

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.
AT ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
OR, \$1.25 AT THE END OF THE YEAR.
OFFICE: CRULLS 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.

JOHN CRULL,
PRACTICAL HATTER,
NO. 92 MARKET STREET, MARIETTA.
TAKES this method of informing his old friends and the public generally, that he has re-taken his old stand (recently occupied by George L. Mackey), and is now permanently fixed to prosecute the Hating business in ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Having just returned from the city where he selected a large, varied and fashionable assortment of everything in the line.
HAT AND CAP LINE.
and now offer an examination of his stock and prices, before purchasing elsewhere. Having also laid in a stock of Hating materials, he will be enabled, at short notice, to manufacture all qualities from the common soft to the most fashionable silk hat.
Employing none but the best of workmen, and manufacturing good goods at low prices, he hopes to merit and receive a liberal share of public patronage. **THE HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR FURS.**—**March 9, 1862.**

S. S. RATHVON,
Merchant Tailor, and Clothier,
At F. J. Krampf's Old Stand, on the Corner of North Queen and Orange Streets, Lancaster, Penna.

G. R. A. T. E. L. L.
and vicinity, for the liberal patronage heretofore extended, the undersigned respectfully solicits a continuance of the same; assuring them, that under all circumstances, no efforts will be spared in rendering a satisfactory equivalent for every act of confidence reposed in him.
CLOTHS, CASIMERS AND VESTINGS, and such other reasonable materials as fashion and the market furnishes, constantly kept on hand and manufactured to order, promptly, and reasonably, as to taste or style may suggest.
ALSO,—READY-MADE CLOTHING, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, and such articles as usually belong to a Merchant Tailor and Clothing establishment.

DAVID ROTH,
Dealer in Hardware,
Cedarware, Paints, Oils, Glass, Parlor, Cook, Hall and other Stoves, &c., MARKET-ST., MARIETTA.

W. O. L. D.
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 the following: all kinds of Building and Housekeeping Hardware, in all styles, Cutlery, Tools, Paints, Oils, Glass, Varnishes, Cedarware, Tubs, Buckets, Churns, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Shovels, Pliers, Tongs, Cast-iron Stoves, Ranges, and other articles of Iron, Brass, Copper and all other kind of Metals, Nails, Spikes and all other things usually kept in a well regulated Hardware establishment.

A. L. E. N. D. Y. S. A. N. D.
Fashionable
Dress and Shoe Manufacturer,
MARKET STREET, MARIETTA, PENN.
Wou. d most respectfully inform the citizens of this Borough and neighborhood that he has the large 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 more judiciously than those who are not. He continues to manufacture in the best manner everything in the BOOT AND SHOE LINE, which he will warrant of neatness and good fit.
Call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

"THE UNION"
Arch Street, above Third, Philadelphia, U. T. N. S. NEWCOMER, Proprietor.

This Hotel is a central convenient by Passenger Cars to all parts of the City, and in every particular adapted to the comfort and wants of the business public.
Terms \$1.50 per day.

WHITE SWAN HOTEL,
FRONT STREET, MARIETTA.
The undersigned has again leased this old and popular hotel, takes this method of informing his old friends and the public generally, that nothing shall be spared to keep up the reputation of the house, and make it worthy of the support of the traveling public.
G. W. H. E. C. K. R. O. T. H. E.

Great Improvement in Sewing Machines.
Empire Sewing Machine.
Patented February 14th, 1860.

Salesroom, 510 Broadway, New York.
This Machine is constructed on an entirely new principle of mechanism, possessing many rare and valuable improvements, having been examined by the most profound experts, and pronounced to be the most perfect and perfect Combination.
The following are the principal objections urged against Sewing Machines:
1.—Excessive fatigue to the operator.
2.—Liability to get out of order.
3.—Expense, trouble and loss of time in repairing.
4.—Incapacity to sew every description of material.
5.—Disagreeable noise while in operation.
The Empire Sewing Machine is exempt from all these objections.

It has a straight needle perpendicular action, makes the LOCK or SHUTTLE STITCH, which will neither rip nor travel, and is alike on both sides; performs perfect sewing on every description of material, from Leather to the finest Nankeen Muslin, with cotton, linen, silk thread, from the coarsest to the finest number.
Having neither CAM nor COG WHEEL, and the least possible friction, it runs as smooth as glass, and is **EMPHATICALLY A NOISELESS MACHINE.**
It requires fifty per cent. less power to drive it than any other Machine in the market. A girl of twelve years of age can work it steadily, without fatigue or injury to health. Its strength and wonderful simplicity of construction, render it almost impossible to get out of order, and is guaranteed by the company to give entire satisfaction.

We respectfully invite all those who may desire to supply themselves with a superior article, to call and examine this unrivalled Machine.
But in a more special manner do we solicit the patronage of
Merchant Tailors, Dress Makers, Coat Makers, Vest Makers, Gaiter Fitters, Shirt and Bosom Makers, Hoop Skirt Manufacturers, Religious and Charitable Institutions will be liberally dealt with.

Price of MACHINES, Complete:
No. 1, or Family Machine, \$45 00, No. 2, Small sized Manufacturing, \$75 00, No. 3, Large sized Manufacturing, \$75 00.
Cabinet in every Variety.
We have Agents for all towns in the United States, where agencies are not already established, to whom a liberal discount will be given, but we make no concessions to T. J. M. A. R. T. I. N. & C. O., 510 BROADWAY, New York.

D. V. O. T. T. S. Hanging and Side Lamps.
For Sale at WEST & ROTH'S.

The Mariettian.

In Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Family Circle.

F. L. Baker, Proprietor.

Terms—One Dollar a Year.

VOL 8.

MARIETTA, MAY 10, 1862.

NO. 41.

Letter from a Mariettian.
At the urgent request of Mr. F. L. Baker, to whom the following letter was addressed, we admit it into our columns, verbatim, without comment.
U. S. Sloop of War JAMESTOWN.
Off Southville, North Carolina.
April 12, 1862.

Respected Friend:
This morning came your letter of Jan. 31st, and I assure you it was indeed welcome, for it is the first news I have received from home since leaving Hampton Roads, a day or two after the mailing of your letter. I had anxiously looked for letters, not alone from yourself but other of my friends in Marietta, day after day, week after week, and finally month after month, until I became so discontented, that I vented my wrath upon my "Jack of Clubs" negro servant by occasionally placing the toe of my boot (no doubt) where it should not be, and stilled the longings of my heart anxious in the extreme, in the enjoyment of drinking "Lager Beer" until that gave out and I finally was compelled to come down to a little whiskey & water, the "rye" being predominant in the aforesaid mixture, and now after receiving my mail I find "Malony" himself again. I was not a little amused in looking over one of the "Mariettians" containing a list of the Officers attached to this vessel, to find a comment upon your humble friend "A. B. M."—viz., "the last heard of him, was, that he had turned Secesh, and was fighting against Uncle Sam." Now I can not for a moment comprehend how such a slander could possibly get abroad. I freely admit I was a Strong sympathizer of the South, prior to the war, I had sufficient reasons so to be, but when the matter came to be so serious as it is. I felt myself a Pennsylvanian, and could therefore do no more than accept the offers made to me whilst abroad to return to the United States and take part in the glorious cause of sustaining the Union and upholding the Constitution. I sacrificed no little when I bid farewell to my friends in South America to return home. But I felt it a duty and accepted it cheerfully and now find myself side by side with many others, who like myself offered freely their services in a capacity, and their life's blood for the good of their Common Country. We were well if some others who now enjoy themselves in the gaiety of female Society in Old "Marietta" would go and do like wise, persons who cry loudly for sustaining the Union, young men who have no families to require their presence to watch over them, but who remain to dance attendance, & hold the woolen thread, as some fair one blisters her delicate, dear, little fingers in Knitting Socks, mits, etc.—for the poor Soldier who has gone forth to save their loved Country and doing battle for its existence. Why my friend if I were one of those ladies (and very happily I'm not) who belong to that "Patriotic Circle," I would treat with scorn any young man who would thus remain to play the agreeable when their Country is in danger. Oh! what a pleasure it will be to one and all of us who may live to return to our happy homes and receive the cordial welcome of those we love, it will be an ample recompense for all dangers all privations and trials we may have passed through, to know and feel that we are deserving all the homage of our fair townswomen.

"Malony" turned Secesh; Heaven forgive him who would thus wound a heart whose every impulse is and ever has been for the good of his Country. I defy any man to prove to the contrary they say I belonged to a Secret Society tainted with Secessionism. But what of that, do they know what constituted that Society? No—I was attached to the organization long before I arrived in the United States and before even a president was nominated by either party at the last election. I left the organization prior to my leaving the United States on the 21st of last March a year ago, my reasons for doing so were, because it was incompatible with my interests and other reasons of which I have not the liberty to say. Again they say I held communication with the South during my stay in Marietta, and I ask why not; did not every person who had business South do the same thing? Uncle Sam carried the mails, and I paid for my letters, is it any bodie's business what my business was there, baby it is all folly, and a few would be, notables exclaimed, he is Secesh, and has gone so Secesh. Heaven forbid—I am acquainted

ed through the Southern States more than any other one person in Marietta. I watch with anxious eyes all movements made by our grand and noble army, which has at last pushed forward to open the prisons which contain so many Union patriots in duress yoke. I have friends there, I have loved companions there, who stood by my side when danger pressed round and about me in a foreign clime, and who never swerved for a moment in their friendship for me and I now vow I will push forward all my humble yet feeble energies to the accomplishment of opening every prison door, and freeing every State from the contamination of that Curse of our Country, "A Rebel." I congratulate my Country, the grand army on the recent victories in the West; it will have a good effect abroad, teaching them that our glorious Union is not dead. When they read the account of the deeds of Valor done by that army the noblest the world has ever seen marshalled for conflict their hearts will quake, and feel the truth that the American Union is not a thing of the past. What a dead Rebel; show such vitality; by Heaven! be he who may that would utter such an assertion is a liar and his heart is as false as H—l. Our Union not only exists, but it exhibits a life and gigantic energy in its efforts for self preservation such as the strongest government in Europe can not display. After all the secret preparations and plottings of the last thirty years, made under the greatest advantages, by traitors who were cunningly conspiring in the very Council Chambers and legislative halls of the government which they were seeking to overthrow—a government which they disarmed before they assailed—a government whose strength by the meretricious arts of the Deiliah of Secession. The Union has rallied in an incredible brief space of time, an army of brave and hardy volunteers such as neither Great Britain, France, nor Spain could have gathered together by drafts, impositions and conscriptions. Our whole Country shaked beneath the tread of the Soldiers of the Republic, the air tremble with their shouts, the sky is overshadowed with their banners and along their glittering lines passes from battalion to battalion the thrilling cry "The Union lives!" "The Union lives!" That cheering sound is wafted across the rebel barriers to the Southern States, and our friends and patriots there hearing the angel which proclaims their enfranchisement from a lawless and cruel despotism, reach the shout, while old men and matrons, the aged and the young clasp their hands with tearful praise and sob aloud "God be praised! The Union lives! Our deliverers have come." The pent up lightnings of the people's vengeance are ready to burst upon their tyrant oppressors in terrible retribution. The electric spark of freedom I say, has sped and far along the mountain peaks and rattling crags goes forth this living thunder, not from one lone cloud but the heavens and the mountains have found a tongue, and whispers hope to the heart of the patriot there. This glorious Union dead!—I pause!—This precious Sacred patrimony, of our revolutionary Sires, dissipated in riot and lawlessness & licentiousness! I reflect. The enemies of freedom and Republican liberty—the plotters of this Secession treason, who idly dreamed that a lifeless government lay before them to be dissected at their mercy—may well start with dismay at the outstretched form which wore the semblance of death springs up in the panoply of war; even as the Hebrew prophet was startled when he beheld the dry bones of the valley inspired with life marshalled in battle array. All along this coast of Rebellion swarm our noble vessels of war, all the rebel ports and harbors are now securely blockaded, rebel fort after fort has been bombarded & taken by our noble tars, the rebellious cities vainly struggle in our iron grasp, the father of waters team with our iron clad gun boats descending successfully upon their strongholds, while from the Sepulchre of crucified loyalty the corner stone is about to be rolled away that the redeemed spirit may claim peace unto the nation. For myself friend "Foulk" I can not but feel that ours is the heroic age of free government, the last experiment that the world will ever witness, and the very last it ought to witness if we must fail, we are on the remote confines of the world—no arena is left for further trial, and if the sun of freedom goes down now, it will never rise hereafter. Be-

hold my conception this generation is called to occupy the highest political responsibility which can be appointed unto man. I honor the heroic deeds of our fathers of the revolution, I love to recount their history, but the deeds of the present day will occupy a more conspicuous part in history than those of the revolution, our fathers had to meet a foreign foe, who could not enter into the interior of our country, but we, an intestine foe spread over an area exceeding more than half of Europe. Occasionally comes borne to my ear from the North—Peace, peace, peace, and they are indeed sweet words to me and most grateful to my ear, and my heart sickens as I read the report of the battles lately fought in the West, and see slain or the mutilated as they clasp the earth, and behold the tears of the widow and the fatherless—God knows I would gladly welcome peace, but it will not come at our bidding. To flatter myself that there can be no such thing as a lasting peace with a divided Union. I say the Union can alone be perpetuated under the Constitution given us by our forefathers. If you believe me not go read over the history of that Convention in Philadelphia composed of kindred spirits with Washington, Franklin, and Sherman, and see their efforts for weeks and months to consummate a government for us, and the cry of peace will not be a joy until every rebel has thrown down their arms, can you, think of peace even in Marietta, when you recollect how old age in its helplessness, female innocence in its unprotected loneliness, the rights of property, in their moral Sanctuary, loyal men in the refuge of God's consecrated house, and the young bride, in the holy of holies of her husband's bosom, have been abused, insulted, plundered, burned, or ravished, just as the fell spirit of the Confederate Soldier prompted. From many a home, the former abode of peace and security, there have gone up tears and groans and plaintive pleadings, mingled with shrieks of frenzied horror, to the mercy seat crying for vengeance. No my friend there can be no peace whilst such demons desecrate our fair land! That man who talks to me of liberty and peace when the Union has been broken up is infected with treason or insanity, he might as well talk of composure amid the throes of the earthquake, or of safety on the flaming verge of the volcano. All history (and I flatter myself I have read no little) gives the lie to any such flattering predictions, and what I still see in human nature stamps it with an insane absurdity. Make peace by giving the South what they ask for, break the bonds of the Union and every thing great and good goes with it. The advocates of free institutions would be covered with confusion, while the very graves of despotism would give up their dead in exultation. My motto is this—My Country as a whole—Not the North or the South; Not the East or the West, but my Country as a great and glorious whole. Let rivers roll and mountains swell to diversify its surface, but over all the patriotic pride and sympathies of the American must flow undiminished and deep, as one united Republican realm of the free. I would that the Nation perish at once rather than groan under a miserable existence under the yoke of Southern oppression as has characterized its leaders, let the tempest that now beats upon us, bear away with it every relic of our past glory, every memorial of our present existence. Never again let the eloquence of our orators thunder in our halls of legislation or the incense of gratitude ascend from our altars, but let every stream that wanders through our fair Country murmur only of ruin, every breeze that sweeps from the plain to the mountain top, tell only of ghastly desolation every wave that breaks upon our shores rumble like clouds on the confines of the dead, when our Country shall be ruled by those traitors in arms against so good so glorious a Constitution and so grateful a Country. A few words more on this subject and I say farewell. I cannot close without recurring to the lamented dead of our late glorious victories by some remembrance. They who poured out their life blood, and others who may yet live mutilated and deformed, who will carry to the grave the marks of what they have done for their Country. The dead are beyond our sympathy, but we can ever cherish a grateful memory of their self devotion and who are exempt, and whose field of duty is at home, care for their friends, watch kindly over

them, smooth the rough paths over which they may tread ere they say farewell to this world, it is an honorable, a noble friend, and I pray you fail not in your duty, and Heaven will reward you and yours. I have done and I friend "Foulk" for such sentiments as these, they have seen fit to characterize me as a "Marietta" as a Secessionist, if such thoughts such expressions are disloyal, traitorous and rebellious I am indeed a Secessionist, and yet I have a consolation, for I feel I am, far more of a Patriot than they who would traduce me for giving me for trespassing, so long as upon your time, I could not help for I felt that it became me to speak as I have done. I care not what others may think, but with you and the few who have been friendly toward me I could not allow such an assertion to go uncontested. I have spoken freely and I hope sincerely hope you will not find one word in this hasty written letter to wound your feelings or mar your pleasure in reading it, but that I may find in you what I am truly grateful for. Friends! Remember me very kindly to Mr. Fraiser, you say he is indeed my friend. I assure you I never had reason to think otherwise, you can show him this letter if you see fit, or any of your friends who would know of A. B. M. who, when last I heard of him, was in the city, and was fighting against Uncle Sam. Oh! what a slander yet it affects me personally, not in idea. Remember me to Mrs. Foulk and the children in kindness and respect. I hope to be in Marietta some time in May, when we can have a chat over old affairs gone by. Adieu upon this amid. Very Respectfully
A. B. Malony U. S. S. Sloop, U. S. Ship Jamestown, North Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

Mr. John Foulk
Marietta,
Lancaster County, Pa.

The battle of Corbin can not be delayed much longer. Since Gen. Halleck's arrival at Pittsburg Landing, that officer, has brought orders out of chaos, and reformed and reorganized his army, so that it is literally "itself again." The whole of Gen. Buell's corps, with the exception of General Mitchell's division, is now at this point and all correspondents agree that it is a host in itself. Add to this Gen. Pope's army, which has been ordered from the lower Mississippi, and which is probably now with Gen. Halleck, and we have at Pittsburg Landing a larger force than ever before was marshalled on this continent—except, perhaps, on the Rappahannock before McClellan moved towards Yorktown. Gen. Mitchell has also been largely reinforced, and is now fully able to defend himself against any force Beauregard can send against him. Therefore, the enemy are to say the least, in a precarious condition. With Gen. Halleck at the head of a large army watching closely upon him, and Gen. Mitchell having charge of all his means of retreat, but once how can he expect to hold Corinth? The rebel General must either attack Gen. Halleck, or surrender—for to retreat would be useless—as there is no other strategic point in the Mississippi valley worth defending. We expect he will make the attack, and if he does, he will get a worse thrashing than he did at Pittsburg Landing.

The War was Women Do is—A lady lately arrived, says a Buffalo paper, from the lower regions of Tennessee, relates an amusing story of the way in which she managed to save her valuables. Her husband had left home at the commencement of the rebellion, delegating to her care of the property, a considerable one. Becoming tired of rebel associations, she at last determined to leave for the North, and converting all her personal goods into gold and silver, at great sacrifice, she worked the gold coin into the lappings of a pastebored laced bonnet, and placed the silver pieces between layers of bread and butter deposited in her basket. Setting out on her journey, she thus managed to elude the hordes of thieves that beset her path.

An intelligent farmer, being asked if his horses were well matched; replied: "Yes, they are matched first-rate; one of them is willing to do all the work, and the other is willing he should."

If Jeff Davis wants to get a safe place, we advise him to climb a high tree and draw it up after him.

[From the Columbia Spy.
STRIKE FOR THE UNION.
BY R. M. JOHNSON.
Strike for the Union! do it now;
Crush vile treason at one strong blow;
Strike for our banner! rear it high;
Bright Stars that ne'er shall fade away!
Strike for the Union!

Strike as the waves strike! where it stood,
Drown discord in a rushing flood;
Strike as the lightning! quick and fast;
Scorch the serpent with a hot blast!
Strike for the Union!

Strike but to conquer! know no fear,
Who's not brave in a cause so dear?
Strike though we perish! Heaven will bless
The widow and the fatherless.
Strike for the Union!

Strike for our memories, glorious thought!
This home, with blood, our sires once bought;
Strike for our birth-right! he's the heir,
Who fights for freedom every where!
Strike for the Union!

Strike for the present! who shall say
There's small value in one day!
Strike for the future! hope awaits
With her grand roll of unborn States—
Strike for the Union!

SONG OF OUR FLAG.
BY R. M. JOHNSON.
Aria—The Bells of London.
With deep affection,
And recollection,
We often think of
Our glorious Flag,
Whose folds so wild would
In days of childhood
Fling o'er my fancy
Their majestic spells.

See our Flag, yonder,
On that I ponder,
And still grow fonder,
Proud flag of thee;
Thy bright stars gleaming,
Thy broad stripes streaming,
In all my dreaming
I seem to see.

I've seen flags glorious
Borne back victorious
From battle's hot zone
For blood and strife;
For whose maintenance
The brave, disdaining
Dread missiles raining,
Gave up their life.

Of those flags gory
And I've heard the glory
In song and story,
Told tenderly;
But thy stars gleaming,
Thy broad stripes streaming,
In all my dreaming
I ever see.

Devotedly
With trimmings golden,
Seem to embolden
The claims of these
Such empty tender
Of royal splendor
And an air of
With a case
tributed to me.

See our flag yonder—
On that I ponder,
And still grow fonder,
Proud flag of thee;
Thy bright stars gleaming,
Thy broad stripes streaming,
In all my dreaming
I ever see.

The effect of the successes of
Burnside and Foe is very perceptible
in all quarters. The contrabands, as
may well be supposed, are not indiffer-
ent. One of them quietly inquired,
recently, as follows:
"Can you tell why it is that Master
Burnside found that it took five north-
erners to equal one southerner?"
"No" replied we, "how is it?"
"Why, sir, it takes four northerners
to catch one southerner—he runs so fast
—and then it takes the other northerner
to whip him!"
Good for a contraband.

It is said that the acknowledged
right of an editor to publish a printing on
sight, is a part of the "liberty" of the
press.
—Amen.
If a man is murdered by his hired
man, should the coroner render a verdict
of killed by his own hands?
It is much to be feared that the
"class of fashion" is the main class.
When men have the heart to do a
very bad thing, they seldom want the
face to bear it out.