

# The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal: Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, News of the Day, Local Intelligence, &c.

F. L. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

Established April 11, 1854.

VOL. NINE.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1862.

NO. 10.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
AT ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,  
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

OFFICE on Front Street, a few doors east of Mrs. Flury's Hotel, Marietta, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

TERMS, One Dollar a year, payable in advance, and if subscriptions be not paid within six months \$1.25 will be charged, but if delayed until the expiration of the year, \$1.50 will be charged.

No subscription received for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

Any person sending us five new subscribers shall have a sixth copy for his trouble.

ADVERTISING RATES: One square (12 lines, or less) 50 cents for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Professional and Business cards, of six lines or less at \$3 per annum. Notices in the reading columns, five cents a line. Marriages and Deaths, the simple announcement, FREE; but for any additional lines, five cents a line.

A liberal deduction made to yearly and half yearly advertisers.

## WORK TO DO.

From the north and the west—  
That are joined, heart and hand,  
For the flag of their sires,  
And the laws of the land,  
Come forth, ye free men,  
That are loyal thereto,  
For Freedom has work  
For her children to do!

Not the work that ye know,  
That is best for the free,  
Sowing towns in new lands,  
Plowing ships through the sea;  
Ye are perfect in this,  
It is old; but the new—  
'Tis a grim work your sires  
Left their children to do!

Could they speak from their graves,  
They would shout to their sons:  
'Leave your plows, drop your tools,  
Run and shoulder your guns!  
Ye must march to the south,  
Ye must cut your way through,  
Or—leave the stern work  
For your children to do!

We hear the alarm—  
Like the lightning it runs,  
And thousands of freemen  
Have shouldered their guns;  
They will fall on the south,  
They will crush and subdue,  
Not leave their sad work  
For their children to do!

For the north and the west—  
They have taken their stand  
For the flag that they love,  
And the laws of the land!  
They'll maintain them till death,  
Ay, and after it, too—  
For they'll still leave the work  
Which their children will do!

## "ON THE MARCH."

Huzzah! the regiment is ready—  
Our knapsacks full, our bayonets bright;  
Come, comrades, let us march on steady,  
Marched and eager for the fight.

Strike our tents, in order muster,  
And wait the colonel's first command,  
Lift up our flag and round it cluster,  
Sworn to defend it heart and hand.

Our country calls; the drums are beating,  
Throughout the land from East to West;  
Advance! quick step! there's no retreating!  
The promptest, bravest, are the best.

What thought behind we leave our treasures,  
Our household darlings, home-born joys,  
Our work, our business, and our pleasures,  
Our wives our sweethearts, girls and boys?

We go to win a richer booty  
Than all our labor could afford;  
We freely go to do our duty,  
And see the rule of right restored.

Then march, brave boys, with cheerful faces,  
And join the Union's mighty band,  
Resolved to rise to noble places,  
Or die to save our native land.

It is a well authenticated fact that soldiers wounded in the head, on recovery from the wound, have, in some instances, lost all consciousness of their personal identity. The case of a soldier who died in one of the Paris hospitals, is a striking confirmation of this fact. Wounded at the battle of Solferino, he wound soon cicatrized; but he afterwards labored under a strange hallucination, fancying himself dead. When asked how he was, he would reply—"You want to know how Pierre Valin died; why, he was killed at Solferino." "What you see is not Valin, but a machine made to imitate him."

Some woman writes to us that she thinks that the rebel prisoners here may be poisoned. Not unless they are so fortunate as to be kissed by venomous creature as she.

The Richmond Examiner says the rebel Government "draws a long breath for its late suspense." Let it draw as long breathes as it pleases, for it will have precious few of them.

It is said that Huphey Marshall is coming in this direction. If any of our friends design drawing a bead upon him when he gets in sight, let them practice before hand at a barn-door.

## WASHINGTON AND THE CORPORAL.

During the American Revolution, it is said, the commander of a little squad was giving orders to those under him relative to a log of timber, which they were endeavoring to raise to the top of military works they were preparing. The timber went up with difficulty, and on this account the voice of the little man was often heard in regular vociferations of "Heave away! there she goes! heave ho!" An officer, not in the military costume, was passing, and asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter, astonished, turning round with the pomp of an emperor, said: "Sir, I am a corporal." "You are, are you?" replied the officer. "I was not aware of that," and taking off his hat and bowing, the officer said, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal," and then dismounted, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead. When the work was finished, turning to the commander, he said: "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time." The corporal was astonished. It was Washington who thus addressed him!

A PLUCKY MAN IN WASHINGTON.—That man Mr. Spinner the United States Treasurer. Some one was saying to him on Tuesday last week, that probably the fate of the nation would be sealed within three days, the result of the next contest, at or near Centreville. Mr. Spinner replied, "It is not true, for if we get whipped there we will still make another fight on the Potomac line; and if we then lose Washington, the war will have only just begun. Not until there has been a funeral of every family will the government and the people make up their minds to wage this war as it should be waged!" We like such men and such talk. If the question was put by the Government today to the people of the loyal States, there would come up such tremendous *Nos*, as would shake the White House to its foundation. We will yield? Never! Before God, never!

A CALIFORNIA DODGE.—Those who go round with the contribution box in California churches plead and argue the ease at the pews as they go along. In one instance the following dialogue ensued: Parson L. extended the basket to Bill, and he slowly shook his head. "Come, William, give us something," said the parson. "Can't do it," replied Bill. "Why not? Is not the cause a good one?" "Yes, good enough, but I am not able to give anything." "Poh! poh! I know better; you must give a better reason than that." "Well, I owe too much money; I must be just before I am generous, you know." "But, William, you owe God a larger debt than you owe any one else." "That's true, parson; but then he ain't pushing me like the rest of my creditors." The argument was conclusive.

WHITE INDIANS.—We are informed that a daughter of Mr. Colgrove, of Clinton Junction, who was married and removed to Minnesota some time since, and settled near Red Wing, returned to her father's house a few days ago. While riding near their residence, in Minnesota, she and her husband met the sheriff of the county, who informed them that he had captured three Indians. Suspecting some deception, they washed the faces of the captives and found one of them to be a white man painted. The sheriff and his party hung the scoundrel on the first tree they came to without delay or ceremony.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

The Seneca Falls Courier says that the Seneca Knitting Mills establishment in that village recently contracted with the United States government to furnish 700,000 pairs of stockings for the army, and daily turns out 8,000 pairs towards fulfilling the contract. About 300 persons are employed as operatives and from 3,000 to 4,000 women and girls are furnished with work at their homes in the surrounding country and in distant places.

Persons without front teeth have been held to be exempt from the draft on account of their not being able to "bite a cartridge." In consequence of this, a good many fellows, it is said, have had their front teeth pulled. But now an order from the War Department prescribes that the toothless shall not be exempt but subject to draft for the artillery service. Good enough for them.

The women can't well bear arms, but let us remember that they have born armies.

## A Remarkable Man.

At a temperance meeting once held in the State of Alabama, Col. Lehmanowski (a Pole by birth, and we think who was once Count,) who had been twenty-three years a soldier in Bonaparte's armies, addressed the meeting. He arose before the audience, tall, erect vigorous, with a glow of health in his face, and said:

"You see before you a man seventy-nine years old. I have fought two hundred battles, have fourteen wounds in my body, have lived thirty days on horse flesh, with the bark of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of heaven for my covering, without any stockings or shoes on my feet, and with only a few rags for my clothing. In the deserts of Egypt I have marched for days with the burning sun upon my naked neck, head, feet blistered in the scorching sand, and mouth filled with dust, and thirst so tormenting that I have cut the veins of my arms and sucked my own blood. Do you ask how I survived these horrors? I answer that next to the providence of God, I owe my preservation, my health and vigor, to this fact, that I never drank a drop of spirituous liquors in all my life." And he continued, "Baron Larry, chief of the medical staff of the French army, has stated it as a fact, that the six thousand survivors who safely returned from Egypt, were all men who abstained from the use of ardent spirits."

SETTING TYPE BY STEAM.—A typesetting machine has been invented, which is said to work perfectly. The machine, worked by an operator of common intelligence and industry, will set and distribute from 30,000 to 40,000 ems in ten hours. First-rate compositors cannot set and distribute more than 8,000 ems in the same time. Most compositors' average considerably below that. Each machine costs \$1,500, and occupies no more room than two printer's cases. Although extremely complicated it is not liable to get out of order, and those parts which are most likely to become deranged are easily adjusted. The owner thinks that a machine will last fifty years with good management. It may be worked by a pedal until the operator becomes weary; but is intended and adapted to steam, and is seen to its greatest advantage only when driven by that mighty and tireless agency.

If there are any Union men who are half ready to despair, let them for God's sake be silent and not by their miserable croakings discourage those who are fighting or otherwise working for the country. And, if they must look doleful, let them either shut themselves up or wear their wives' or mothers veils over their faces.

A case of extraordinary longevity is noticed in the Paris journals. A man named Gallot, aged one hundred and five years, appeared in company with his wife, who was one hundred and three years old, to receive his allowance from the Ministry of War for military services. He was discharged from the army in 1815.

At the last dates from Missouri, the notorious Coffee at the head of his guerrillas was running for his life. If he keep on running in this warm weather, he will be hot Coffee—but none the harder to take on that account.

If any young men refuse their aid to their country, it is to be hoped for their own sakes that they will die young for their reflections in old age would make them very miserable.

Milton was once asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages; to which he replied, "No, Sir; one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

A Rebel paper says we have not courage to strike an enemy in front. It doesn't presume to say that we haven't the courage to kick him behind.

Well may the Germans be proud of the noble Sigel. The whole nation is echoing his applause. The whole world will echo it.

Every missionary should come away from among the devilish Indians leaving them all go to—where they ought to.

It used to be thought that a draft gave people colds. Now the bare thought of such a thing gives some folks agues.

Our Union authorities are too off ten hanging back when the rebels should be hanging up.

## A BROTHER IN CONGRESS.—J. S. B. Todd,

who has been elected Delegate in Congress from the new territory of Dacotah, is a brother of Mrs. Lincoln, and a graduate of West Point in 1837. He resigned his commission in the army a few years ago, and took up a residence in Dacotah, from which territory he was appointed a Brigadier General of Volunteers on the 19th of September 1861. He has been, most of the time, and we believe is now, in command in Northern Missouri. Wm. Jayne, brother-in-law of Senator Trumbull, was the opposing Union candidate.

LINT A HUMBUG.—A writer in the Boston Post says of lint: "Every ounce of lint sent to the army does mischief. Its only use is to cover up the blunders of bad surgery. It is seldom used by the best surgeons here. In the army it is crowded into wounds by men who know no other way to stop hemorrhage, and there it remains until it becomes filled with filth and maggots. It retains the discharges till they putrefy, and produces intolerable stench. The termination of its work is the death of the patient."

OUTRAGE.—The Washington (Pa.) Examiner of the 4th says that on Saturday, the 30th ult., three negroes entered the farm house of Mrs. Craft, an aged widow, between Brownsville and Uniontown, Fayette county, while all the occupants save the old lady, were absent, and outraged her person. They were pursued, and one of them arrested in the vicinity of Washington on the next day. He was taken to Uniontown.—Mrs. Craft is between 60 and 70 years of age.

NOT FIT FOR A SOLDIER.—In the New York Court of General Sessions, on Tuesday, a young man, named John Riley, being found guilty of an attempt at petit larceny, his counsel, asked leave for him to join the army, when City Judge McCunn stated that he did not believe the army would be benefited by recruits of that class, and sentenced him to the Penitentiary for three months.

INCIDENT FOR TREASON.—Samuel Welrik, the editor of Selingsgrove Times, had a true bill found against him for Treason against the government. This is one one of the Breckinridge papers that has reviled the government and discouraged enlistments ever since their favorite was defeated for the Presidency. They will now receive a traitors reward.

In accordance with an order recently issued by direction of the President, the several army corps will now stand as follows:—1st corps, Hooker; 2d, Sumner; 3d, Heintzelman; 4th, Keyes; 5th, Fitz John Porter; 6th, Franklin; 7th, Dix; 8th, Wool; 9th, Burnside; 10th, Mitchell; 11th, Sedgwick; 12th Sigel.

Wm. W. Ross, a relative of John Ross, has arrived at Washington with a communication from the latter President asking that the Cherokees be recognized in all their treaty rights, and setting forth that what was done by the Nation seemingly favoring the rebels was under duress and from intimidation.

Henry A. Wise is in trouble again. He has belonged to the Outs ever since Roanoke Island was captured and is becoming hugely disgusted with that position. He declares that the war has been managed abominably on their (that is, the rebel) side, and wants the anti-Jeff. Davis men to have their turn now.

During the rebel invasion of Maryland they ruined the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, tapping it in five different places, destroying the flood-gates, and rendering some twenty five miles of the canal useless. The railroad, telegraph, growing corps and private property were also destroyed.

Now that all our possessions, even our lives, are threatened by insolent and unscrupulous invaders, no act or word indicating sympathy with the foe should be for a moment tolerated. Vengeance is God's but punishment may well be the people's.

Though we may be at present under a cloud, we trust and believe that it will soon pass away, leaving us, as the rain-cloud leaves the earth, all the fresher and more invigorated from the visitation.

Gen. Pope is an excellent fighter, but in using all kinds of guns against the rebels, he has not forgotten the wind-guns.

Perhaps the most melancholy fate which has overtaken any of the northern dough-face sympathizers, with treason, is that in which the Rev. Dr. Plumer of Allegheny is now engulfed. Spurned from the altar—rejected from the church—thrust from a professorship—despised in private—scorned in public—shorn of the honors which it required years to gather—he stands alone, an accused, a condemned and a branded traitor. Surely the fate of this creature—for we will not call him man—should be a warning to all who may hereafter attempt to trifle with public opinion by disregarding what belongs to a loyal American citizen.

The Tipperary (Ireland) Free Press, of the 26th of August says: "We regret to state that the mysterious potato blight has made its appearance among us. Fields which were luxuriously green are now scarred and withered, while the peculiar odor which marked the presence of the blight in former years is again sensibly experienced.—We understand that from the adjoining county of Waterford, particularly towards Dangarvan, the same unsatisfactory condition of the potato crop is reported."

General Pope telegraphs from the West that the Indian difficulties in Minnesota are more formidable than he anticipated. He asks the authority to have regiments of volunteers mounted to pursue the Indian war parties.—The eleven thousand men surrendered at Harper's Ferry, by Col. Miles and Gen. White, are to be sent to the West to be used against the Indians. They can at once be made useful, and they serve against the rebels for some time to come.

A gentleman dined at a house in Hagerstown where Gen. Lee and his staff had made their headquarters.—The lady of the house told him that she heard Gen. Lee instruct his officer to see that no depredations were committed by the soldiers while in Maryland; but when they entered Pennsylvania they might pillage and destroy everything on their route.

Jacob Bramble was elected Sheriff last fall. Bramble was very pompous, very placid, and very proud of the honor. His neighbors called to see him, to congratulate him. "Approach," said he, "approach very near; though I am Sheriff-elect, I feel that I am still one of you."

Somebody in the army writes to a friend who counseled him in all kindness to bear himself bravely in the presence of the foe: "Don't bother me with advice. We think but little of the counsels of men who stay at home. Come out and show us how to be brave."

"How silvery his mustaches look," remarked Orson, as the Beau passed into the smoking at the Club.—"Silvery, why they are as black as charcoal," exclaimed Valentine. "Well, I mean Nitrate of Silver," exclaimed Orson.

Every available article seems bound to go to lint just now. The oddest instance of this that we have yet heard of, however, was furnished yesterday by our Milesiad reporter, who on being asked for a loan of his umbrella said that it was lint already.

Savin was lately asked to contribute to foreign missions. "Not on any account," said he. "Why not?" asked the collector. "The object is laudable." "No, it isn't," replied Savin; "not half so many people go to the devil now as ought to."

The father of General Isaac Ingalls Stevens died at Andover, Mass., on the 22d ultimo, ten days before his son fell nobly fighting for his country. His age was seventy-seven.

A dying kick is sometimes the hardest sort of kick. That was a pretty severe one that the rebels lately gave near Washington.

The man who shouts for the Union and doesn't take up arms for it has more lung than pluck.

Bread is the staff of life, and liquor the tilts—the former sustaining a man and the latter elevating him for a fall.

He who has an inordinate admiration for antiquity must have more taste for wrinkles than dimples.

The safest and much the commonest way to deal is to buy and not pay.

## From Hall's Journal of Health, NEURALGIA.

From two Greek words, *Neuros*, nerve, and *Algos*, pain; means nerve-pain; but as there is no pain except in connection with the nerves, every pain or ache in the body is really "neuralgia." Ailments are generally named from the part affected, or the nature of the malady.—"Head-ache," because the pain is in the head. "Pleuritis," or pleurisy, because there is inflammation; too much arterial blood in the *pleura* or covering of the lungs. Neuralgia is always caused by blood; bad, because too poor or too much of it; too poor, because there is not exercise and pure air enough to secure a good digestion, and the person is thin and pale; too much blood, because there is too much eating, and the bowels not acting every day, more is taken into the system than passes from it, and it is too full. The person may be fleshy enough, and does not appear sick at all. For a week, live on cold bread and butter, fruits and cold water. Take an enema of a pint or more of tepid water daily, and spend the whole of day-light in active exercise in the open air, and the neuralgia will be gone in three cases out of four, the feet being kept warm, and the whole body kept most perfectly clean. There are two kinds of neuralgia, sharp and dull; both caused by there being too much blood in or about the nerve. Perhaps arterial blood gives the sharp, venous blood the dull or heavy pain. In either case, the pain is of all forms of intensity, from simple discomfort to almost unendurable. In the more fleshy parts, the pain is less severe, since the soft flesh yields before the distending nerve; distended by more and more blood getting into it, until it is occasionally three times its usual size; but when the nerve is in a tooth, or between two bones, or passes through a small hole in the bone, as in the face, or "facial neuralgia," which is neuralgia proper, or the *Tic Dolorosus* of the French, the suffering is fearful, because there is no room for distension, and every instant, the heart, by its beating, plugs more blood into the invisible blood vessels of the nerves. But in any such case, open a blood-vessel in the arm or elsewhere, until the person is on the very point of fainting, and the most excruciating neuralgia is gone in an instant, because the heart ceases to send in blood, and the blood already in a part, as naturally flows out of it, as water naturally flows out of an uncorked bottle, on its side. Hence, a skin kept clean by judicious washings and frictions, helps, by its open pores, to unload the system of its surplus; the bowels kept free by fruits, berries, coarse bread, and cold water, is another source of deliverance of excess. While those articles of food supply but a moderate amount of nourishment, in addition, active exercise still more rapidly works off the surplusage of the system, and the man is well; not as soon as by the bleeding, but by a process more effective, more certain, more enduring, and without harm or danger. Hence, there is no form of mere neuralgia, which is not safely and permanently cured in a reasonable time by strict personal cleanliness, by cooling, loosening food, as named, and by breathing a pure air resting in our chambers at night, and in moderate labor out of doors during the hours of daylight. Those who prefer uncertain physic or stimulants to these more natural remedies, are unwise, and ought to have neuralgia—a little.—Half a dram (or half a tea-spoonful or thirty drops) of salt ammoniac, in one ounce (or two table-spoonfuls) of camphor-water. Dose: one tea-spoonful every five minutes until relieved, or from one to three tea-spoonfuls of varieties of ammonia thrice a day, are valuable temporary remedies.

The Rev. Edwin H. Chapin, of New York, has gone to Wiesbaden.—Immediately on his arrival in Paris he consulted Dr. Trousseau, who is one of the most eminent of the medical fraternity in the French Capital. He assured Mr. Chapin that he has no organic disease; that his troubles, which have principally, taken the form of inflammatory rheumatism, are merely the result of exposure, overwork and fatigue, and that, although they may annoy him for some time, are not dangerous.

General Pope is returning to the West. The laurels that he won before he was called to Washington did not we are sorry to say, keep all their greenness in a Virginia atmosphere.

When does a man die for his love? When he turns his red whiskers brown.