

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT ONE DOLLAR A-YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE, OR, \$1:25 AT THE END OF THE YEAR. OFFICE: CRULL'S ROW, FRONT-ST., MARIETTA, PA. ADVERTISEMENTS AT THE USUAL RATES. A large addition to the Job Printing department of "THE MARIETTIAN" establishment enables us to do everything in the Job line with neatness and dispatch, and at very low prices.

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Family Circle.

F. L. Baker, Proprietor.

Terms—One Dollar a Year.

VOL. 8.

MARIETTA, MARCH 22, 1862.

NO. 34.

From the Philadelphia Typographic Advertiser.

LOST—SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

Somebody's child is lost to-night!
I hear the bellman ring;
And the earth is frozen hard and white,
And the wind has a nipping sting.
I know my babes are long a-bed,
A tender, motherly hand
Laying a blessing on every head
After their evening prayers were said—
God keep the slumbering band!
Yet somebody's child is lost to-night,
This night so bitterly cold,
Some innocent lamb has gone astray
Unwittingly from his fold.
"Bellman! ho, bellman, whose child is lost?"
And I grasp my hat and slunk;
But the ringer the word had crossed
Before I tardily spoke.
The neighbors soon gather, and far and near
We pry into ditch and fen,
"Till, hark! an answering shout I hear—
The rover is found and safe."
Ah! mother, fond mother, your heart is light
With Joe to your bosom bound;
But many a child is lost to-night
Who'll never, no, never be found.

Al! somebody's child is lost to-night,
While the wind is high and hoarse,
And the seething ship, like a bird-a-fright
Flies shivering on its course.
She suddenly drops in the yawning deep
As never to return;
She leaps atop the water steep,
A-creeking from stem to stern.
Hold well, good bark! for a score of lives
Comprise thy costliest freight;
Else loving mothers, and maids, and wives
Will ever be desolate.
And well she holds, with a single nail
Outspread to guide her way,
While all the furies of the gale
Around her bulwarks play.
The sailor-boy, with a fearful heart,
Sighs for his distant home,
And the hasty tears from his cheeks start,
And drop in the briny foam.
In the months ago a father sight,
And a mother trembled with fears;
But that father's law had he defied,
And he scorn'd that mother's tears.
The pitiless blast now mocks his grief,
And a huge and hungry wave
Bears him away beyond relief,
To the depths of ocean grave—
The brand is blazing upon the hearth,
The work of the day is done,
And the father's heart runs over the earth
In search of the wandering son.
"Oh! where is our poor boy to-night—
This night so bright and mild?"
The mother shuts her eyes to the light,
And inly prays for her child.
The busy needles all cease their flight,
While their hearts say, "Where is he?"
They dream not he has sunk from sight,
Down, down, down in the sea.
The mother may pray, and she may weep
Till she weep her life away,
But never more will she find the sheep
That wickedly went astray.

Somebody's child is lost to-night!
Oh sorrow is on the day
When a virgin's fame is mar'd with blight
That cannot be cleansed away.
An humbled family sits in the gloom,
Denouncing their lord's pride,
Would that she were safe in the tomb
With honor upon her name!
While deck'd in garments of woe and sin,
The fallen daughter, I ween,
Is scor'd with a fever of heart within,
Though reigning as wanton-tuon.
O merciful Father! 'tis this the child
Thy hand created so fair,
With eyes where simple innocence smil'd,
And coy and maidenly air.
Is this the promising morning-flower,
The brightest its rivals among?
Is this the bird that sang in the bower
With sweetest and merriest tongue?
Ah me! this child is more than lost;
For her low-fallen form,
On ain's voluptuous surges tost,
Will perish in passion's storm.
And the mother may sigh, and she may weep
Till she weep her life away,
But never more will she find the sheep
That wickedly went astray.

Somebody's child is lost to-night—
A widow's only son,
With brow as light and eye as bright
As you ever looked upon.
"And he will be my staff and stay!"
Her words were inly spoken—
"When I am old, and my hair is gray,
And my natural strength is broken,
Her motherly soul with pride of merit
As the lad grew up to the estate of man,
And she said, in her joy,
That nobody's boy
Could match her paragon by a span.
Time stole along, and her locks were gray,
But her heart had lost its pride,
For the man had wander'd so far astray,
'Twere better the boy had died.
A loathsome, vile, and gibbering thing,
Stung by the fatal still-worm's sting,
Despised of man, and scorn'd of God,
And gnashing at the avenging rod
Wherever his passions scorched him sore,
Till, fainting, he could feel no more—
Ah! somebody's child was lost in him
When he took up
The wretched cup,
And sipp'd perdition from its brim—
Then his manhood died,
And the beautiful boy
Of his mother's pride
Spill'd in the sand the cup of her joy.
Instead, she quaff'd
A wormwood draught,
A sorely-smitten woman;
Yet loved she still,
Through every ill,
The child so scarcely human,
In weariness and watchings oft,
Unmurmuringly her grief she bore,
Until, unwrapt in arid of coffin,
Her son lay dead before her door.
Her sorrows had come so thick and fast
They cluster'd round her everywhere,
Till, reason utterly overcast,
The darkness hid away her care.
Yet oftentimes would she see her beautiful son;
Long gone from home, her beautiful son;
And while she chided his long delay,
She would sigh, and whimper, and pray—
That mother will sigh, and she will weep
Till she weep her life away,
But never more will she find the sheep
That wickedly went astray.

So many children are lost to-night
That I, even I, could weep
As I hear the breathings, soft and light,
From the crib where Tommy's asleep.
And I strain my vision to pierce the clouds
That hang over years to come;
But utter darkness the future shrouds,
And the tongue of the seer is dumb.
So I lay them down in the bosom of grace,
The children whom God has given,
Trusting he'll bring them to see his face,
The face of our Lord in Heaven.
He who thinks he can do without
Others is mistaken; he who thinks
Others cannot do without him is still
More mistaken.
On what ground may confectioners
Be deemed very mercenary lovers? Be-
cause they sell their "kisses."
Young folks, when falling in love
With each other, must take care not to
fall out.

END OF THE JIM LANE EXPEDITION.

Letter of Lane to the Kansas Legislature.

The following document has been received direct from Leavenworth, which will end all inquiry as to the General Lane expedition:

Leavenworth, Kansas, Feb. 26, 1862.—
There should be a perfect understanding between you, the local Representatives of the people of Kansas, and your Representatives in the national Congress. To this end I make the following statement:

On the 20th of January I left Washington, expecting to take command of a column designed to move in four separate bodies through this State southward.

It was understood by the Senate, and expected by the country, that a satisfactory arrangement would be made with Major General Hunter. Such was my conviction.

I came to Kansas, therefore, intending to arrange matters with him; to resign my seat in the Senate to you from whom I had received it, and then to notify the President of the acceptance of the commission of Brigadier General, which was not to issue until the receipt of such notification.

I made every effort which self-respect would permit to effect this arrangement with Major Gen. Hunter. I failed. The correspondence, when published, will prove indeed that I could not have served under him in any capacity, however subordinate, without degradation.

I had no military ambition beyond that connected with this expedition. I desired to surround the institution of slavery with free territory, and thus girdle the cause of the rebellion itself. Without fault on my part, as I believe, I have been thwarted in this, the cherished hope of my life.

The sad yet simple duty only remains to announce to you, and through you to the people of Kansas, my purpose to return to my seat in the United States Senate, a purpose declared to the President through a telegram of which the following is a copy:

Leavenworth, Kansas, Feb. 16, 1862.—
All efforts to harmonize with Major General Hunter have failed. I am compelled to decline the brigadiership.

J. H. LANE.

I have nothing further to say. I trust you will find me as ever faithful to the State and the country. All I am and all I have shall now as heretofore, be devoted to them.

Wishing you health, happiness, and a safe return to your constituents,
I remain your friend and servant,
J. H. LANE.

"We are on the eve of stirring events," if special dispatches are to be believed. The redoubtable Toombs, of Georgia, late the rebel Secretary of State, has been appointed lieutenant-general of the entire Southern "forces." The doctrine of forces, with Toombs for its expounder, is to have a terrible applicability to the destinies of the Northern people. All the achievements of Flagstaff, or Hollins, or Pillow, for instance, are to be thrown into the most unbragging degree of shade. Ohio and Pennsylvania are to be invaded. Our alters and our firesides are to be desolated and profaned by a ruthless and relentless foe. Everything, in fact, is to be done, that is any way awful; each particular hair of our twenty million of loyal heads is to be made to stand on end, like the quill of the fretful porcupine; our twenty million of loyal souls are to be harrowed up in the shortest order—and Toombs is the man that is going to do it.

The marriage treaty of the Princess Alice of England with the Prince Louis of Darmstadt has been published in the London papers. It provides that the Prince shall receive from John Bull a dowry of £30,000, to be put at interest, this, with the Prince's income of 40,000 florins, will be their joint revenue. Queen Victoria also promises her daughter £6,000 a year for her personal use, which can never be alienated or mortgaged from her by her husband. If the Prince dies before the Princess, the latter is to receive from the State of Hesse Darmstadt a revenue of 20,000 florins (and a residence at Darmstadt, completely furnished, suited to her exalted rank.)

Two hundred thousand barrels of ale are manufactured annually in the city of Albany. Under the new tax law that city will pay on this article alone two hundred thousand dollars a year.

TRIFLING WITH THE DUMMY.—A young man who would not be guilty of an indelicate word to a lady, and much less an uncalculated assault upon one, was passing along a street in a Western city, when he came in front of a retail dry-goods establishment. Having an eye for dry-goods, he stopped to admire a cloak of the latest basque style, which was displayed, as he thought, upon a dummy or wire frame, rather neatly bonneted and fitted up in front of a show window. Seeing a friend advance, the young man called his attention to the article of dress, and playfully gave the dummy a nudge, remarking, "I wonder if the machine is alive!" "Phancy his phelinks" as he saw the supposed dummy turn suddenly around, and face him with an expression of astonishment and indignation resting upon the unmistakable lineaments of a very handsome face. The machine was alive. Our friend blushed, stammered and explained. "The young lady forgave and stepped in to her carriage. Our friend maintains a downward attitude upon all dummies hereafter."

GETTING ROUND A LANDLORD.—"What do you charge for board?" asked a tall Green Mountain boy as he walked up to the bar of a second rate hotel in New York—"what do you ask a week for board and lodging?" "Five dollars." "Five dollars! that's too much; but I s'pose you'll allow for the times I'm absent from dinner and supper!" "Certainly; thirty-seven and a half cents each." Here the conversation ended, and the Yankee took up his quarters for two weeks. During this time he lodged and breakfasted at the hotel, but did not take either dinner or supper, saying his business detained him in another portion of the town. At the expiration of two weeks, he again walked up to the bar, and said: "S'pose we settle that account—I'm goin' in a few minutes." The landlord handed him his bill—"Two weeks board at five dollars—ten dollars." "Here, stranger," said the Yankee, "this is wrong—you've made a mistake; you've not deducted the times I was absent from dinner and supper—14 days, two meals per day; 28 meals at 37 1/2 cents each; 10 dollars and 50 cents. If you've not got the fifty cents that's due to me, I'll take a drink, and the balance in cigars!"

When Surgeon White went on board the Hazel Dell, on her arrival at Cairo, with the wounded men from Fort Donelson, he found a man whose arm had been amputated and which needed bandaging. The boat was banded over, but no material could be found that would bind the leg of a bird. The matter was about to be abandoned in despair when female ingenuity came to the rescue. A lady quietly disappeared into a state room, and soon emerged with greatly diminished amplitude of form, bearing in her hand some skirts which she blushing presented to the doctor to be converted into bandages for the wounded soldier.

Virginia is already ruined. With a debt exceeding forty millions before the war begun, with her soil alternately threatened or overrun by opposing armies; compelled to support a standing army of her own, and at the same time to feed a host of gratuitous auxiliaries, exhausting herself in erecting forts and batteries for the United States hereafter to occupy, deserted by the population of nearly half her counties, rich only in neglected fields and unmarketable negroes. What has she to expect short of reprobation by the transfer of her soil to more suitable and loyal owners.

There is a lady at Deerfield, N. H. one hundred and three years old, (Mrs. Jenkins.) She is smart and active, makes her own bed and knits stockings. Last autumn she attended a military muster, was received with all the honors due to the rank of a Major General, reviewed a regiment and was escorted to the field and home by a cavalry company commanded by Capt. Ring.

At Cincinnati, on Wednesday last, Colonel Horace Hoefner and Col. G. C. Moody, both of Indiana regiments, were tried and convicted of engaging in a duel. They did not fight, it appears, the difficulty having been adjusted on the "field of honor." The court fined them \$500 each.

Mrs. Nancy Smith, Democrat, has been elected Mayor of the city of Okaloosa, Iowa.

REBEL WIRE-WORKINGS.—The English Parliament has published a long argument from Yancey, Rost, and Mann, Commissioners of the C. S. A., dated in August last, to Lord Russell. They boasted, of course, of their power, riches, unanimity, and glorious prospects—expected Illinois and other Free States to aid if they did not join them—alluded to "Mr. Lincoln's usurping Government"—denied that Slavery is the cause of Secession, and assured that Slavery is safe under Lincoln—refused to discuss the Slavery question—but begged England to keep them for the sake of Free Trade, especially as the cotton picking time was at hand. Lord Russell replied with a firm declaration of neutrality.

A leading London paper says the Rebel Government have recently offered England, as a condition of its recognizing the Confederacy and raising their blockade, "Free Trade for thirty years, prohibition of foreign slave trade, and freedom to all colored persons born after the treaty was signed." The London paper criticises most keenly this offer—requiring England to run all the risk and expenses. England to pay in advance, to powers of notoriously bad character, for goods never delivered, and no security that they ever would be delivered! The Repudiators of money and of oaths can hardly fool John Bull. To what degrading shifts the Rebels prostitute themselves in the hope to win the favor of the "proud Abolitionists of Great Britain!"

In America, the Rebellion is waged solely upon the plea that Lincoln will war against Slavery, which they declare is the corner-stone of their edifice. In England, they declare the Union shields Slavery, and offer to abolish it themselves! Duplicité and lying by the wholesale!

DEVoured BY WOLVES.—The English papers contain a letter dated Bucharest, Wallachia, January 28th, which states that in consequence of the extreme severity of the weather, the wolves have been more than usually daring in their attacks. A woman named Madame Carislogus, of great beauty, and belonging to a leading family, was returning to Bucharest in her sledge, when the horse, becoming frightened, overturned the vehicle, and the unfortunate lady was cast on the ground, and soon devoured by the wolves. A pedlar was attacked by a pack of these ferocious animals, but before he was killed, two mounted gendarmes arrived and set on them. They were frightened away for the moment, but notwithstanding the appeal of the poor man, the gendarmes left him wounded on the road, and shortly after the wolves returned and finished his sufferings. Ten or twelve other cases have been reported.

MR. SLIDELL IN PARIS.—A letter dated Paris Feb. 14, says, Mr. Slidell is living in magnificent apartments in the Champs Elysees No 30. He pays 1,800 francs a month, and assumes all the importance of a regular envoy from the United States. He is not, however, made a lion of, though it is said his taste would render such a position agreeable to him. He is doing all in his power to encourage Southerners to take up their quarters in Paris during the season.

COINCIDENCE.—Robert H. Carroll, a Washington County, Pennsylvania volunteer, who fell in the recent charge at Blooming Gap, was interred the other day at Claysville, on the Hempfield road, on the very spot where, seventy years ago, his two grand-uncles fell by the bloody hands of the remorseless savage. Carroll was a brave man, and his death was a source of deep regret to all who knew his worth.

WHAT LITERATURE IS.—Poetry is said to be the flower of literature; prose is the corn, potatoes, and meat; satire is the aqua-fortis; wit is the spice and pepper; love-letters are the honey and sugar; letters containing remittances are the apple-dumplings.

John Bell, late candidate for the Presidency, and subsequently traitor to his country, was one of the principal proprietors of the Cumberland Iron Works, which were destroyed by our gunboats after the capture of Fort Donelson.

Truth itself becomes falsehood if it is presented in other than its right relation. There is no truth but the "whole truth."

SWALLOWING A YARD OF LAND.—"Dick let's have a pint of beer," said a railway "navie" to his mate. "Nay, Jack, I can't afford to drink a yard of square land, worth £60 10s an acre." "What's that you are saying, Dick?" "Why, every time you spend three pence in beer you spend what would buy a yard of land. Look here: (Dick takes a piece of chalk out of his pocket and begins to make figures on his paper.) There are 4,840 square yards in an acre: threepence is one fourth of a shilling; divide 4,840 yards by 4, that will give 1,210 shillings. Now divide that by 20 (there being 20s to the £1) and there you have £60 10, which is the cost of an acre of good land, at threepence a square yard."

LONGEVITY OF THE MASTAI FAMILY.—A letter from Rome, alluding to a late rumor of the Pope's death, says the Mastai family, to which the Pope belongs, is remarkable for its longevity.—he has two brothers and a sister older than himself—Count Gabriel, aged 82; Count Gaetano, 78 and Countess Isabella, 75. Count Jerome, father of his Holiness, died at the age of 84, and the Countess Catherine, his mother, died at the age of 82, while his grandfather, the Count Hercules, lived to the age of 96. It may consequently be averred with truth that they are a long-lived family.

A WIFE MAKES TWO ATTEMPTS UPON HER HUSBAND'S LIFE.—The Cincinnati Enquirer relates the particulars of a double attempt by a wife to take her husband's life. The names of the parties, who are respectable and reside at Newport, Ky., are suppressed. The difficulty between them arose from the refusal of the husband to give his wife \$20, whereupon she poisoned his coffee with strychnine, (which fortunately failed of its effects,) and afterwards attempted to dash a bottle of vitriol in his face.—Steps have been taken to procure a divorce.

GEN'L GRANT.—The characteristic of General Grant is his modesty. It is exhibited in his general deportment and also in the signature, which he gives to all his official papers—thus, U. S. Grant. The puzzle is with a great many what is shadowed forth by U. S. One suggests that it means United States Grant; another, that it represents Union Saver Grant; while a third, deriving some countenance from his answer to Gen. Buckner, insist that the letters stand for Unconditional Surrender Grant. This ought to be satisfactory, inasmuch as it has passed into history.

The bill introduced by Mr. Van Wyck, to tax the salaries of government officers, requires that all fees and perquisites of office shall be paid into the Treasury under oath. It taxes all salaries as follows:—One thousand dollars and upwards, five per cent; two thousand and upwards, ten per cent; three thousand and upwards, fifteen per cent; five thousand and upwards, twenty per cent; seven thousand five hundred dollars and upwards, twenty per cent; and ten thousand dollars and upwards, thirty per cent. It is the same bill introduced by Mr. Van Wyck at the extra session of Congress last summer.

In a letter published in the Transcript, from an influential English gentleman, occurs the following paragraph: "Our sympathies are entirely with the North; but we want to see the abolition of slavery one of the results of this frightful rebellion. Show us that you intend that, and there is scarcely an Englishman who would not pray God to give you the victory."

All the officers and privates, says the N. Y. Tribune, who entered the tobacco-prisons at Richmond, from Slavery Democrats, have returned, as far as can be discovered, Abolitionists. Our whole army except a few West Point officers, is said to be rapidly tending in the same direction.

A correspondent in our army in South Carolina says that our soldiers at Port Royal and Tybee are having fresh shad and green peas, brought in to them by the negroes. It is as warm as summer, and corn and grass are from six inches to a foot high. They will have green corn presently.

Mr. Wilkinson, of Minnesota, introduced into the U. S. Senate a resolution to expel Lazarns W. Powell, of Kentucky for treason. The charges are very grave, being no less than presiding at traitorous meetings in Kentucky.

THE USED UP.

The jig is up! I have been flung
Sky high—and worse than that:
The girl whose praises I have sung,
With pen, with pencil, and with tongue,
Said "No"—and I felt flat.

Now, I will neither roar nor rant,
Nor my hard fate deplore;
Why should a fellow look askant,
If one girl says she won't or can't,
While there's so many more!

I strove my best—it would not do;
I told her she'd regret;
She'd ruin my heart—and chances too,
As girls don't like those fellows who
Their walking papers get.

In truth I loved her very well,
And thought that she loved me;
The reason why I cannot tell—
But when I wooed this pretty belle—
'Twas a mistake in me.

She's dark of eyes—and her sweet smile,
Like some of which I've read,
Is false—for she, with softest guile,
Lured me 'mong rocks near love's bright isle,
And then she—cut me dead!

My vanity was wounded sore,
And that I hate the worst:
You see a heavy load I wore,
And thought she could not but adore
Of all men, me the first.

Well, thank the fates, once more I'm free—
At every shrine I'll bow;
And if again a girl chide me,
Exceeding sharp I guess she'll be—
I've cut my eye-teeth now.

Oh! like the humble bee I'll rove
Just when and where I please—
Inhaling sweets from every grove,
Humming around each flower I love,
And dancing in each breeze.

Petitions have been received in Washington from Western Virginia, signed by Governor Pierpont and other well-known loyalists, recommending Robert C. Kercheval, Esq., of Ritchie county, as a successor of the late Judge Daniel, as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. Mr. Kercheval has been a practitioner in the Circuit and in the Supreme Court of Appeal for Virginia for over thirty years, is a man in full health and vigor both of mind and body, a gentleman of unexceptionable moral character, and a Republican Unionist.—He was one of the seven residents of Ritchie county who gave their votes *vice voce* for Lincoln and Hamlin, in November, 1860, and he has since the commencement of the rebellion, secured the enlistment of some three hundred volunteers in that county, which has some six thousand inhabitants.

A case of scan, mag. took place before a Justice of Chicago. A Mrs. Harris, a lady belonging to upper ten, plotted a conspiracy with a lady on State st. to entice Mr. Harris to commit adultery, whereby Mrs. Harris could put in a plea for divorce from her liege lord. Mrs. Hills, the State st. lady, was offered five hundred dollars to do the job up neatly, and have it attested by two witnesses who were to come in at the opportune moment, which was to be made known by a certain sign given by the lady.

A German who had been forced in the rebel service, lately escaped from Fort Palaski, off Savannah, in a small boat, and made his way to our camp on Tybee Island. As he approached he cried out, "Friend mitout de counter-sight. Don't shoot, I come mid you," and was so happy to meet his countrymen in the Federal camp that he wanted to hug them all in turn. He said the Germans and Irish in Palaski would all escape if they had a chance.

Without the girdle of truth, you may fall into error. Without the breast-plate of righteousness, you may fall into lethargy. Without the shield of faith, you may fall into apostasy. Without the helmet of salvation, you may fall into despair. Without the sword of the spirit, you may fall into cowardice.—And without prayer and watching, you may fall into anything however bad or dangerous.

It is said that they are so entirely out of salt in the Southern Confederacy, that the men have to resort to the expedient of scolding the women and spanking the children and making them shed their briny tears in the beef and pork barrels. And now the great apprehension is that the criers, living entirely without salt, will soon be able to supply nothing but fresh water from their lachrymal ducts.—Louisville Journal.

Oberlin, Ohio, has a new sensation. Two young ladies, attending a school there, were poisoned by a third who was jealous of the attentions paid them by young gentlemen, and complaint was lodged against her before a magistrate. But ere she could appear for trial, she was assaulted by some men in disguise, and so roughly handled that she has since been unable to leave her room.

"Pat, you are wearing your stockings wrong side outward." "Och, and don't I know it, to be sure; there is a hole on the other side, there is!"

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." The original says "scorned," but Nibbles thinks the line reads pretty well without the s.

The Rebels at Fort Donelson were sadly in want of socks, and Grant gave them a sockdolager.