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CRITTENDEN'S PHILADELPHIA COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, N. E. corner of 7th & Chestnut Sts., PHILADELPHIA.

This Institution, which was established in 1844, and is now consequently in the eighteenth year of its existence, numbers among its graduates, hundreds of the most successful Merchants and Business Men in our Country. The Object of the Institution is solely to afford young men facilities for thorough preparation for business. The Branches taught are, Book-keeping, as applicable to the various departments of trade; Penmanship, both plain and ornamental; Commercial Law, Mathematics, Navigation, Civil Engineering, Drawing, Photography, and Modern Languages. The System of instruction is peculiar; no classes or set lessons are made use of, but each student is taught individually, so that he may commence at any time, and attend at whatever hours are most convenient. Catalogues are issued annually after the 15th of April, containing names of the students for the year, and full particulars of terms, &c., and may be obtained at any time by addressing the Principal. In extensive accommodations, wide-spread reputation, and the lengthy experience of the Principal, this Institution offers facilities superior to any other in the country, for young men wishing to prepare for business, and to obtain a DIPLOMA, which will prove a recommendation for them to any Mercantile House. Crittenden's Series of Treatises on Book-keeping, now more widely circulated than any other work on the subject, are for sale at the College.

S. HODGES CRITTENDEN, Attorney-at-Law, PRINCIPAL. Jan. 18, '62-ly]

The Peoples Hat and Cap Store!

SCHOLEZ & BROTHER, HAT MANUFACTURERS. Would again call the attention of our customers and not disposed to favor us with their patronage to our

STYLES FOR THE FALL OF 1861. Our stock will consist as heretofore of SIX CAMBREE, FUR AND WOOL SOFT HATS IN ALL THEIR VARIETIES.

We would call particular attention to the McCLELLAN HAT, The Fremont Hat, THE OXFORD HAT, The latest out. A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF FANCY STYLE CAPS, CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS, CAPS, TURBANS AND BOYS FATIGUE CAPS.

We would earnestly invite all to give us an early call before purchasing elsewhere, feeling well assured that the varieties offered, they will not fail to be suited. In conclusion, we would return our sincere thanks for the past liberal patronage afforded us, and we trust, by close attention and despatch, to merit its continuance. JOHN A. SMITH, and HENRY A. SHULTZ, NORTH QUEEN-ST., LANCASTER.

Horace West, M. D. HAVING purchased, in connection with Harrison Roth, Dr. Grove's Drug Store and located in the Borough of Marietta, for the practice of the medical profession, would respectfully offer his services to the public. He can be found at the office formerly occupied by Dr. Grove.

The undersigned takes pleasure in recommending Dr. West to his friends and patrons. Dr. W. has been practicing in this vicinity for the past 8 or 9 years, and will, beyond doubt, give entire satisfaction to all who will give him a trial. J. H. GROVE.

ESTATE OF ADAM KOCH, Of the Borough of Marietta, Deceased. Letters of Administration on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted will come forward and settle, without delay, and those having claims will present the same duly authenticated for settlement. SAMUEL HIPPLE, Residing in the Borough of Marietta, HENRY COHENHEFFER, East Hempfield Township. February 8, 1862-61.

DAVID COCHRAN, Painter, Glazier and Paper Hanger.

WOULD most respectfully inform the citizens of Marietta and the public generally that he is prepared to do House Painting, China Gilding, Paper Hanging, &c.

At very short notice and at prices to suit the times. He can be found at his mother's residence on the corner of Chestnut and Second streets, a few rods below the M. E. Church, and immediately opposite the old Oberlin Coach Works. [Aug. 3-ly.

ERISMAN'S Saw Mill and Lumber Yard, MARIETTA, PA.

CONSTANTLY on hand a full assortment of all kinds of Seasoned Lumber, which he offers at reasonable prices. Boards, Plank, Joist, Scantling, Rafters, Laths, Shingles, Pails, &c., &c., &c. OAK, PINE & HEMLOCK LUMBER. All orders attended to with dispatch. J. M. ERISMAN. Marietta, April 11th, 1861.

BURNETT'S Cocaine. A compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, &c., for dressing the Hair. For efficacy and agreeableness, it is without an equal. It prevents the hair from falling out. It promotes its healthy and vigorous growth. It is not greasy or sticky. It softens the hair when hard and dry. It soothes the irritated scalp skin. It affords the richest lustre. It remains longest in effect. For sale by WEST & BATH, Successors to Dr. Grove.

Beautiful Complexion.

DR. THOMAS F. CHAPMAN will send to all who wish it (free of charge), the Recipe and full directions for making and using a beautiful vegetable Balm, that will effectually remove Pimples, Moles, Freckles, &c., &c., leaving the skin smooth, clean, and beautiful; also full directions for using Peltandra's celebrated Stimulant, warranted to start a full growth of Whiskers, or a Mustache, in less than thirty days. Either of the above can be obtained by return mail, by addressing (with stamps for return postage) DR. THOMAS F. CHAPMAN, Practical Chemist, 831 Broadway, New York. [Jan 11-2m.

WINE AND LIQUORS. Superior Old Brandy, Old Rye Whiskey, Holland Gin, Old Maderia, Lisbon, Sherry and Port Wine. Pittsburgh Whiskey always on hand at the lowest market prices. Very Fine Brandy at a very low figure, by the barrel. J. R. DIFFENBACH, Market-st.

50 BARRELS Monongahela Whiskey which will be sold at the lowest market rates by the barrel or gallon, at J. R. Diffenbach's Cheap Store.

THE Largest and best assortment of Fancy Cloth & Cassimere and vesting ever offered in this market and will be sold at prices which defy competition by J. R. Diffenbach.

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Family Circle.

F. L. Baker, Proprietor.

Terms—One Dollar a Year

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NO. 31.

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

I've roamed o'er the mountain,
I've crossed o'er the flood,
I've traversed the wave-rolling sand;
The fields were as green,
And the moon shone as bright,
Yet it was not my own native land.
No, no, no, no, no, no.

The right hand of friendship
How oft have I grasped,
And bright eyes have smiled and looked
blissed,
Yet happier far,
Were the hours that I passed
In the west, in my own native land.
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.

Then hail, dear Columbia,
The land that we love,
Where flourishes Liberty's tree;
'Tis the birthplace of freedom,
Our own native home,
'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free.
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.

A KENTUCKY GOVERNOR.—Governor Powell, of Kentucky, was never an orator, but his conversational, storytelling and social qualities were remarkable. His great forte lay in establishing a personal intimacy with every one he met, and in this way he was powerful in electioneering. He chewed immense quantities of tobacco, but never carried the weed himself, and was always begging it of every one he met. His residence was in Henderson, and in coming up the Ohio past that place I overheard the following characteristic anecdote of him.

A citizen of Henderson coming on board fell into conversation with a passenger, who made inquiries about Powell.

"Lives in your place, I believe, don't he?"

"Yes, one of our oldest citizens."

"Very social man, ain't he?"

"Remarkably so."

"Well, I thought so. I think he is one of the most sociable men I ever met with in all my life. Wonderfully sociable! I was introduced to him over at Grayson Springs last summer, and he had not been with me ten minutes when he begged all the tobacco I had, got his feet up in my lap, and spit all over me!—remarkably sociable."

The Fourth New Hampshire Regiment has just completed a heavy job of shoveling at Port Royal. A few days since, on inspection, Colonel Whipple discovered one of the soldier's guns in the best order. "Don't appear on inspection again with your gun in such condition." "Colonel, I know the gun ain't just right," replied the soldier, "but I have got the brightest shovel over in the entrenchments you ever saw." The colonel saw the point, acknowledged the corn by a graceful bow, and passed down the line.

WHAT SHE DID IT WITH.—"Why, Bridget," said her mistress, who wished to rally the girl, for the amusement of the company, upon the fantastic ornamenting of a large pie—"Why, Bridget, did you do this? you're quite an artist; how did you do it?" "Indeed, it was myself that did it?" replied Bridget.

"Isn't it pretty mum? I did it with your false teeth, mum."

Mrs. Eliza Curtin, started for her home from the house of a relative, near Lafayette, Onondaga Co., on Sunday, Feb. 2d, with her child, eight months old, and the next morning both were found in the woods, frozen to death.

It costs a great deal more to be miserably than to be happy.

[From the New York Stock Journal.]

A Horse Bought and a Lawyer Sold. I had a wife and three small children. My office was in Boston, and we lived in an adjoining town. I needed the exercise of riding, and a drive now and then, toward evening with my family, would be good for us all. We had formerly lived in the country, where everybody keeps horses, and a horse seemed really necessary to our comfort, and so I determined to buy one. I had owned several horses in my day, and knew something of horse-flesh, and I had been engaged in several horse-cases in court, and of course I knew, as every man of observation knows, that horses are a dangerous commodity to deal in. Being, however, forewarned, and being a lawyer, I felt no apprehension that I could not look pretty well after one side of a bargain.

Before trying to buy an article, I always make up my mind exactly what I want. Then I am not misled by every foolish fancy, as one is liable to be that looks through the market for something that suits him.

The horse I would buy must be a good saddle-horse, a pacer or amble under the saddle, but of course a square trotter in harness. He must be young and sound, of handsome, sprightly figure, kind as a kitten, never needing the whip, but yet safe for my wife to drive, not afraid of the engine, fast or slow at the driver's option. I had heard of such animals, and seen them advertised, and if I had not happened to see one that exactly answered the description, it was probably because I had not been looking particularly after him.

When it became known that I was in want of a horse, it was really amusing to see the attempts made to deceive me. They evidently thought I was a green hand at the business, and that I was a fit subject for any imposition.

One fine-looking animal was brought me, that to a careless observer, would have seemed nearly perfect. He had a slight cough, but the owner assured me it was nothing, only a slight cold the horse had taken the day before, by standing in a draught. He could not deceive me; I had owned a horse with the heaves, years ago, and advised him to take his worthless beast to somebody who did not know so much about horses. Another would have suited me exactly, but he had several scars on his legs, caused, as the dealer said, by breaking through the stable floor. I inquired a little, and ascertained that he had taken fright, upset the carriage, and gone home, two miles, on a dead run, with the forward wheels, into his stall, carrying with him a hay-cutter and a grindstone that stood in the floor, and so had cut himself to pieces trying to kick away the fragments.

Another had an interesting strap on his ankle, having lately been badly shod. I saw through the poor falsehood at once.

I think I should have bought one of a dealer whom I knew, and who assured me he would not for the world deceive me, had not the singular animal exhibited the unfortunate eccentricity of standing on his forelegs exclusively at intervals, when I attempted to ride him outward from the stable, owing, probably, to the defective nervous organization.

I determined to have no more to do with dealers, but to keep a sharp look-out for myself, and when I found the right kind of an animal to buy him, even if I had to pay a high price.

Walking one afternoon from Cambridge to Somerville, I rested a moment by the hawthorn hedge at the foot of Kirkland Street, and looking back I observed a beautiful black horse, surmounted by an elderly cadaverous gentleman, who had somewhat the air of a clergyman. The horse was moving at an easy ambling pace, scarcely faster than a walk, the rein hanging loosely on his neck, while the rider was serenely reading a newspaper. I mentally exclaimed, "I have found him at last." I accosted the traveler, and passing by the details of our conversation, it is sufficient to say that the animal was everything that could be desired, and although it would well nigh break the hearts of the owner's family to part with him, he could be bought for the moderate sum of two hundred and fifty dollars.

It may be interesting to the reader, although somewhat premature, to learn what I afterwards discovered, that the owner's "family" consisted of one bull-tarrier pup which slept with him in a

stable-loft every night.

I met the owner by appointment next day, at my office in Boston. He had been employed, he said, as traveling agent of a Boston house, and had no further use for the horse; he would give me a written warranty of the animal as perfectly sound and kind; indeed I might take him home for a week, and try him, and see for myself. Nothing could be fairer than this. I took my prize to my stable, I kept him a full week, I rode him and drove him daily; my wife rode him and drove him. My admiration of him increased. He was to all appearance sound and kind. He was fast or slow, as I chose to have him. He would face the cars without winking, and stand without tiring. In short, he was a perfect horse. At the end of the week I paid the price, took a written warranty, and went home rejoicing in my success. Every horse should have a name, and we determined to call this one, on account of his many good qualities, Honesty. For a few days I was engaged constantly in a long trial in court. The horse stood still in his stable, well fed and well groomed, so as to be in the best condition for use when my leisure days should come. Barney said one day that he had harnessed Honesty to the wagon to bring home some oats from the store, and that he refused for some time to start from the yard. However, Barney was no horse-man, and I thought that the fault was in his awkwardness in handling the reins. A day or two later, my wife's brother took her with the children out for a drive with Honesty, in the carriage, and she reported that the animal insisted on going up Beacon Street instead of Tremont Street, where they wanted to go. This did not seem exactly right, but still I had full faith that Honesty would prove all right when I held the reins.

Finally, my trial in court was finished, and there was to be a picnic near Fresh Pond, where all my friends were going. I had bought a new light top buggy, and harness to match, and wife and I drove up. Honesty was in high feathers, and made the new carriage spin along like a linen wheel. We passed the afternoon in the woods, and when our team was brought up for our return, everybody was attracted by our elegant turnout. I confess I felt not a little pleased with this universal appreciation of my taste. I don't know why it is, but everybody considers a compliment to his horse as fully equivalent to one to himself. We bade adieu to our admiring friends; I handed my wife into the carriage, gathered up the ribbons, and waved my hand by way of parting salutation. Honesty pawed, but did not move forward. I chirruped and shook the reins. Honesty shook his head, and gave a significant snort. A friend took him by the bit, when he stepped rapidly backward, till the new buggy brought up against a tree. I touched him with the whip, when he reared and snorted, and my wife screamed. "Don't whip him," cried a friend; "whipping never does any good to a contrary horse."

"He is an old offender, I see by his actions," said another, most inconsiderately.

The details of the exhibition are not agreeable to dwell upon. Neither coaxing, nor whipping, nor pushing, nor any thing whatever, could induce that beast to even draw the empty carriage out of its tracks. I asked a friend to take my wife home, and leaving my elegant carriage, ignominiously led the obstinate brute to a stable near by, and left him for the night.

"A sadder and a wiser man I woke the morning morn." I persevered with Honesty yet awhile, but after being kept two hours by his stopping in a rainy night, on Cambridge bridge, on one occasion, and being obliged to leave him in the stable-yard, when in great haste to meet an engagement at Lexington, I reluctantly concluded that he was not perfectly kind. My wife had long since declined further experiments with him. I was puzzled whether to admit myself duped and cheated, or attempt to cure the defect. I rode the beast occasionally, and sometimes drove him, with various success. One day, I had business at Concord, at the county court, and with a friend drove into that beautiful village just at sunset. Court had just adjourned for the day, and my brother lawyers, and clients, and jurors, and witnesses, were lounging about the hotel and the old elm on the common. Just as we came in front of the Middle-

sex hotel I observed my horse suddenly to falter; then he stopped, throwing up his head, and jerking it sideways in a manner remarkable to see, seemed quite bewildered. "He has a fit," "jump out or you will get hurt," cried the multitude, which at once surrounded us.

My friend obeyed the call, and I attempted to do so, just as the distracted beast sallied backward over the shaft, "and Morham, steed and rider fell." Down we came in one miscellaneous heap, the carriage essentially smashed, and his owner vexed and discomfited. A few days proved that Honesty was subject to frequent attacks of this kind.

But had I not a warranty, and am I not a lawyer? Straightway I commenced an action for deceit. It is a proverb at the bar, that a lawyer who tries his own case has a fool for his client. I summoned and paid witnesses; I consulted and paid Dr. Dadd, and other experts. The case was tried, and all Middlesex county was made to understand how a lawyer had been cheated by a jockey. The jury rendered a verdict in my favor for \$125 damages, probably upon the idea that a lawyer ought not to recover more than half that he is cheated out of. I gave my execution to an officer, with orders to arrest the rascal, and told my counsel to oppose him at every step, and follow him to the end of the law.

After a few months, my attorney sent for me, and gave me the result of following my directions. The defendant had been committed to jail where he had quietly remained several weeks, apparently happy in the consciousness that by the beneficent provisions of laws, I, his creditor, was paying \$1.75 per week for his board. Then he had given notice of his intention to avail himself of a further beneficent provision of our statutes by taking the poor debtor's oath. My counsel had faithfully obeyed instructions, and opposed him there, paying for me, according to law, \$2 per day to the commissioner, while the examination was pending. Finally the vagabond had succeeded in swearing out, and my various bills amounted to about the amount I had first paid, \$250.

The enemy was free, but I was not. I still had that "dreadful horse," worse than Mr. Pickwick's, that nobody would take away. A neighboring horse-dealer offered me \$50, and I sold him, and took his note for the amount. A few days after I asked him what he had done with him. He said he had advertised him to sell at a horse sale in the city. I had a rational curiosity to see the advertisement, and asked him to show it to me, which he did, and it ran as follows:—"A Black Saddle Horse. A particularly fine, black saddle horse, perfectly sound and kind, in all respects, and free from tricks."

I don't know how much he got for his fine saddle horse. I only know that I still hold his worthless note for \$50.

Mr. W. is one of our most popular artists and draughtsmen. Not long since, while busily at work, he was interrupted by a rough looking customer:

"Be you Mr. W., the painter?"

"I am, sir."

"You teach creatures to draw, I believe?"

"Yes sir," replied the artist, who fancied his visitor some wealthy old farmer. "Do you wish your daughter to take a few lessons?"

"No sir, not my darter."

"Your son, perhaps?"

"No, not my son, neither."

"Who then, sir? Not yourself, I hope?"

"No not myself, but somebody a darned sight more difficult—a four year old mule I bought the other day. Learn him to draw, and darned if I don't out-pewter and give you the biggest hundred dollars you ever seed."

The countryman went down stairs with a hop, skip and jump, closely followed by an old pair of boots, a meerschaum pipe, and sundry other movables.

William D. Kingin was convicted in Michigan, last week, of a murder marked by very atrocious circumstances. In accordance with the law of the State, he was taken to the State Prison, there to endure solitary confinement for life. From the time he enters his cell he will never see a face again. His meals are conveyed to him through an opening in his cell, and when it becomes necessary for human beings to approach him, they are hooded so as to conceal their features.

DELAWARE A FREE State to be introduced into Delaware to abolish State. By this bill all slaves over thirty shall be freed within ninety days, becomes a law; all under thirty-five shall become free on reaching that age; all males born after the bill becomes law are to be slaves till they are twenty-one, and females till they are eighteen; and all slavery is to cease after January 1, 1872. These provisions are made conditional upon this, that "Congress will, at its present session, engage to pay the State of Delaware, in bonds of the United States, bearing interest at the rate of six per centum per annum, the sum of \$900,000, in ten annual instalments, \$90,000 to be payable on some day before the 1st of September, 1862, to establish a fund for securing full and fair compensation to the owners of slaves who shall have been divested of their property by force of the act in question."

Delaware has according to the census of 1860, eighteen hundred and five slaves, and the sum asked of Congress for their gradual emancipation amounts to five hundred dollars a head. The Wilmington Republican says that many of the largest slaveholders are in favor of this bill, and that "many of the slaveholders would gladly exchange their slaves for money, which they could use in payment for their lands and contemplated improvements."

There is not the least doubt that Col. Fry, of the Kentucky Fourth, killed Gen. Zollicoffer. Col. Fry took from his body the field-glass, which was identified as the one owned by Major Helveti at the time he was taken prisoner by the rebels. Col. Fry also has the coat and watch taken from the body. The watch has the name of F. K. Zollicoffer engraved upon it. This statement is made in justice to Col. Fry, because there are at least half a dozen different men claiming the honor of killing this famous rebel. The body has other wounds, but only one of them, and that the mortal one, is a pistol shot; and Col. Fry is the only one who used a revolver on the occasion. The ball from the rebel officer passed through the clothes of Col. Fry, upon his right side, slightly fracturing his skin.

Samuel H. Calhoun, private of the Second Kentucky regiment, has been tried by court martial, at Bardonia, Kentucky, and sentenced to be hung, for the murder of Mr. Sutherland, an aged and respectable Union gentleman. Mr. Sutherland, it appears, had complained of the prisoner and another soldier to their officers for killing his dog with a bayonet, and the men were suitably reprimanded. But, the next day, Calhoun decoyed Mr. Sutherland from his house, and brutally shot him, in a thicket, where the body of the old gentleman was found.

The venerable Henry Smith, in a letter to the Western Christian Advocate, says: "I have thought it a little remarkable that the two oldest preachers on the itinerant list in America, perhaps in the world, should be found in the bounds of the Baltimore Conference, and living not ten miles apart. Brother Joshua Wells is ninety-seven, and I am, within a few months of ninety-three, and my wife eighty-three."

PUNISHMENT FOR PROFANITY.—The Ohio Senate has under consideration a bill providing that "if any person of the age of fourteen years and upward, shall profanely curse, or damn, or profanely swear by the name of God, Jesus Christ or the Holy Ghost, or utter, speak or use any lascivious or obscene language or words, or shall wilfully make any indecent exposure of his or her person, shall be fined in a sum not exceeding five dollars, nor less than one dollar for each offence."

RELICS OF THE FIGHT.—Lieut. Ballie Peyton, Jr., who was killed in the Mill Springs battle, had the sword presented to his father during the Mexican war, having on the blade an inscription showing by whom and when presented. The Danville Tribune says it was sent to Gen. Buell. The sword of Gen. Zollicoffer is in the possession of Col. Fry, and will be sent to that place by Col. F. to be kept by his family.

A western clergyman, in presenting a revolver to a volunteer, said: "If you get into a tight place, and have to use it ask God's blessing, if you have time, but be sure not to let your enemy get the start of you. You can say amen after you shoot."

"I'll take two children; if I can have 'em cheap," said a tall Yankee, on entering an oyster cellar, the other day "Two children?—what two children?" "Why, I ain't got any myself, and your signboard reads 'Families supplied,' don't it?" "I want you to supply me."

"There's a woman at the bottom of every mischief," said Joe. "Yes replied Charley, "when I used to get into mischief, my mother was at the bottom of me." From this, one may reasonably infer, that the old lady went to the foundation of the matter.