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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.

**New and Cheap Books,** The subscriber having just returned from the PHILADELPHIA TRADE SALES, offers at the lowest prices all kinds of Books EMBRACING

Law, Fiction, Medical, Religious, Biographical, Mechanical and other kinds. These Books will all be sold at the lowest prices as we had the advantage and were the only Bookseller from Lancaster, at the Trade Sales, and as a consequence, we can sell lower than any Store. A few of the Books are here mentioned: Worcester's Unabridged Dictionary, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, McClellan's Hygienic Exercises, Revised Army Regulations, Soldier's Text Book, U. S. Infantry Tactics, Zouave Drill Book, Gift Books of all kinds, Photogenic Albums, For the pocket or Centre Table, in great variety. The Gift Book for the season. School Maps, Charts and Cards, Pelton's Outline Maps, Sanders' Elocutionary Chart, Sanders' School Cards, Sergeant's School Cards, Webb's School Cards.

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**DAVID ROTH,** Dealer in Hardware, Cutlery, Paints, Oils, Glass, Paper, Cook, Jail and other Stoves, &c., MARKET-ST., MARIETTA.

WOULD take this means of informing the citizens of Marietta and vicinity that he is prepared to furnish anything in his line, consisting in part of Table Cutlery of all kinds; Building and Housekeeping Hardware, in all styles, Cutlery, and Trunk, Oils, Candles, Varnishes, Cedarware, Tubs, Buckets, Churns, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Shovels, Pokers, Tonges, Candlesticks, Pans, Waiters, Copper and Brass Kettles, Boor, Desk, Pad and all other kind of Locks, Brass, spikes and in fact everything usually kept in a well regulated Hardware establishment.

**ALEXANDER LYNSAY,** Fashionable Boot and Shoe Manufacturer, MARKET STREET, MARIETTA, PENN. Would most respectfully inform the citizens of this Borough and neighborhood that he has the largest assortment of City made work in his line of business in this Borough, and being a practical BOOT AND SHOE MAKER himself, is enabled to select with more judgment than those who are not. He continues to manufacture in the very best manner everything in the BOOT AND SHOE LINE, which he will warrant for neatness and good fit. Call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

**JOHN BELL,** Merchant Tailor, Cor. of Market-st. and Elbow Lane, Marietta. GRATEFUL for past favors I would return my thanks to my numerous friends and patrons and inform them that I still continue the old business at the old stand, where I will be pleased to see them at all times, and having a full and splendid assortment of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES & VESTINGS, which will be made up to order at the shortest notice by the best workmen, and on reasonable terms, I would be pleased, therefore, to wait upon my old customers and all who see proper to patronize me hereafter. [Oct. 29-'56.]

**AMERICAN HOTEL,** PHILADELPHIA. Located on Chestnut street, opposite the OLD STATE HOUSE, and in close proximity to the principal Jobbing and Importing Houses, Banks, Custom House, and places of amusements. The City Cars can be taken at the door (or within a square) for any depot in the City. The House has been renovated and refitted, and is now ready to receive guests. WYATT & HEULINGS, PROPRIETORS.

**EAGLE HOTEL,** FRONT STREET, MARIETTA, PA. The undersigned having leased the old "Stack-house" stand, at the corner of Front street and Elbow Lane, would most respectfully inform Watermen and the traveling public generally that nothing shall be left undone to make it deserving of a liberal support. SAMUEL G. MILLER, Marietta, March 1, 1862.

**J. A. CONGDON,** ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Opposite the residence of Col. John W. Clark, Market-st., Marietta, Pa.

Prompt attention given to securing and collecting Claims, and Orphan's Court business generally. Will attend to business in Lancaster and adjoining counties. Conveyancing and other writings promptly executed.

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**CHASE'S CONCENTRATED LYE,** superior to any now in use, can be had at the Lamp Store of Diefenbach.

# The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Family Circle.

F. L. Baker, Proprietor.

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## THE DEAD SOLDIER.

They brought us home our boy, so brave To lay him in a household grave; How could we bear that he should lie 'Neath a dishonored Southern sky, Where those who meet a traitor's doom Should sleep beside his unmarked tomb? They brought us home our soldier-child, Who yet, in death's pale beauty, smiled: And then we know he went to sleep, As those, whose records angels keep. No trace of fear, or suffering, there, On their dear face, to us so fair; But calm, as when, in infant rest He nightly slumbered on my breast.

'Twas but three shining moons before, He lightly left our open door, With satchel on his strong arm flung, And kind farewells upon his tongue; His voice was sadly soft, and low; We took his hand—it trembled so! And yet, our noble boy repressed The flood that swept his aching breast, Though quivering lips, and sighing breath, Told the wild struggle, deep beneath. He reached the homestead gate, and turned, To where, for him, the love-fires burned; And—'twas too much! his cheek grew wet; I see him standing, tearful, yet, Beside the little, unwatched gate, He paused, to share a soldier's fate. I see him walk with dauntless tread— He dare not turn, again, his head: "One farewell look—only one more, Towards the shadowy, open door!" But no! his earthly life is cast: He may not trust another last. His patriot firmness might not shake, And yet—there's life, and love, at stake.

Yet one more tender farewell— One that leaves his life without a sun, Without a star, to light his soul, Up the dark steep, to Heaven's goal. Oh, ye who love, and can not part, May guess the anguish of his heart, When the last word, the last glance fell, On the sweet girl he loved so well! There leaped no moisture to his eye, (Some tears, too deep, for weeping, lie.) He only sighed, with love's despair, To hear her sobs—her broken prayer; And yet again, insanely pressed Her closer to his heaving breast, And murmured, passionately low, "A moment more, and I must go!" And yet he lingered—lingered still, Between his duty and his will; An hour—a golden hour or more, Beside her, at the half-closed door; And then, his strong step, weak at last, From the dear threshold, slowly passed, And two young hearts, to exile driven, Shall meet, with fond embrace, in Heaven.

He lieth in a household grave, Our boy—so gentle, yet so brave; And in the sunset's mellow glow We watch a maiden come and go, With dark eye, glistening tearfully, And soft step, moving wearily; She seeks her soldier-bridegroom's grave, 'Tis all her poor heart, now, would crave. We know her life is waning fast, And he will claim his bride, at last; And two young hearts, to exile driven, Shall meet, with fond embrace, in Heaven.

THE "GREAT EASTERN."—This huge vessel seems destined to bring disaster on all who come near her. On leaving her moorings, lately, at Milford, in order to swing her round with the tide, a hawser attached to a boat from the frigate Blenheim got foul of her screw, and the boat's crew were sucked under. Two men were drowned. Soon after the hawsers that held her parted, and she drifted helplessly down the channel, striking the Blenheim, and carrying away her bowsprit, jibboom, mainyard and moorings, springing her foremast, and narrowly missing smashing a little steamer that happened to be close by. Mismanagement seems to reign in all her departments. It was with difficulty she was brought back and placed on the "gridiron." She deserves a good coasting for her misconduct.

**COFFER FOR THE TIMES.**—The following excellent Receipts are from the *Agriculturist*:  
1. To one pound of the best unburned Coffee, add three pounds of cleaned Rye, previously washed, scalded, and dried; burn the whole carefully, and grind fine as wanted for use. The Rye will add "body" to the fluid, and afford as much nourishment, as an equal weight of coffee grains.  
2. To one quarter pound of Coffee, add two quarts of Wheat, combined.—The wheat is boiled about twenty minutes in water, and then placed in a pan and browned the same as coffee.

There comes up a fierce hissing from the south like the hisses of myriads of adders. It is not strange that the Union victories, falling like a Niagara of cold water upon a million of hot and blazing fire-eaters, should produce a terrible hissing.

Young folks tell what they do; old ones what they have done; and fools what they will do.

## A Legal Fact.

"Oh! yes, oh! yes, oh! yes, The Circuit Court is now met, pursuant to adjournment," cried the sheriff, and Judge Melvin took his seat upon the bench. Immediately hats were off, seats were assumed, and everything became as still as a country school-house upon the entry of the grim old pedagogue. The record of the proceedings of the day before was read by the clerk. Judge Melvin signed his name, and then motion hour began, proceeded, and ended at the expiration of one hour. Judge Melvin then called the people's docket, but none of the defendants were ready.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, "the court has accepted the following rule: Upon the calling of the docket, each case, as it is called, must be disposed of or continued, before the calling of the next case. This rule will go into operation to-morrow morning."

The business of the court then proceeded in the usual manner, interrupted only by the adjournment for dinner, until by the sheriff it was aloud proclaimed: "Circuit Court is now adjourned until tomorrow morning, at eight o'clock."

"Well, Beauchamp, said James Morris, one of the members of the bar in attendance upon the court, "I want you to come over to the hotel, to-night, and we will have an oyster supper. Beaumont, Joe, and several other young lawyers will be there, and we can have a good time."

"Well, Morris, I'm obliged to you; but I cannot come to-night, as I have two cases to try to-morrow, and must post up on law, or I shall not be ready for trial when the cases are called."

"Now, Beauchamp, that is too bad.—You must come. What cases are they? Am I interested in them?"

"You are for the plaintiff in one of them, and Murray in the other. The first is Holt vs. Smith, and the second is Horton vs. Black."

"That is better than I expected. I am interested in both cases. I am junior counsel for Holt vs. Smith; but I heard old Murray say, this morning, that we would have to continue it, as one of our witnesses is absent. In Horton vs. Black, you are mistaken; it does not come up till day after to-morrow.—What number is it?"

"One hundred and ten," said Beauchamp, turning to his private docket.

"Yes, that's right. But I have it on my docket the first case for the fourth day, and you have it the last on the third day. But one hundred and nine is the last case for the third day, and one hundred and ten is the first for the fourth day."

"Are you certain of it?"

"Just as certain as I am that I am standing here."

"Well, then, I guess I shall be over there to-night."

"I hope so. Be there as early as you can."

"I will."

So saying, Beauchamp proceeded toward his office, while Morris went into the hotel. On his way, Beauchamp met Murray, who told him not to be uneasy about Holt vs. Smith, as he should continue it in the morning. Beauchamp thus assured of Morris's honesty in one case, felt reassured as to the other, and thought more about the matter.

"Now, boys, we're all right now for a good time. Here's the oyster soup; the wine is on the way, and I emphatically say we're bound for a good time said Morris to his assembled cronies, prior to Beauchamp's arrival. "Now, boys, we must get Beauchamp drunk to-night. I intend to drug whatever he drinks, so as to keep him out of the way to-morrow, as a case in which I intend to make three hundred dollars, if I win it, will come up to-morrow. It will be reached to-morrow morning, as nearly all the cases before it will be continued. So you see, if Beauchamp is not there, under the rule of to-day, he will lose the case."

"Well, we're all right," said one of them.

A few moments afterwards, Beauchamp entered. They soon demolished the oysters and other edibles. Morris then passed around the wine handing Beauchamp a glass drugged with morphine.

"Excuse me, Morris, as I am opposed to the use of wine, I never drink it.—But please to hand me a cup of coffee and I'll endeavor to be sociable with that."

"Well, so be it. I never wish to force a man to do anything against his will," said Morris, as he poured out the coffee.

As soon as Morris had poured it out he effected to hear some one at the door, and, walking to the door, he opened it and stepped out, cup in hand. While there he poured some morphine from a small paper into the coffee, and then returning to the room, handed it to Beauchamp, who unsuspectingly drained the cup, and ere long his head was upon the table and he fast asleep. They put him in one of the rooms at the hotel, and left him there.

"Holt vs. Smith. Are the parties ready for trial?" said Judge Melvin, after motion hour, next morning.

"We are ready, your honor, on the side of the plaintiff," said Morris.

"Stop, Mr. Morris, you are entirely too fast," said Murray, the senior counsel. "I have, your honor, just filed an affidavit for a continuance; and, as Mr. Beauchamp, the counsel on the other side, is absent, I would suggest that the question be postponed until to-morrow morning."

"Very well," said the judge, making the entry upon his docket.

The next case was then called, and upon motion of counsel continued; and so with the next, and the next; then some cause in which there was judgment by default; then one or two brief jury trials; and then Horton vs. Black was called.

"Are you ready, Mr. Morris," said the judge.

"Yes, sir."

"Sheriff, call Mr. Beauchamp."

"Henry Beauchamp! Henry Beauchamp! Henry Beauchamp!" but no answer came.

"Mr. Sheriff," said Murray, "send a messenger to Beauchamp's office. Perhaps he is busy there."

The messenger went and came.—Beauchamp was not there, and after some delay Judge Melvin gave judgment by default. Next morning, Beauchamp came into court, and as soon as motion hour began, rose and moved a continuance in the case of Horton vs. Black.

"That case was disposed of yesterday," said the judge.

"It was the first one for to-day, so Morris told me, night before last," said Beauchamp.

"You lie," said Morris; "I told you no such thing."

Scarcely had the words left Morris's mouth ere he lay sprawling on the floor, prostrated by one powerful blow from Beauchamp. The sheriff then stepped between them; and the judge, after finding each of them, one for a blow and the other for disgraceful language in the presence of the court, proceeded with the business as if nothing unusual had happened.

A few days after court was over a young man called upon Beauchamp in his office, and told him that he wished to see the hotel keeper for wages, etc., and after talking a while about the business, said he could not afford to pay him much of a fee, as having lost his place and having his mother to support, he needed all the money he could get.

"Oh! never mind. I'll not charge you anything now, and you can pay me whatever you please when you feel able and I shall not care if I never get anything."

"God bless you, Mr. Beauchamp.—Whenever you want anything done, just call on me, and if I am able, I'll do it for you."

"All right, Billy. How long have you been at the hotel?"

"About a year."

"Were you there the night that we lawyers had an oyster supper?"

"Yes, I was."

"You know, then, that I was asleep, up there nearly all the next day. Now, I would like most devilish well to know what made me so sleepy."

"Did you drink anything, sir?"

"Nothing but coffee."

"Did that lawyer Morris pour out and hand you the coffee?"

"Yes, he did."

"Did he ever give you any coffee after he came in from the hall?"

"Yes, I remember he did go out in the hall after he had poured me out a cup of coffee. But what has that to do with the question?"

white paper he took out of his vest pocket; and then he went back into the room."

"Oh! yes, I see it all now, and I'll make him suffer for it yet."

Not long after this, Mr. Horton, the defendant in Black vs. Horton, called in. Beauchamp told him how it was that he lost his case. Horton was satisfied, and went out. In about an hour he came back.

"Look here, Beauchamp," said he, "I can't understand this. Here is a judgment against me on a note of four hundred and fifty dollars, and interest and costs. The note is on file at the clerk's office, and it is undoubtedly signed by me; but I'll swear that I never gave Black a note for that amount in my life. I gave him one for one hundred and fifty; and I swear if I will ever pay him the four hundred and fifty."

"Well," said Beauchamp, "I never noticed it. I had not yet drawn up my plea in the case, and never noticed the copy of the note. You had better go and see what Black says about it. Perhaps it is a mistake."

Next day, Horton came back, and handed Beauchamp a paper, which Beauchamp took, and read as follows:

O—, Ill., Nov. 18, 1855. Received of Samuel Black, for collection, a note for one hundred and fifty dollars, with ten per cent. after due, payable one year after date to Samuel Black, or order; dated June 18, 1853, and signed by Henry R. Horton."

JAMES MORRIS, Attorney, etc.

"Well, Horton, we'll have to head off Morris in this rascally way of stealing. We will first file a bill to restrain and enjoin the collection of that judgment, and then see if we can't catch him for forgery."

"Oh! yes, oh! yes, oh! yes!" and the Circuit Court was again opened. Record is again signed, and motion hour is again over, and Judge Melvin again calls his docket.

"Gentlemen, the first case this morning is The People vs. James Morris.—Is the defence ready?"

"Yes, sir," said Sloan, the counsel on that side.

"Very well, let a jury come to try the cause."

"Your honor has not asked whether the prosecution is ready," said the State's attorney.

"The court supposes that the People are always ready," said the judge.

"Well, sir, as it happens, we are ready now," said the State's attorney; but, your honor, you go upon a very violent presumption."

"Yes, sir, very violent, indeed."

The jury was then slowly empanelled, and the opening statements of counsel were made.

"Is Mr. Black, Samuel Black, in court?" said the State's attorney.

"Yes, sir," said Black, rising and coming forward.

"Very well; then be sworn, if you please."

Mr. Black was then sworn, and took his place upon the stand; that place, whenever it may be, that most coincides with the idea that counsel have of the best place for a witness to stand. He then identifies the receipt that Morris had given him for the note, and swore to the alteration, and changing the figure one, in the body of the note, to a figure four.

Billy Hamilton, the young man who had formerly been employed at the hotel, then testified to what he had seen upon the evening of the oyster supper. Beauchamp swore to the fact of Morris persuading him that he was mistaken as to the day of trial, and the effect the coffee had upon him. After cross-examination, which was very rigid indeed (and Sloan was a master hand at cross-examination), Beauchamp stepped out of the court room, and soon came in, conducting a young man of about eighteen or nineteen years of age. He conducted him to the clerk's bar, where he was sworn; and then Beauchamp, after placing him upon the stand, asked him:

"What is your name?"

"Joseph Vinton."

"Please to tell the jury what you know about this case."

"Well, sir, I am a student in Morris's office. One day, last fall, I was sitting in the office, reading, when Morris came in, and seated himself near the stove, and took a paper out of his pocket book, and commenced reading it. Having his back toward me, I looked over his shoulder and saw what it was. He then looked up and suddenly asked me to go

and get him some paper at the store just below the office. I started out; but, as soon as I shut the door, I looked back through the keyhole, and saw him take a pen and make two marks on the paper. When he had done, he placed it in his secretary. I then went on and got the paper, and brought it to him. He put it in his secretary and then went out, leaving his keys in the door of the secretary. I opened it, and found the paper."

"Is that it?" said Beauchamp.

"Yes, sir; that's the same. I found that it was different from the note as I read it over his shoulder; for, as I read it over his shoulder, it was one hundred and fifty dollars; but this, as I found it when I took it from the secretary, was for four hundred and fifty dollars."

"Are you certain that this is the same note?"

"Yes, sir; I am."

"Did you ever mention this to Morris?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he deny it?"

"Stop, witness, don't answer that question," said Sloan. "We object to it."

"Very well, then; I'll ask a different question. What did Morris say to it when you told him?"

"He at first denied it, and then admitted it; but begged me not to say anything about it, promising me half the money and to take me into partnership with him."

"And all this happened within this county, did it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, then. You may take him."

Sloan then took the witness, and, commencing with his birth, made him tell his life, every now and then slipping in some sly question bearing upon the case; but Vinton did not swerve.—Sloan would mistake the evidence, and Vinton would correct him; and all through a rigid examination of more than five hours, until Sloan gave it up, having only succeeded in making the case against Morris more hopeless than before. Beauchamp then asked a question or two to clear up one or two points, and rested the People's side.—Sloan announced his conclusion, and the case being submitted without argument, Morris was found guilty by the jury, and a few days after was slowly dragging out his term of ten years in the State prison.

"Well, Beauchamp, you have done wonders," said Murray, the greatest lawyer in the county; "but I would like to know how you found out that fellow Vinton?"

"Well, you see, I sometimes call on a young lady named Vinton; she is a sister of Joseph. I have occasionally seen Morris there. To tell you the truth, I am engaged to her. Joe thinks there is nobody like his sister. Not long ago, I told her Morris's adventures with the case of Black vs. Horton. A few days after that, she told me that she thought her brother knew something about it. I then concluded to find out, and sent Billy Hamilton, a right smart young fellow, for whom I managed a suit without fee, to watch them. He planned it out, and hired himself to Morris, and kept himself around until he overheard the conversation which Vinton swore to, and then told me, and I had Morris arrested; and then I got Fannie Vinton to make Joe promise to come up as a witness."

"Well, you are well paid for your kindness to the poor people, anyhow."

"Fannie," said Beauchamp to his wife, one day, a few months after this, "What do you think of this?" and he read as follows:

STICKE.—James Morris, lately sent to the State prison from G— county was this morning found hung in his cell. He had evidently hung himself, as the table had been drawn out to the place where he was suspended, and had been kicked over. The night before he had been foiled in an attempt to break out, and this was probably his reason for suicide.

"Lord have mercy upon him!" said Fannie.

"Amen!" said Beauchamp.

Capt. Ericsson's Monitor arrived at the mouth of James River in the nick of time and made the rebels think that she was Old Nick himself.

Some of our armies should clench their fists a little tighter to prevent the rebels from slipping through their fingers.

It is probable, that the American Eagle will live long enough to become both a grey eagle and bald eagle.

The rebel fugitives from New Madrid could not take off the bodies of their killed. They were only too glad to be able to take off their own.

A correspondent says that "Floyd never takes water." If he keeps up his inordinate use of whisky, it is to be hoped he will take fire.

Let our soldiers, if they would hit our enemies in the weakest part, shoot at their knees. The rebels are all getting weak in the knees.

What church do you attend, Mrs. Partington? "Oh! any paradox church where the Gospel is dispensed with."