

Published every SATURDAY MORNING, AT ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE, OR, \$1.25 AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

OFFICE: GRULLS 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.

CRITTENDEN'S PHILADELPHIA COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, N. E. corner of 11th & 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 preparations for business.

Dr. HODGES CRITTENDEN, Attorney-at-Law, PHILADELPHIA.

DR. HENRY LANDIS, SUCCESSOR TO Dr. F. Hinkle, Dealer in Drugs, Perfumery, &c.

DR. LANDIS having purchased the entire interest and good will of Dr. F. Hinkle's Drug Store, would take this opportunity to inform the citizens of Marietta and the public generally, that having just received from Philadelphia a large addition to the old stock, he will spare no pains to keep constantly on hand the best and most complete assortment of every thing in the drug line.

A Lot of Fancy and Toilet Articles, consisting in part of German, French and English Perfumery, Shaving Soaps and Creams, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Buffalo and other Hair Combs, Hair Oils, Pomades, etc.

The celebrated Hatcher's HAIR DYE, DeCosta's and other Tooth Washes, India Cologne, Barry's Tricouperon, for the hair, J. W. Rink, Arnold's Ink, large and small sized bottles, Balm of a Thousand Flowers, Flour of Rice, Corn Starch, Hocker's Fatine, all kinds of pure Ground Spices, Compound Syrup of Phosphate, or Chemical Food, an excellent article for chronic dyspepsia and tonic in Consumption cases, Remedy for constipation, an excellent preparation for the table; Table Oil—very fine—bottles in two sizes. Pure Cod Liver Oil. All of Hinkle's perfumery, pomades, soaps, &c. His Kaitaiion or Hair Restorative is now everywhere acknowledged the best.

MILLINERY, STRAW GOODS, &c.

WE have the pleasure of informing the public that we are now prepared to offer at our Old Stand, Nos. 103, 105 & 107 North Second St., above Arch, Philadelphia, A WELL SELECTED STOCK OF MILLINERY AND STRAW GOODS.

OUR STRAW DEPARTMENT Will comprise every variety of Bonnets, Hats, and Trimmings to be found in that line, of the latest and most approved shapes and styles.

READY-MADE CLOTHING!! Having just returned from the city with a nicely selected lot of Ready-made Clothing, which the undersigned is prepared to furnish at reduced prices; having had in a general assortment of men and boys' clothing, which he is determined to sell low, for cash. His stock consists of OVER-COATS, DRESSES, FROCK AND SACK COATS, PANTS, VESTS, BEAVER JACKETS, ROUBENOUS, (KING) OVERCOATS, CRAWFATS, DRAWERS, SHIRTS, TIES, UNDERSHIRTS, GLOVES, SUSPENDERS, &c. Everything in the Furnishing Goods line. Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere. JOHN H. BELL, next door to Cassel's Store, Marietta, October 23, 1856.

COAL! COAL! COAL! For Sale Cheap for Cash.

THE undersigned being anxious to close out the present stock, will sell at the following low prices, viz: Baltimore Company, Egg and Stove size, at \$3.30. Shamokin, Red Ash, 3.25. Shamokin, White Ash, 3.25. Lykens Valley, broken, 3.10. Lykens Valley, Stove, 3.25. White Ash, nut, 2.40. THOS. ZELL, Agt., Marietta, February 15, 1862.

DR. HENRY LANDIS OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Marietta and vicinity. Can be found at his Drug Store, formerly Dr. Hinkle's, at all times when not elsewhere professionally engaged.

TO MY PATIENTS: Having been called to a position in the U. S. Navy, I hereby resign my profession to the care and attention of Dr. Henry Landis, in whom I have every confidence, having had ample opportunity of ascertaining his ability to fill my place. F. HINKLE, M. D.

WALL PAPERS.—We have just received another supply of the most beautiful Philadelphia manufactures. Purchasers can rely upon the newest styles, which will be sold unusually low at J. R. Diefenbach's.

WILCOX'S Celebrated Imperial Excursion Sled Spring Skeleton Skirt, with self-adjustable Bustle. The latest and best in use, for sale cheap at Diefenbach's.

A CHOICE Lot of Books for children called Indestructible Pleasure Books; School and other Books, Stationery, Pens, Pen holders, &c., &c. For sale by Dr. Landis.

DRIED FRUIT now selling cheap at DIEFENBACH'S.

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Family Circle.

F. L. Baker, Proprietor.

Terms—One Dollar a Year

VOL. 8.

MARIETTA, APRIL 26, 1862.

NO. 39.

SONG OF THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

I build my nest on the mountain's crest, Where wild winds rock my eaglets to rest; Where the lightning's flash and the thunders crash, And the roaring torrents foam and dash: For my spirit free shall henceforth be A type for the sons of Liberty.

Aloft I fly, from my eyrie high, Through the vaulted dome of the azure sky; On a sunbeam bright take my airy flight, And float in a flood of liquid light: For I love to play in the noontide ray, And bask in a blaze from the throne of day.

Away I spring with a tireless wing, On the feathery cloud I poise and swing, I dart down the steep where the lightning's leap, And the clear blue canopy slowly sweep: For dear to me is the rovelry Of a free and fearless Liberty.

I love the land where the mountains stand Like the watch-towers high of a patriot band— For I may not bide in my glory and pride, Though the land be ever so fair and wide, Where luxury reigns o'er voluptuous plains, And fetters the free-born soul in chains.

Then give me in my flight to see The Land of the Pilgrims ever free; And I ne'er will rove from the haunts I love, But watch, from my sentinel truck above, Your banner free, over land and sea, And exult in your glorious destiny.

Oh, guard ye well the land where I dwell, Lest to future times the tale I tell, When slow expires in smouldering fires The goodly heritage of your sires, For Freedom's light rose clear and bright From Fair Columbia's beacon height, 'Till ye quenched the flame in a starless night.

Then will I tear from your pennon fair The stars ye set in triumph there! My olive branch on the blast I'll launch, The fluttering stripes from the flag-staff wrench! And away I'll flee, for I scorn to see Enslavement race in the Land of the Free.

PAY OF GYMNASTS IN ENGLAND.—Leotard, the gymnast, has just concluded an engagement for two years, by which he binds himself to give eight performances a week. For this he is to receive his expenses—namely, suitable "bed and board," and the enormous sum of \$500 a week, or no less than £26,000 a year.—Baldin's profits in England are estimated at between £30,000 and £40,000.

WHAT A WESTERN EDITOR WANTS.—"Wanted at this office—a bull dog, of any color except pumpkin and milk; of respectable size, snub nose, cropped ears, abbreviated continuation, and bad disposition—who can come when called with a raw beef stake, and will bite the man who spits tobacco juice on the stove and steals the exchanges.

A LULLUPATAN COUPLE.—A remarkable matrimonial alliance was solemnized in this city recently. The bridegroom was 42 years of age, four feet and four inches high, and the bride 33 years of age, and three feet eight inches in stature. General Tom Thumb should have been an invited guest.—Newburyport Herald.

MARRIAGE OF SECOND COUSINS.—A bill has been introduced into the Ohio Legislature to prevent the marriage of second cousins, by punishing the Magistrate or clergyman who solemnizes such marriages by the imposition of a fine of \$100. The bill, after earnest debate, was laid on the table.

Over three hundred applications have been filed with the Secretary of the Navy for the chaplaincy made vacant by the death of the chaplain of the frigate Cumberland, which shows that office seeking is not confined to politicians.

The man who is one thing to-day, and another to-morrow—who drives an idea pell-mell this week, while it drives him the next is always in trouble, and does just nothing from one year's end to another.

Three new regiments of Union men from East Tennessee are in process of formation near Cumberland Gap. One of them will be commanded by a son of Gov. Johnson.

Why is a sawyer like a lawyer?—Because whichever way he goes, down comes the dust.

Never be without a quarter in your pocket, and you will always be a quarter-master.

A Young Man who received a "blowing up" from his swoothest, retorted by calling her a wind-lass.

Sunday Battles—their Morals.

The terrible struggle at Pittsburg add another to the long list of Sunday battles. And we heartily agree with the New York Times that the facts are so clear in this and numerous other conflicts and the results have been so uniform and decisive, that comment is not only warranted but demanded alike by philosophy, patriotism and piety. The general statement cannot be gainsaid, and the more important movements of the National forces, in the early stages of the present war, were made on Sunday; and that they were undeniable failures. Patterson's column was constantly victorious for its manoeuvring on Sundays and for little else. Big Bethel, Bull Run, and Ball's Bluff were the great blunders and defeats of attacking armies on Sunday. All these engagements, excepting Ball's Bluff, and the now imprisoned Gen. Stone, preceded Gen. McClellan's noble Sabbath order.—Thenceforward the rebels have made the Sunday assaults, with invariable loss of the battles thus waged. Mill Spring opened their career of Sunday fighting, which closes with Pittsburg. The battle of Winchester was begun on Sunday morning. The first of these battles cost the rebels Kentucky; the second, the valley of Virginia; and the third, the Mississippi Valley. The Merrimac, too, after its destructive Saturday's raid ran a muck against the Monitor on Sunday, and has spent a month in repairing damages.

Add to the facts, that most of the Generals commanding those names—figure as assailants in these battles, were slain in them, or are in disgrace on account of them, and there is food for reflection in these bits of history. What has become of our Gen. Peirce, of Big Bethel memory? What of Gen. Stone? Where are Zollicoffer and Sidney Johnson? In short, since we ceased the business of Sunday fighting and the rebels took it up, we have had only victories to record, and they only defeat and surrenders. Fort Donelson and Island No. 10 were our Sunday morning benison on week-day prowess.

Nor are these isolated historical facts. History is full of them. The Britishers assailed us in Lake Champlain and at New-Orleans on Sunday, and were defeated. We assailed them at Quebec; our army was repulsed and its leaders slain. We began the battle of Monmouth, and had the worst of it. Napoleon began the battle of Waterloo, and lost his army and his empire. The battle of Blenheim, which has been repeatedly cited by the New York Herald, with its usual heathenish accuracy, as a successful Sunday battle, was not fought on Sunday, but began on Wednesday.

We content ourselves with the simple collation of these suggestive facts. Let them go to swell that mighty volume of testimony to the supremacy and stability of a law as old as creation, which claims quite other use of one-seventh part of time than the work of willing human butchery. Whatever such skeptics as the heathen who controls the New York Herald may say to the contrary, there is a God who rules the destinies of nations, and he will vindicate his honor as well as his power; and we further believe that, in his providence, he will so overrule events in this national crisis, as to make "the finger of God" so plainly visible that "none may doubt."

Gen. Curtis has issued the following order in regard to the emancipation of certain slaves. It is dated, Headquarters army of the Southwest, March 26, 1862:

"Charles Morton, Hamilton Kennedy, and Alexander Lewis, colored men, formerly slaves employed in the rebel service, and taken as contraband of war, are hereby confiscated, and not being needed for the public service, are permitted to pass the pickets of this command northward, without let or hindrance, and are forever emancipated from the service of masters who allowed them to aid in their efforts to break up the Government and the laws of the country."

The thousand-and-one scandals which represent Napoleon and his wife as on bad terms, are absurd fictions. They continue devoted to each other, and I dare say, sometimes smile together at the report of her flirtations and his infidelities, Napoleon, who really governs France, and does the work of half a dozen ministers, really has no time for immoralities.

The Dandy.

"William, William, shut up the carriage; there's a wasp!"

When Sir James do B. suddenly interrupted a very agreeable conversation we were having together in his coupe, during our morning drive in the Bois de Boulogne, with this plaintive appeal to his footman, accompanied by such trepidation of manner as would have been creditable to the nerves of a superlatively fine lady, who encounters a spider, or observes a mouse creeping stealthily over the carpet—I was disposed to think him a fool; but a moment's reflection satisfied me I might be mistaken. I knew him to be a soldier, and had good reason to believe him a man of education and a gentleman. He had led his regiment into action with the same elegant nonchalance that would have marked his entrance into the drawing room, and had ordered his men to the charge with a bon mot. This freak of dismay had disturbed a discussion his talents and acquisitions rendered delightful; and his politeness soon offered atonement for the annoyance it had occasioned me. But when he was a dandy, besides, and the mystery of the moment was explained, for it was as consistent with this latter character to acquire notoriety by the affectation of concern in a trifle that would have passed unnoticed by ordinary men, as of its absence in circumstances where it would have been natural and common to ordinary heroes.

Yes, reader, Sir James was a dandy; but not of the tribe by tailors "fashioned when they make a gross"—mere moving models, to display their handicraft, and fit for little else; lost if not seen; disgraced if the cut be not faultless; unfortunate in a tie. The Baronet owed little of his distinction to his Schneider, beyond very gentlemanly apparel; and, though his laundress did her duty, starch was not in excess, nor did it make, with him, the man. His exterior was altogether, comme il faut; but to have been remarkable, in any particular of dress or manner, would have violated that complete ensemble of propriety in both, he aimed at, and which, like perfect harmony, would be such no longer, were one note, however agreeable, distinguishable in the diapason. Then, too, he was unimpeachable in that delightful essential of good breeding, quiet; so intolerant of noise, that, perhaps, after all, he was sincere in his emotion, and rather annoyed by the buzzing of the insect, than apprehensive of its sting.—His illustrious prototype, the luxurious Sybarite, the first on record of the genus daudiorum, had agonized on his couch because a crumpled rose-leaf had been left between it and his person; and why might not Sir James complain of still greater calamity, threatening his noon-day's possibility? But he did not complain. He lisped forth his apprehensions and his wishes to William, in one brief sentence, then immediately resumed his equanimity, and was himself again, in calmness and intelligence, after this little coup de main, which even Brummell would have approved.

But when shall we look for a representative of this great master, before whose mighty effrontery all modern achievement sinks into insignificance? Princes trembled at his sneer, and the aristocracy of rank and fashion took its direction from his nod. His approval could create; his derision was annihilation. Omnipotent in ridicule, satire fell harmless on his own extravagances, only to recoil on his assailants, or to give to his conceits the notoriety they sought for, and to add to his triumphs, until overweening audacity prompted to a fight his genius could not sustain, nor royal lenity excuse. That fatal pull of the bell announced his doom, and sent him to exile, which, to one of his complexion, was worse than death.

Immortal Brummell, it has been my fortune, in a life of various vicissitude and adventure, to witness the pretensions of many of thy servile imitators, from Russia's Imperial coxcomb to the village beau; but they were as pigmies to the giant original, who knew no rival, and left no successor. Better for thee to have quitted the scene where thou stoodest alone in thy glory, than to behold the cause for which thou didst live and suffer, multiplied in numbers, but failing in renown; better than to see that become a mere meter in the hands of a mechanic, which thy genius made a science, few have attained to, and in which none have approached to perfection but thyself.

Alas for Fauno. The hero of a thou-

and fields fretted out his miserable remnant of existence on an isolated rock, lashed, as if in scorn, by that element which had ever scoffed at his supremacy. The arbiter of fashion, the dictator to that exclusive world, for whose approving fiat heroes bled and dandies dress, was destined to—

"—a foreign strand, A petty village, and a stranger's hand— To leave a man, at which that 'world' grew pale, To close a column, and eke out a tale."

RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.—The following are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and being placed in a conspicuous position in every household:

1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness.—Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say.
3. Never promise them anything unless you are sure you can give them what you promise.
4. If you tell a child to do anything, show him how to do it and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for willfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they can vex you, or make you lose your self-command.
7. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have at another time under the same circumstances forbidden.
11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recitals the perfect truth.
13. Never allow of tale-bearing.
14. Teach them that self-denial, not self-indulgence, is the appointed and sure method of securing happiness.

THE LAST WORDS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN have always been a matter of interest to the world. Those of Washington, John Marshall, John Q. Adams, Webster, and Calhoun, are remembered and often repeated. And now those of Gen. Ben McCullough have passed into history. When the surgeon, with faltering voice and a tear in his eye, told Ben he was dying, Ben looked up, and, with unfaltering countenance and in firm tone, remarked "Oh Hell! That was Ben's last, Ben evidently knew where he was going. He greeted his haven as he was about to enter it."

There is nothing like courage in misfortune. Next to faith in God, and in his overruling Providence, a man's faith in himself is his own salvation.—It is the secret of all power and success. It makes a man strong as the pillared iron; or elastic as the springing steel.

The Baltimore American says that slaves there, of a description to have brought one thousand dollars before this rebellion, cannot be sold for one hundred.

A Zoological distinction.—The principal difference between the original British lion and the Canadian variety of the animal is that the latter wants Mains.

People with one leg in the grave are often very long in putting the other in. They seem like some birds, to repose best on one leg.

Com. Foote gave the rebels about two thousand pills before their last evacuation. It was an obstinate case.

To all men, the best friend is virtue; the best companies are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.

When a wise man plays the fool, a woman is generally at the bottom of it.

The worst kind of a tent for a soldier to dwell in—Discontent.

Shoe that never wears out—The "Irish brogue."

RELIGION—WHAT IS IT?

Is it to go to church to-day, To look devout and seem to pray, And ere to-morrow's sun goes down Be Dealing slander through the town?

Does every sanctimonious face Denote the certain reign of grace? Does not a phiz that scowls at sin Oft veil hypocrisy within?

Is it to make our daily walk, And of our own good deeds to talk, Yet often practice secret crime, And thus mis-spell our precious time?

Is it for sect and creed to fight, To call our zeal the rule of right, When what we wish is, at the best, To see our church excel the rest?

Is it to wear the Christian dress, And love to all mankind profess, To treat with scorn the humble poor, And bar against them every door?

Oh, no! religion means not this: Its fruit more sweet and fair is— Its precept this: to others do As you would have them do to you.

It grieves to hear an ill report, And scorns with human words to sport— Of others' deeds it speaks no ill, But tells of good or else keeps still.

And does religion this impart? Then may its influence fill my heart; Oh! haste the blissful, joyful day, When all the earth may own its way.

PRENTICE-OUTS.

Since the fall of Sumpter the rebels have never taken a fort or strongly fortified position, while they have been compelled to vacate and surrender places of immense strength.

The salt famine in the Southern Confederacy is dreadful. Lot's wife would bring seventy-five cents a pound there. Her little finger or little toe would be deemed a reasonable prize.

Some young rebels in this city talk of joining the Southern Confederacy. They can't join it. The thing is virtually broken and all the joiners in the world couldn't join it.

A Missouri paper says that the rebels "get ahead of the Devil himself in their atrocities." We have no doubt that they are always ahead of him, certainly he is after them.

It is said that Gen. Price had one of his hands shot off at Pea Ridge. So, like an imperfect timepiece, he hasn't any second-hand.

Beauregard wants to make cannon out of bells. We tried to make a big gun of John Bell and couldn't. But he wasn't true metal.

We don't know that we could take No. 10, but, when we were treated by a steam doctor a few years ago, we took No. 6, without the least difficulty.

The Charleston Mercury thinks that the Southern Confederacy will soon be delivered. We wonder what sort of a little monster the brat will be.

All the bridges destroyed by the rebels should, after their reconstruction, be used as scaffolds for the hanging of the offenders made suspension bridges.

Gov. Wise, while he hung John Brown, talked enthusiastically of the old man's nerve. It seems then that a chap can admire nerve without having it.

There's no room for live rebel soldiers in Kentucky. It is enough that her soil is defiled by the carcasses of some thousands of dead ones.

Our old friend Fanny Fern the piquant has parted from her third husband. So there's room for some other enterprising young man.

The Southern rebels, who complain of such a scarcity of salt, will find enough of it when they are driven into the Gulf.

Why is Gen. Floyd like one of the loyal Generals upon the Potomac? Because he is a General Hooker.

At the approach of the Federal armies the hottest rebel papers get, as cool as if conducted by so many Coolies.

There will be very few noses left in the rebel Confederacy. Every rebel seems to be biting off his own.

The Richmond rebels are sending away their whisky and tobacco. Of course they will follow soon.

When Floyd is hung, he will be, like all the statements he makes, without the least foundation.

"What is the chief end of man?" Of ordinary men the head. Of Humphrey Marshall—not.

The Confederate rulers are like the Confederate notes—there's nothing to redeem them.

Gen. Beauregard forms very ingenious plans; but, like a lazy servant won't work.

The rebels have courage enough to destroy their cities and towns but not to destroy themselves.

We are silencing the batteries of the rebels everywhere. When shall we silence their mouths?

The rebel Confederacy is sick and needs to be treated with powder and pill.

Humphrey Marshall has one great advantage in war; he can't be outlanked.

The Rebel Confederacy sprang in the Fall, and it is likely to fall in the Spring.