing Washington city and turn-
ing his back on Georgetown; here is
24th street, that encampment to the
right is Col. Joseph W. Fisher's 195th
Regiment, to which quite a number of
Marietta boys are attached. I have
been out to see them several times and
they want very much to return home—
they complain that other regiments
have been mustered out that entered the
service since they have, and that as the
war is virtually over, they dislike play-
ing soldier, as they now term it. The
boys appear all to be in good health.
Now we approach the bridge which con-
nects Georgetown with Washington—it
is a plain looking structure, but being
iron cost the government a vast deal of
money. Here we are in the old fashion-
ed city of Georgetown with its narrow
streets and old styled houses. That

building in the forest on top of that hill,
with the stars and stripes floating so
high is "Arlington Heights," the rebel
Gen. Lee's home. We will now take a
stroll down to 7th street and take the
street cars for the wharf, and see what
can be seen there. That iron bridge
we crossed is over the canal, a rather
muddy looking ditch when the tide is
down, and a very disagreeable odor—as
you pass over it at any time; that en-
closure to the right is the Smithsonian
Institute grounds and extends up to 12th
street along canal. To the left is what
is called Armory square, those long
frame buildings are the Armory square
Hospitals, and are yet occupied by some
invalid soldiers; the building above
the hospitals is the Armory where they
made cartridges for the army and navy
before the war, when such articles were
not in so great demand, and leaden and
iron pills were only given in Allopathic
doses. It was in one of those Armories
that eighteen of our young ladies met
their sudden death, about a year since,
by the explosion of some of their pills,
scattering their bodies in fragments in
all directions; one of the largest funerals
ever had in this city was the burial
of those poor unfortunate girls at one
time in the Congressional burying
grounds, and a monument has been er-
ected over their remains in memory of their
sad fate.

That road leads to Alexandria; that
is called Maryland Avenue and on this
side of the canal is called the Island;
that road crosses what is known as the
"Long Bridge" and has been termed the
Military road in consequence of the
government exclusively using it to con-
vey troops and military stores over it,
but now other travelers can ride on it
for 30 cents to Alexandria. There is
the great Potomac river; those bar-
nacks or sheds are filled with forage,
mountains of hay and straw and bags of
oats, and just look out into the stream
and see the barges loaded with the same.
Steamboats make daily excursions down
the river to Mount Vernon and other
points. There is the "Avenue House"
—one of the most quiet in the city—no
bar room attached to the hotel and just
far enough from the avenue to make it
quiet and the charges reasonable. That
point over to the right is the "Seaton
House," erected within the past two
years; it is a fine house and fronts on
Louisiana avenue and E street; that on
the left is the "National Intelligencer"
office; that building has been very much
improved, and that to the left is the
Post Office; there is nothing of note in
this building unless it be the book in
which Benjamin Franklin kept the ac-
counts of the post office department
when the postal system was first adopt-
ed; it is a small common day book; in
comparison with the books now used, it
is really a curiosity. That building just
across the street is the Patent office,
which is well worth a visit, alone, while
on a visit here. It is occupied by the
Agricultural department in the base-
ment; they are also forming a museum
of the various fruits of the country, ar-
ranged beautifully in glass cases, in two
rooms. This part is well worth a visit
to see the mammoth Pears, Apples, and
other fruits; the different varieties of
the same fruits from different States,
showing the action of different climates
upon the same fruit; but I will not at-
tempt a description. The upper floors
of this building are occupied by the Sec-
retary of the Interior, Commissioner of
Patents, &c. The Patent office alone
would consume a vast deal of time to
properly examine one-half the curiosities
deposited there—such a collection for
here you can see models of buildings,
bridges, locomotives, and indeed any and
every thing that would be likely to light-
en man's burden. One of the most at-
tractive cases in the building is that
one containing the wardrobe of General
George Washington, with his military
equipage, and one containing his china
ware. There are but few relics or nat-
ural curiosities left in the building, as
they have been removed to the "Smith-
sonian Institute," (where we will here-
after go). This (the Patent office)
building, when completed, will be one
if not the finest, in the city; when finish-
ed you will be able to walk two squares
on the inside of the building, for you
will observe that it just occupies two
squares. It now has the best appear-
ance of any of the public buildings, as it
stands so much higher than most of the
others, as, for instance, the Post Office
building has the appearance of having
sunk at least one story into the ground,
and the White House looks simi-
lar.

More anon, W. C.

How SHE SWORE.—A correspondent
of the World writing from Richmond,
relates an incident as follows:

Taking the oath reminds me of a local
joke which my pen cannot resist record-
ing. A modest young country girl, on
applying for rations to one of our relief
agents, a few days ago, was asked if she
had ever taken the oath. "No, indeed,
sir," was her terrified reply, "I never
swore in all my life." "But you must
take the oath my good girl," said the
agent, "or I cannot give you the rations."
"No, indeed, I can't sir," said the girl,
"mother always taught me never to
swear." The agent mildly persisted, and
the maiden as pertinaciously refused all
attempts at persuasion, until overcome
at last by the dreadful conflict between
necessity and her high sense of moral
duty—she stammered out, with down-
cast lids, "Well, sir, if you will make
me do such a horrid, wicked thing—d—n
the Yankees!"

A WEDDING INCIDENT.—The story is
told of a temperance man, who, being at
a wedding was asked to drink the bride's
health in a glass of wine which was of-
fered him. He refused to partake of the
intoxicating liquid, and said when he
drank her health, it would be in that
which resembled her most in purity, and
he knew nothing better than water, pure
water. He then drank to her health in a
glass of God's beverage—sparkling
water. The ladies immediately stepped
forward, and making a respectful cour-
tesy, thanked him for the beautiful com-
pliment he had just paid the fair bride,
when it was resolved that all intoxicat-
ing drinks be banished from the room.

TALLEYRAND.—There are a set of men
who are continually boring people for
autographs; few have the talent of re-
fusing them with politeness. Talley-
rand, being once asked a similar favor
by an English nobleman, promised to
send him one in a few days, and thus
kept his word. He sent him an invita-
tion to dinner: "Will you oblige me
with your company to dinner, on Wed-
nesday next, at eight o'clock? I have
invited a number of exceedingly clever
persons, and do not like to be the only
fool among them."

PIG IN THE BED.—A little girl had
been entertained with stories about pigs
one evening, and highly amused with an
imitation from a facetious brother, of
the manner in which they "grant."
The following morning, she rose from
her "nest," beside her father, and list-
ened to his snoring with unfeigned as-
tonishment. After a moment, she cried
out,
"Mamma, mamma, do, dust some 'ere!'
Pon my life, I tink dere's a pig in dis
bed."

SETTLEMENT.—"Now, then, when are
we going to have a settlement of this
account?" exclaimed an irascible credi-
tor to an imperturbable debtor. "We
have had a settlement," was the reply.
"When—where—how?" began the credi-
tor. "Didn't I come in to see you
about it last month?" asked the debtor.
"Yes." "And I meant to settle it then,
didn't I?" "Well—yes, I believe so."
"Very well, then, wasn't that a settle-
ment?"

Napkins have their etiquette.
They are to be laid open on the knees,
and not fastened to the waistcoat or
button-hole. At the close of a meal, at
home, you may fold your napkin and slip
it into its ring, to serve for another oc-
casion. Out, you must leave your nap-
kin, wiped up or exactly as you have
finished with it, on the table. To fold
it would look as if you considered your-
self one of the family, or at least on a
staying visit.

A clergyman of Saratoga Springs,
a few Sundays since, was preaching a
sermon on death, in the course of which
he asked the question, "Is it not a sol-
emn thought?" His little boy, four
years old, who had been listening with
wrap attention to his father, immedi-
ately answered in a shrill, piping voice, so
as to be heard throughout the house,
"Yes, sir, it is,"—greatly to the amuse-
ment of the congregation.

Flowery language. A lover re-
ceived the following note, accompanied by
a bouquet of flowers: "Dear—, I
send you by the boy a bucket of flour.
They is like my love for u. The nite
shaid meones kepe dark. The dog fenil
menes I am your slave. Bosis red and
posis pail, my love for u shall never falo."

When does a lady resemble a nut?
When she has fibert nails, hazel eyes,
chestnut hair, and a colonel (kernel)
for a husband.

JAY COOKE, THE SUBSCRIPTION AGENT.

—Mr. Jay Cooke, an enterprising and
successful Philadelphia banker, has al-
ways been one of the most efficient ne-
gotiators of public securities. Four
years ago, when Pennsylvania State
stocks were down to 85, he worked and
brought them up to par, and at that rate
he obtained three million dollars for the
State, for raising and equipping her
troops. When the Secretary of the
Treasury gave various bankers through-
out the country commissions to negoti-
ate his first loans, Mr. Cooke was al-
ways among the most successful. He
infused a portion of his own great en-
ergy into his sub-agents, and seemed to
best understand how to present the
claims of the Government to the people.
When the 5.20 loan was authorized, it
was before the public many months
without attracting any attention, and
the total sales by the Government were
only about eight millions. The war ex-
penses were so vast that banks and bank-
ers were no longer able to supply money
in sufficient amounts, and the Secretary
of the Treasury was compelled to adopt
some plan for appealing directly to the
people to supply the means for sustain-
ing the Government. Popular loans
had never been tried, and their nature
was not generally understood. Capital
is always sensitive, and capitalists, large
and small, were not only to be told that
there was a 5.20 loan on the market,
but were to be convinced that it was
the best as well as the most patriotic in-
vestment. Mr. Cooke's high character
and previous successes induced the
Secretary to appoint him General Sub-
scription Agent. The press and the
telegraph were immediately put in mo-
tion. A large sum was spent in adver-
tising, the distribution of a great variety
of circulars and handbills, &c., the em-
ployment of travelers, and in establish-
ing sub-agencies throughout the loyal
States. It has always been Mr. Cooke's
policy to have our loans taken at home,
and he has never solicited subscriptions
abroad, believing that our own people
should have the advantage of the inter-
est. The result of Mr. Cooke's efforts
for the 5.20s is well known.

As great success always occasions
jealousy, complaints of favoritism to-
wards Mr. Cooke were made against the
Treasury Department, which a special
report to Congress proved to be without
the slightest foundation.

About this time the National Bank-
ing System was established, and it was
a part of the plan that the National
Banks should be the financial agents of
the Government. While publicly ex-
pressing the warmest gratitude to Mr.
Cooke for his past great and successful
efforts, the Secretary of the Treasury
determined to try the experiment of
placing the 10.40 loan through their
agency. In four months but eighty mil-
lions were sold. On July 25th, 1864,
the First Series of 7.20s was offered
through the same channel, but, up to
Feb 1st, 1865, a period of six months,
the sales and payments to soldiers
amounted to only about one hundred
and twenty millions. This rate of sub-
scription not being sufficient to meet
the public wants, it was determined to
return to the agency of Mr. Cooke, un-
der whose management the sales began
to show an increase within the first
week, and in less than two weeks aver-
aged two millions a day. During the
first thirty days they reached one hun-
dred millions—an average of about four
millions for each working day. The first
series was exhausted on the 30th of
March, when the sale of the Second Se-
ries of three hundred millions was begun.
This series was all sold on the 13th of
May, deducting Sundays and holidays,
in the wonderfully short space of thirty-
six working days—making an average
of eight and one-third millions per day.
The sale of the Third Series then com-
menced, but, owing to the fact that the
Treasurer was unable to deliver the
notes, comparatively little effort was
made to influence subscriptions until
June 1st, when deliveries were advertis-
ed to begin.

Although other causes than imperfect
agencies retarded the subscriptions in
the summer and autumn of 1864, it can-
not be denied that their subsequent
success was chiefly from Mr. Cooke's
energetic direction. His efforts have
certainly been as unceasing and his wis-
dom, skill, and energies have certainly
been taxed as much as those of any com-
mander in the field, and with results
not less important. He has been ably
assisted by his brother Henry F. Cooke
and H. C. Fahnestock—both partners
in the firm of Jay Cooke & Co.