

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

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TERMS.

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Having put up a new Jobber press and added a large addition of job type, border, etc., will enable the establishment to execute every description of Plain and Fancy Printing, from the smallest card to the largest poster, at short notice and reasonable rates.

The Reaper.

There is a reaper, whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the hoarded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Small I have naught that is fair?" said he,
"Have naught but the hoarded grain?"
Through the breath of those flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes;
He kissed their drooping leaves,
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child."

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she would find them all again,
In the fields of light above.

Oh! in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
"Was an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away."

From the Lancaster Express.

On a Raft.

From Marietta to Peach Bottom—Grand and imposing Scenery—Running the Rapids—A short trip worth taking—Enterprise at the lower end.

Many people make summer tours to the falls—places—to Niagara, the Mammoth Cave, the sea shore, or the lakes, in search of the grand and the sublime, not knowing, perhaps, that right here at our own doors, we have one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, whose banks rival in grandeur those of any other in the country. We refer to our glorious Susquehanna. How many of the citizens of this county have ever looked upon or floated over its surface as it winds along and washes the southern border of the Old Guard? Comparatively very few. Yet this is not so much to be wondered at when we consider that the stream is not navigable for boats, and that only about six weeks of the year, in early spring, is it of sufficient depth to admit of the passage of rafts. But this is the time to make the trip, and it can be made at a trifling cost. We have heard, occasionally, of excursion parties passing down on these rude craft, but we have never seen any detailed account of such "voyage," and we have concluded that those who made it were so enraptured with the grandeur of the trip, that they kept it to themselves, lest others might follow and enjoy it likewise. We—that is one of the corps of the Express—have "done" thirty miles of this rafting, and will not be so selfish as to keep it to ourselves; but will tell all we know and have seen—as far as our memory will accompany us.

Let us see. It was on Thursday last that we received a pressing invitation from our genial friend, ex-Sheriff Boyd, to visit Marietta and raft with him to his home at Peach Bottom, where he, in company with ex Representative Nat. Mayer, have recently put up a new saw mill—but of that hereafter. The temptation could not be resisted, and at dusk we stepped from the cars into Houseal's hotel, at the Upper Station, Marietta. Houseal's is the headquarters of the lumbermen, and the scene in and about the house is one of much interest to the outside looker-on. Here are found the "up-river men," who bring the timber down, and here they meet the manufacturers and merchants from abroad. At this point, nearly all the lumber changes hands. Buyers are present from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other

er points, mixing with the shrewd up-river men and the hardy and bronzed raftsmen. During the running season of six or eight weeks, millions of dollars change hands at Houseal's. Here the bargains are made, the drafts signed, or the money paid down, and each departs for his home in the bustling city or the solitudes of Clearfield. Night and day Houseal's is crowded with these people, buying, selling or bargaining. They talk nothing but timber from the hour they reach there until the hour they depart. It is timber, and only timber, just as jockies talk horse and only horse, at a race track. You can easily distinguish them. Each carries in his hand a stick, cut from a neighboring thicket. These sticks are from three to five feet in length, and if you go down to the rafts, which line the river for miles, you will discover that these sticks are used as measuring rods, and your curiosity is satisfied. The season, thus far, has been a remarkably good one, and prices are said to be "up." The number of rafts which came down are almost countless, and one would suppose that the source of supply must give out at no distant day. Old river men, however, say that the same apprehensions were felt thirty years ago, but timber is just as plenty as ever. The timber here is mostly from the West Branch, and principally from Clearfield county.

But we started out to tell of an expedition down the river on a raft, and it is about time that we were at work. Meeting some Marietta friends in the evening we discussed the matter over a bottle of pop, and affectionate farewells were taken. During the talk frequent hints were thrown out that the proposed expedition would not consist of a "champagne party," and then suggestive winks were interchanged between knowing ones. We sought information. We learned that the natives have a vague tradition, that once upon a time, a party of ladies and gentlemen made the trip from Marietta to Port Deposit, and all the way down they drank Heidsieck and Moselle, instead of Susquehanna water, and Marietta lightning. From that day to this—however remote the period—frequent mysterious allusions are made to the "champagne party." It is stated that a certain well known editor of this city, was taken along as historian, but the world has never been treated to any rattling literature from his racy pen.

We retired early and slept soundly on one of Houseal's downy beds—two in a bed—until unmistakably emphatic knocks at the chamber door aroused us long before daylight. The sturdy pilot was there, and told us it was time to "weigh anchor"—or something like that—and be off. Down we went through the chill morning air to the river. It was just four o'clock. The sun had not yet streaked the eastern sky, but the moon was right over-head and silver bright. Reaching the raft we found the pilot and crew already there, and as we stepped aboard, the tow line was cast off and we were adrift on the broad bosom of the Susquehanna. The crew consisted of the pilot and eight men, and with the ex-Sheriff and your humble jotter down of this veracious narrative, there were just eleven of us, all told. Now about the raft. We crept along at a snail's pace, and had ample opportunity for observation. The raft, then, was one hundred and ten feet in length and twenty-four in width. The logs (the lumbermen called them "sticks") of which there were fifty-eight, from fifty to seventy feet in length—each, are lashed together with bickory wishes and oak saplings. (The cost of such a raft is about \$1,500.) At either end is an immense rudder, which keeps the raft in the channel; and thus it drifts along, without sail or steam. In calm water there is no putting on pressure or reversing the engine at rugged places; it is simply at the mercy of the river, and but for the experience of the pilot, would not drift many miles without being torn to pieces in the rapids or among the rocks. For the first three or four miles down, the progress is very slow; and did the water continue in the even tenor of its way, rafting would prove quite monotonous. But it does not, as we shall see by and by. Perhaps it would be well, right here, to say a word about the pilot—or captain, as we called him—and on whose judgement and experience our safety depended. Capt. Christ Shuman is a medium-sized, thick set, muscular man, of about forty years of age, with a clear grey eye, sandy hair and whiskers, bronzed face, and rather a pleasing expression of countenance—a gentle Susquehanna "sea-dog." He has followed the river from boyhood and

not wrecked a raft in ten years, so we felt pretty safe on that score. But like all pilots we have ever met, whether on the Ohio, the Mississippi, the James, the bay or the ocean, Captain Shuman has very few words to say, but keeps his eyes wide open and about him, whether floating over unruffled waters or dashing down the rapids. Now, with this brief and imperfect photograph of the pilot, we will go ahead. Just as the sun is gilding the spires and windows of Wrightsville, we reach the shute at the Columbia dam. Here we meet the first "rough water." In we go. The raft creeps and bends, and we "ship a sea" that sweeps from stem to stern, but we are soon through and once more on calm water. A few miles further down, we round Turkey Hill. This is a bold, precipitous bluff, and here begin a succession of rocky bluffs, some towering several hundred feet overhead. It is here that the grandeur of Susquehanna scenery forces itself upon the mind. The water is rough, too, and we dash along at the rate of six miles an hour—and, as we go, we pass in the course of a mile, enough grand and romantic points that would make the fortunes of any half dozen of rivers in the country, did they possess them. These views follow in such rapid succession that it is almost impossible to take a fair look at any one, before another diverts your attention. These bluffs are rock and earth. The rocks are frequently covered with a soft velvety-like moss, and between the crevices and along the sides shoot up the cedar, water oak, sycamore, dog-wood and other smaller trees. Wernunthrough Connelly's break, a short but ugly rapid which takes its name, like many other such along the river, from the person who has, at some time or other, been wrecked in it. Next come several immense rocks, jutting out into the river, lowering a hundred feet into the air, and known as Star Rock, Sliding Rock, Bark's Point, &c. Passing these the river becomes more swift, and in a few moments after we are running over Fry's Falls. This is a long and dangerous rapid. The water all round is churned into a foam, dashes over on the sides, and the raft strains and groans and twists as if going to pieces at every turn. The pilot is at the bow giving directions snatching the rudder, or looking out to avoid running upon the rocks. This is the only place during the excursion, that he has manifested any excitement. It is considered the most dangerous point on the river. That this is not without foundation may easily be inferred from the fact that three or four wrecks were lying upon the rocks, and their crews working to get them off. When a raft once strikes here there is little chance for her—she invariably goes to pieces, and he must be a good swimmer who can stem the torrent. Loss of life is not infrequent. Wherever ships sail or boats run, there are a class of men known as "wreckers." We have them on the Susquehanna and during the season they are quite active. If a raft goes to pieces or a log breaks loose, the wrecker is about with his boat and hook. He tows the log ashore, ties it, and waits the coming of the owner. Should it be claimed, he claims his salvage. If not claimed, he sells it, often doing a good day's work. The wreckers are numerous at Fry's Falls. A short space of calm water and we strike another rapid called "Running between the Brothers"—so-called from the fact that on each shore of the river, and directly opposite, are two bluffs strongly resembling each other. Leaving the Brothers we have comparatively smooth water until we strike the dam at Safe Harbor. As we near this spot, the prospect is anything but pleasant to weak nerves—which we haven't, but some people have. The river roars and hisses and seethes over its rocky bed, as if it would grind to pieces everything that would come in its way. But it don't. We went right up to the encounter without quailing, (we might just as well have gone that way as any other, seeing we had to go whether we wanted to or no) and dashed right over the breast of the dam into the seething cauldron on the other side. The raft carried us through in safety, but she performed some curious curvettings and twisting, suggestive of a general smash up.

At this point the character of the scenery changes as well as the character of the river. The bluffs are not so large and imposing, while the river is dotted with little islands, and bold and massive rocks loom up right in the middle of the channel. We run through Eshleman's Sluice, a short but snappy little rapid, and next come in view of the pier of the York Furnace Bridge. The

navigation here is a little difficult and wrecks are frequent. The channel is tortuous, winding round and round these huge boulders, which are washed smooth by the ever dashing water. We pass Ellis' Rock, the Upper and Lower Neck, all along which are many things to see well worth seeing, but which the rapid current permits but a glance and thus prevents us from referring to them in detail. On either side, or on the islands, miniature cascades dance down the bluffs or over the rocks. The scene here, if not so imposing as farther up, is really enchanting. We are now near the York county side of the river, having hugged the Lancaster shore all the way down, but we soon get over again. We next strike McCall's Ferry. The river at this point is exceedingly deep, and not two hundred yards wide. The surface is smooth and we glide along quietly. From one of the little coves that dot the shore, out shoots a skiff, and rapidly approaches the raft. To the uninitiated it seems as if a custom-house officer was about to take up his quarters with us, or else that some bold buccaner intended to levy tribute. We were soon undeceived, however. The boat was simply a floating restaurant—carrying solids and liquids—and inasmuch as we did not provide ourselves with refreshments before starting, the visit was a grateful one. The doughnuts were good, and the apple-jack equal to any we ever found in the Old Dominion, once famous for its apple-jack and healthy niggers. But we must push on. We run over McCall's Falls, and next we are dashing through the rapids known as Neal's Fishery. This is a long and swift stretch, and carries us into Fite's Eddy, where we overtook a raft that was in sight all day, but which the eddy holds in its grasp as if unwilling it should go further. We help our distressed brethren out, and have a "good time" getting out ourselves, which we finally do, and in a run of a mile or so we strike calm water. Here the river is a mile and a half wide, and as we float along it seems as if we were gliding over a sun-gilt bay instead of the turbulent waters that came with us. There is no occasion now to watch the rudder so closely, and all hands stretch themselves upon deck and enjoy a nap, or drink in the beautiful panorama of water and bluff. Three miles further on we strike Johnson's Mount, a huge knob-shaped island rising up out of the water like a sea monster, or "any other man." A little further on we run ashore and tie up. Here is Peach Bottom—there is our butt; here is our journey's end. The distance from Marietta to the last named point is thirty miles, and the trip was made from 4 o'clock a. m., to 11 a. m.—or just seven hours. We doubt whether so much can be seen in so short a period on any other river in the world. Those who want to enjoy a new sensation, should try a raft on the Susquehanna. Much can be learned, much seen, much enjoyed, and there is just about enough danger to make the whole thing exciting. The season will probably be over by the close of this week. A New Yorker, an extensive lumber dealer, takes down a party of friends in the course of a day or two.

If the people at whose very doors this river runs are acquainted with its beauty and its grandeur, many are not better posted in regard to the extent of the lumber trade which floats over its surface. Take a few facts and figures:—On an average fifty rafts pass down the river each day. The average value of each raft is fourteen hundred dollars. The season, say, lasts six weeks, counting seven days to the week, and we have an aggregate of two million, nine hundred and forty dollars. Of course much timber is bought up and manufactured at Marietta and Columbia. The great majority of rafts run down to Port Deposit, Md., from whence they are conveyed by steamboat to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and other points. At Peach Bottom we enjoyed the hospitalities of our friend, ex-Sheriff S. W. P. Boyd, who, as we stated at the beginning of this sketch, in connection with ex-representative Nathaniel Mayer, have formed a copartnership for the manufacture of lumber and the sale of coal. They have just erected a new saw mill, which has no equal in the county. The mill is one hundred and twenty-six feet in length by twenty in width, and is run by a Jovial Turbine wheel. Peters creek, which supplies the water power, has a fall of eighteen or nineteen feet, and is never failing. All the latest improved mill machinery, including Olmstead's self-setter, have been put in. Although the mill has been in operation but a week, it turns out about five thou-

sand feet of lumber per day. A circular saw for cutting laths and palings, is also in operation, and it is the intention of the proprietors to put in a shingle machine and also a pair of burrs for grinding plaster, &c. The mill was constructed by Oliver J. Bollinger, of Glen Rock, York county, and gives entire satisfaction to the proprietors. The lumber is sold in the neighboring country, and the demand is equal to the supply. The contemplated Columbia and Port Deposit Railroad will run for a distance of two miles through Sheriff Boyd's property, and within fifty yards of the mill, which will open the way to distant markets. Peach Bottom will then have every facility for making itself a thriving business place. The Boyd estate is quite an extensive one, and has been in the family for many generations. It embraces a mansion house, eight tenant houses, including a store and tavern stand, on the Lancaster county side, and on the York county side two dwellings, lime kilns, &c. The place has an interesting history. The new mill is built on the site of one erected by James Porter, the great-grandfather of Sheriff Boyd, previous to the year 1764. This is as far as the records go back. Mr. Porter came from Octobara Hundred, now Cecil county, Maryland. At that time there was no house within seven miles, and when the mansion house and mill were being built, supplies for the workmen had to be brought a distance of fourteen miles. The mansion house has since been enlarged and remodeled. Wm. Porter, son of James, kept a store in the house in 1764. He had occasion to send to Lancaster for an iron bar for his shutter, which was forged by a blacksmith. The blacksmith, who was acquainted with Mr. Porter, concluded to surprise him by making the bar ornamental as well as useful, and punched upon it, in rude letters, the legend: "Wm Porter keeps good rum. April 17, 1764. This bar is still preserved as a relic of 'ye olden times.'"

If there is anything in our language that puzzles a Frenchman, it is the different significations of the same word. The perplexities of a persevering Monsieur arising from the word *fast*, are more numerous than one would suppose. For instance: "Zis horse, sair, he go queek, what you say?" "Yes, he is a *fast* horse." "Ah! pardon Monsieur, but your friend say he make *fast* his horse, and he tie him to post so he no go at all." "Very true, he is made *fast* by being tied." "Ah, zat cannot be; he cannot go *fast*; but what you call a man zat keeps *fast*?" "Oh, he is a good man that does not eat on *fast* days." "But I have seen one bon vivant, who eat and drink and ride, and do every zing. Ze people say he is a bad man—he is very *fast*." "True, that is called living a *fast* life." "Ah, certaintment; zen all ze days of his life moost be *fast* days." "Certainly they are." "Eh bien! Does he eat every day?" "Certainly he does." "Zen how can he keep *fast*?" "Why, he keeps going to be *sure*." "Mais, tenez! You tell me to stand *fast* when you want me to keep still, and go *fast* when you want me to run—diable take ze *fast*!"

THE HEAD TURNED ROUND.—A crazy man was found at a grind stone sharpening a large butcher knife, and every now and then examining the edge to see if it was keen.

"What are you doing here?" "Don't you see? Sharpening this big knife." "Yes, but what are you going to do with it when sharpened?" "Cut old Ben Brown's head off, to be sure."

"What! you won't kill him, will you?" "Oh, no! I'll only cut his head off and stick it right on again hind-side before, just to let the old fellow look back upon his past life! It would take him all the rest of his life to review."

What a queer idea the lunatic had in his head! And what if it were so, that every man when he reached a certain age had his face turned round, and was obliged to spend the rest of his days in looking over his past life. Wouldn't there be strange sights?

A fashionable, but ignorant lady, desirous of purchasing a watch, was shown a very beautiful one, the shop keeper remarking that it went thirty-six hours. "What in one day?" she asked.

"What are you doing here?" "Don't you see? Sharpening this big knife." "Yes, but what are you going to do with it when sharpened?" "Cut old Ben Brown's head off, to be sure."

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For The Mariettian.

Hints to Young Ladies.

As I was glancing over the columns of the "Mariettian" of the 20th ult., my attention was directed to an article entitled "A LADY'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN."

I will not attempt to palliate or deny the statements made by the "Martyr to Late Hours;" but in retaliation, I (a presumptuous youth) would like to give certain young ladies a few general hints, "We (the young ladies), want to rise early these pleasant mornings, and improve the 'shining hours.'" Rather shining, I should say, for "Old Sol" is generally pretty high in the heavens when you leave your couch? And having descended to the dining room, you are greeted by "Ma," with a pleasant 'good morning,' and 'my dear, will you have your dinner now?' "Thank you, but I prefer taking a lunch first." The hopeful young daughter esconcing herself in a large and comfortable lounge, exclaims as her "Ma" disappears to prepare her meal, "a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep!"

O, how my heart aches for 'poor ma,' as I think that she must act the slave, while her daughter is acting the lady; that she must do the work while the daughter is afraid of soiling her lily white hands, by placing them in the greasy water of a dish-pan.

Now may I inquire how these young ladies improve 'the shining hours?' 'Yes yes,' methinks I hear some one exclaim, and since asking the question, I will answer myself. Having partaken of the morning meal, she arranges her toilet, proceeds to the street, and meeting a gaily-dressed companion, they saunter along the sidewalk like idle butterflies. Not walking for any other purpose than to see and be seen. And they are frequently starched up so stiff, that they would scarcely condescend to notice their own mother. I agree perfectly with "the martyr" about keeping late hours, and sometimes staying to the "wee sma' hours" of morning. Yet it is as frequently the fault of the fair damsel as of the beaux. For who can resist that most plaintive appeal, "Do not be in a hurry, 'tis not late yet." And to add strength to her words, she turns her beaming eyes upon him, which speaks so much louder than words, his heart goes pit-a-pat, and he is lost, he stays another hour. Can you blame him? ONE WHO KNOWS.

The subject of impression at first sight was being talked over at the supper table, when the lady whose duty it was to preside "over the tea cups and tea" said she always formed an idea of a person at first sight, and generally found it to be correct.

"Mamma," said the youngest son, in a shrill voice that attracted the attention of all present.

"Well, my dear, what is it?" replied the fond mother.

"I want to know what was your opinion of me when you first saw me?"

This question gave a sudden turn to the conversation.

A loving wife once waited on a physician to request him to prescribe for her husband's eyes, which were very sore. "Let him wash them," said the doctor "every morning with a small glass of brandy."

A few weeks after the doctor chanced to meet the wife.

"Well, has your husband followed my advice?"

"He has done everything in his power to do it, doctor," said the spouse, "but he never could get the glass higher than his mouth, I am sorry to say."

Hops writes the poetry of the boy, but memory that of the man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backwards with sighs. Such is the wise providence of heaven. The cup of life is sweeter at the brim, the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

A gentleman, upon being asked what was the reason of the present fashion of loading young ladies' necks with huge chains, replied that it was to keep the dear angels earthward, lest they should soar away—so they were made to "carry weight."

Kisses like the faces of Philosophers very. Some are as hot as a coal of fire, some as sweet as honey, some as milk, some as tasteless as long drawn soda. Stolen kisses are said to have more nutmeg and cream than any other sort.

When is a storm like a fish after a hook? When is it going to *shoo* (a belt.)