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## "DON'T MEAN IT."

Yes! I know I said I loved you;  
But then, Tom, I didn't mean it—  
I was joking all the time.  
And you surely must have seen it.  
But if you will not sit so close,  
And behave yourself right well,  
Before you go away to-night  
I've a secret, Tom, to tell.

Tom, I went walking yesterday  
With Mr. Philip Ashe—  
He's a splendid, dashing fellow,  
With a love of a moustache;  
And he walks with such an air—  
Tom, I wish you could have seen it;  
If I said that I loved him  
Why, perhaps, Tom, I might mean it.

Last Sunday night, I went to church  
With a delightful creature;  
His face is fair as any girl's  
So perfect every feature;  
And he can sing, and dance, and play,  
This charming Charlie Greenitt;  
And a girl who said that she loved him,  
Why, surely, Tom, must mean it.

Tom, don't you know that it is wrong  
To fly in such a passion,  
And fume, and fret, and dounce about  
In that unchristian fashion?  
Come here, Tom, and behave yourself!  
See! here's a seat by me, air;  
I haven't told that secret yet—  
Come, guess what it can be, air.

Still pouting, Tom? Ah! you are vexed  
With all my idle chatter,  
Or what can make you look so sad?  
Tom, tell me what's the matter!  
Well, then, forget my silly talk—  
You know I didn't mean it;  
I was but joking, Tom, indeed;  
You surely must have seen it.

Now, Tom, don't squeeze me quite so tight,  
But leave a little breath,  
So I can tell that secret, Tom,  
Before I'm hugged to death.  
Darling, I love you as my life!  
Ah! Tom, you must have seen it;  
See, I am conquered now, at last!  
And, Tom, indeed I mean it!

## SHOULDER ARMS.

There's a cry sweeps o'er the land—  
Shoulder arms!

Who wait now, a coward stand,  
While the country needs his aid?  
Cowards for fools was made,  
Shoulder arms!

Who's afraid to meet the foe?  
Shoulder arms!  
Who would see that flag laid low  
In the dust by traitor's base?  
Let him ever hide his face—  
Shoulder arms!

Who would win the soldier's fame?  
Shoulder arms!  
Who would bear a hero's name—  
Let him raise his strong arm high  
Now to strike or now to die—  
Shoulder arms!

See the rebel ranks advance:  
Shoulder arms!  
Wake, man, from your guilty trance;  
This is the time for action deep,  
Not the hour for sloth or sleep.  
Shoulder arms!

Voices call you from the grave—  
Shoulder arms!  
Voices of the martyrs brave,  
Who, amid the shock of wars,  
Battled for the Stripes and Stars.  
Shoulder arms!

By the names of heroes dead—  
Shoulder arms!  
Precious hearts as yours have bled  
To maintain the Union's might;  
Now it is your time to smite—  
Shoulder arms!

Onward! onward to the van—  
Shoulder arms!  
Onward like a fearless man!  
Stand not like one deaf and dumb  
While you hear the appealing drum.  
Shoulder arms!

God will bless the work you do—  
Shoulder arms!  
He will lead you safely through  
Every peril, while you fight  
Against the wrong to uphold the right.  
Shoulder arms!

**YOUTH RENEWED.**—There lives in the town of Parsonfield, State of Maine, an aged Freewill Baptist Minister, by the name of John Buzzell. Sixty years ago he was one of the most popular and successful preachers of that part of the country. When it was announced that he would hold forth in any place, the whole population, from all the cross-roads, the hill-tops and the valleys, would flock to hear him. He belongs to what may be called the *Old School* of that denomination; and in his early days was accustomed to wear his hair long and parted, with a black homespun coat as plain as the tailor could make it. He preached in the peculiar tones which were used by his brethren of those times, and always exerted a wonderful influence upon the minds of his audience. We last heard him thirty years ago, when his locks were white and flowing, and his eyes dim by reason of age. He has always worked upon his farm, kept the charge of his people in Parsonfield, and attended every quarterly meeting held in his district. In politics he has ever been an unwavering member of the Democratic party; in religion one of the most consistent of Christians. He is now ninety-five years of age, enjoys good health, and preaches occasionally. But the most remarkable of all is, that within a few years he has had new hair—the hair of his youth—new teeth and new eyes! Wonderful illustration of the Scripture statement, "Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

**AIR-TIGHT COFFINS.**—An improved kind of metallic coffin has come into use—made of sheet zinc, with a head round the edge to impart strength to the structure. Each one, when made, is tested both as to its strength and the fact of its being air-tight, and when the corpse is put in an attendant of the manufacturers soldiers on the lid. The coffin, so fastened, is hermetically sealed against the ingress of air; and it is asserted that the quantity of air remaining in the coffin when the lid is fastened on is not sufficient to allow decomposition to progress. These coffins are so constructed as to combine great strength and durability with comparatively little weight; and as a metallic coffin of the most solid and secure make, costs no more than a very ordinary one made of wood, which cannot be made to exclude the air, the advantages of the former are manifest.

**STRANGE CONDUCT.**—The New Orleans papers relate an instance of a thoughtful husband who ordered a splendidly-mounted coffin to be made for his wife, who had been taken suddenly ill. To his great surprise, however, she got well. But a few days afterwards some officious friend related to her the story of her husband's conduct, and the poor lady took the matter to heart, so much that she immediately sickened, and a day or two afterwards needed the coffin in reality.

**CURIOSITY IN A DYING MAN.**—It was a bright thought of Smithsonian, the founder of the Smithsonian Institution, when he was dying of an unknown complaint. Smithsonian had had five doctors, and they had been unable to discover what the disease was. At length they told the patient that he must die. Calling them all around him, he said: "My friends, after I die, make a post mortem examination, and find out what ails me; for really, I have heard such long and learned discussions on the subject that I am dying to know what the disease is myself."

"What do they mean by a cat and dog life?" said a husband to his angry wife.  
"Look at Carlo and Kitty asleep on the rug together. I wish men lived half as peacefully with their wives."  
"Stop," said the lady, "tie them together, and then see how they will agree."

Some one was telling an Irishman that a fellow had eaten ten saucers of ice cream; whereupon Pat shook his head. "So you don't believe it?" With a nod Pat answered, "I believe in the crame but not in the saucers."

American slang is sometimes very expressive. What phrase, for ponderousness and emphasis, equals the emphatic "dry up?" And what can better depict the utter depletion of a man's pocket than "nary red?"

"Can you spell the word saloon?" was asked of a cookery by a Philadelphian. "Certainly," said the Londoner, "with a look of triumph; there's a boss and a bay, and a hell, and two hoes, and a hen."

**THE CROWNED SKELETON.**—Aix-la-Chapelle in Germany, derives its name from the tomb of Charlemagne. He gave instructions that when he died he should be buried in a royal position; not prostrate as slumbering dust, but seated in the attitude of a ruling monarch. He had the mausoleum erected over the sepulchre of our Saviour at Jerusalem. In a tomb within this chapel he was placed upon a throne. The gospels, which I suppose he had often read whilst he was living, he would appear determined to study thoroughly after he was dead. He directed they should be laid upon his knees before him. By his side was his sword; upon his head was an imperial crown, and a royal mantle covered his lifeless shoulders. Thus was his body placed, and did his body remain for about 190 years. One of his successors resolved he would see how Charlemagne looked, and what had become of the riches that adorned his tomb. Nearly a thousand years after Christ, the tomb was opened by Emperor Otto. The skeleton form of the body was found there, dissolved and dismembered; the various ornaments I speak of were all there too; but the frame had sunk into fragments, the bones had fallen disjointed and asunder; and there remained nothing but the ghastly skull wearing the crown still. The various relics were taken up, and are now preserved at Vienna; and they have, often since been employed in the coronation of the Emperors of Germany.—*Dr. Massie's, Summer Rambles.*

There is a story afloat in the southern papers, from which it has drifted into some of the northern journals, relating how Roger A. Pryor had wandered into our lines, how this rebel Brigadier General had been discovered by two Yankee soldiers, and how the valiant Pryor worsted both with a bayonet which he snatched from one of them, thus managing to make his escape. This must be one of Pryor's own romances, because we know that he regards weapons of a long blade as too barbarous for a gentleman to use in honorable combat. He it was, who, it will be remembered, refused to fight a duel with John A. Potter, of Wisconsin, because Potter preferred two pound bowie knives. The idea, therefore, of Pryor fighting with a bayonet, is foolish. The story in reference to it must be a romance to delight the chivalry. Is it not a shame thus to delude the gentlemen of the south?

Gen. Van Dorn was once a great favorite in our army, and the Nashville Union has been told by one of his former companions in arms that he was regarded as one of the most accomplished and brave of the rebel officers. He became a miserably debased creature, having degraded himself socially years before he became a traitor. While in the United States service he deserted his young wife, a lovely and accomplished Mississippi girl, and took up with a vulgar ignorant woman from the lowest walks of life. He had formerly been a popular man, but when this occurred his brother officers and former associates forsook him entirely, and refused to recognize him any further. He sank lower and lower, until he reached the bottom of moral degradation by joining the rebellion, and he died by the hands of a fellow-traitor in a brawl which he originated.—*Louisville Journal.*

A new infernal machine, claimed to be adequate for the destruction of iron-clad vessels, is undergoing Government tests in the Royal dockyard of Copenhagen. The apparatus, which is extremely simple, and costs but little, consists of a glass reservoir filled with powder, floating at a certain depth, where, by very simple chemical means, it produces an explosion. In the first experiment, when loaded with a very small charge, the effect was amazing. The framework of the gunboat used was shattered, and some of the planks thrown to a height of eighty or one hundred feet. On a second trial the explosion threw up a column of water one hundred feet high, and the shock was felt at a considerable distance.

A Union soldier in General Grant's army thinks the next Congress should not adjourn without doing one thing, and that is make the nigger a legal tender!

Orpheus C. Kerr wishes to know why our people cannot realize that a nation, like a cooking stove, cannot keep up a steady fire without a good draft.

What color does flogging give to an unruly boy? It makes him yell oh!

**NEGRO COLONIZATION.**—It is ascertained from a New Grenadian officer, that that Government has entered upon no objection to free black emigration to that Republic, the policy being to encourage the settlement of the country by those qualified to develop the agricultural and mineral resources. There seems however to be a growing opposition to sending our negroes out of the country.—We have, it is contended, territory enough for all, and the fruits of their industry, which are most valuable, should be kept in the country. Florida is suggested as especially suitable to the negro, where they could enjoy every privilege under rulers of their own color, that we possess, and be under our protection. The United States owns nearly or quite two-thirds of all the land there, and could easily be purchased without doing violence to any for the home of the negro, and would sustain at least eight millions of population.

**TAKEN THE OATH.**—Brigadier General Edwin Price, son of Major General Price, of the Confederate army, has taken the oath of allegiance to the United States. He was captured near Warsaw, Missouri, last winter, and since that time has been on parole. He was recently exchanged for General Prentiss, and after visiting the rebel camp at Grenada, Miss., returned to St. Louis. He gives it as his opinion that the rebellion is nearly broken, and that the Confederate army can exist but a short time longer. He visited General Curtis' headquarters, and immediately on his return resigned his position under the Richmond Government, giving his commission to General Curtis for the latter to send through the lines. After subscribing to the oath of allegiance, he announced his determination to "obey the law in both letter and spirit."

**THE TALLOW TREE.**—Among the trees which have of late been extensively distributed in the North-Western Provinces of India and Punjab is the tallow tree of China, *Stillingia sebifera*. In China it is largely cultivated, and it is said that by its produce alone the taxes are paid in the district of Hongkong. It grows equally well on low alluvial plains, on the rich mould of canals, in sandy soils and on the acclivities of mountains. From its seeds tallow and oil are procured, which are extensively used in China. Its wood is hard and durable, and its leaves yield a black dye. It is now thriving well in India. The tallow and oil are easily procured from the seeds. The tree, therefore, is well worthy of attention.

**A SHARP ORDER.**—General Milroy in a recent General Order says: "The General Commanding has been repeatedly pained to learn that a few bad men in some of the regiments of his command are in the habit of abusing, beating, and otherwise mistreating the negro and mulatto servants and teamsters in his command. The services of those negroes and mulattoes are necessary and cannot be dispensed with; without taking the soldiers from their legitimate duties which would be an injury to the service, and if I learn of another instance of the kind the perpetrator shall be shot on the spot."

**The New Albany (Ind.) Ledger** of Wednesday, says:—"General Jefferson C. Davis has been released from military arrest, and was on the street yesterday. The War Department very properly decides that, inasmuch as neither Generals Nelson nor Davis were on duty at the time of the unfortunate occurrence, the military authorities have nothing to do with the matter. The War Department expresses the greatest anxiety for the speedy return of General Davis to his command. He is esteemed by General Halleck as one among the best Brigadier Generals in the Union army."

Christopher Beckwith, of Huron county, Ohio, has eleven sons.—About a year ago they cast lots to see which one of their number should stay at home. The lot fell on Charles, being the youngest. Thereupon ten enlisted. When the last call was made the last of the boys, with the consent of his parents, went to Cincinnati and enlisted in Captain Sample's company, and is now off for the war. The entire family, at last services, were well, and doing good service. What a record this for the future. No English nobleman at the present time can present an ancestry more nobly.

It is beauty's privilege, to kill time, and time's privilege to kill beauty.

**LOUISVILLE JOURNALISM.**—When our armies win victories, the reputation of our country will be at a premium, and gold will not.

Secessionists and abolitionists, like old maids and old bachelors, should be tied together.

The rebels need not suppose that their government, simply because it is "in a fix," is a fixed fact.

The mud is pretty much all gone now. Let our armies move while they have "good ground to stand on."

Our generals succeed remarkably in withholding information from their friends; and letting it get to their enemies.

It is an old saying that "brag is a good dog," but our people rather conclude that Bragg is a great dog.

Why should the rebels make such an ado about the want of salt when they claim to be themselves the salt of the earth?

Put Gen. Pillow's mind in one scale and an inflated bladder in the other, and the General will have a well-balanced mind.

Our late invaders must have had a high opinion of Kentucky. They took a good deal of stock in it.

If the pending draft were for a feast instead of a feast, a feast, how many would claim to be considered exempt!

Either the blacks or the whites in the South must live in a condition of servitude. Which shall it be?

We occasionally make the rebels give bonds, but no bonds can bind some of them unless fitted to their wrist and ankles.

The people of Arkansas have bigger tooth-picks just now and less occasion to pick their teeth than any other fellows alive.

The officers of Bragg's army have reported to the Southern papers that they had a three days' battle with Buell. They evidently mistook a five days' foot-race for three days' fight.

Any man, who casts a vote in any election with a view to encourage the rebellion either directly or indirectly, is however short his stature, a head taller than he deserves to be.

A couple of Bowling Green friends ask us to "give John Morgan fits." We will try to give him a nice fit before long. What is the size of your neck, John?

The poor fellows, who in the draft lottery, are drawn and sent to military quarters, needn't think of themselves as drawn and quartered.

If any of our people deprecate the increase of the war debt, let them help to crush the rebellion at once and thus under the increase unnecessary.

Many of our officers are undoubtedly political aspirants. But, to prove themselves fit for civil stations, they needn't prove themselves unfit for military ones.

Gov. Wise is still talking about "Old John Brown." He hasn't got half of old Brown's sense, but, if we catch him, he may have all of old Brown's last sensations.

Some of the rebel girls of our city seem to have a great deal of effrontery. We have heard much of virgin gold, but we fear that virgin brass is getting a great more common.

The Charleston rebels, a few days ago baptized what they call "the Ladies' Gunboat." They baptized it by sprinkling, but the Federal fleet, when they encounter it, will baptize it by immersion.

It is both foolish and unjust that men should be arrested in the Southern Confederacy for counterfeiting the Confederate notes. There's no real difference between a counterfeit rebel note and a genuine one. The one promises to pay and the other promises to pay, and one lies and other lies.

Couldn't some of the thousands who claim exemption from military service on account of bodily infirmity do something for the cause by providing themselves with sewing machines and making soldiers' clothes?

They say that Gen. Hindman is under arrest in the rebel Confederacy for stealing public money. Hindman is a thief and a coward. He will steal all the money he can, and then try to keep out of harm's way that he may live to enjoy it.

From time immemorial, it has been known that without salt, man would miserably perish; and among horrible punishments, afflicting certain death, that of feeding culprits on saltless food is said to have prevailed in former times. Maggots and corruption are spoken of by ancient writers as the disgusting symptoms which saltless food engenders.—*Scientific American*

We are told that this is strikingly exemplified in the rebel Confederacy where, as we all know, there has been a salt-famine for a year and a half. The rebels down there are getting shockingly maggoty. Their bodies are said to be all alive with maggots like an old cheese. Even the cellular tissues of the once lovely ladies, we grieve to learn are as full of grubs as ever the cells of a honeycomb were of young bees. The whole population need worming oftener than a tobacco-patch. This is an awful condition of things, to be sure.—*Louisville Journal.*

**INFIDELITY THE CAUSE OF THE WAR.**—The New York Observer says it is a mistake that the South is responsible for this war. It is merely an instrument in the hand of God, who is chastening us for our infidelity. One of our exchanges comments on this in the following spicy fashion:

"This reminds us of the exclamation of a Jew, who traveling in the Great Desert, and being entirely destitute of provisions, was at last over-persuaded by a Gentile companion to taste of some pork. No sooner had he put it in his mouth than a cloud of sand belated the dreadful simoom. The hot blast swept everything before it—men and camels—upon which the Jew snatched the pork from his mouth and exclaimed, 'Jerusalem! what a fuss about a little piece of pork!'"

The "Wilmington" (N. C.) rebel Journal says that seven regiments of negroes which have been in camps of instruction, under white officers for three months, and which have become remarkably proficient in drill, have arrived to garrison the towns and fortifications during the sickly season. The yellow fever is raging terribly in the town, and the citizens are fleeing from the place. We trust the sympathisers in the north will not become horrified at this intelligence; these are not Union negro regiments—only rebels; and the rebels, you know, can do just what they please.

An Indian Philosopher being asked what was according to his opinion, the two most beautiful things in the universe, answered—"The starry heavens above our heads, and the feeling of duty in our hearts."

Laughter, sleep, and hope are the three bounties with which kind Mother Nature compensates us for the troubles of a life, which few, perhaps, would accept if they were asked beforehand.

Men have not altered materially since Shakespeare said: "To be honest as this world goes, is to be picked out of ten thousand."

The hymn we heard in meeting the last time: "Oh take a pill! oh take a pill! oh take a pilgrim home!" The hymn we heard—treble and soprano by the fairer portion of creation—"Oh for a man! oh for a man! oh for a mansion in the skies!" The one Plunkins heard the bass singer at "Oh send Sal! oh send down Sal! oh send down Salvation!"

The cartoon in the last number of Punch represents the Pope in the guise of an old old woman sitting in a railroad station, while two porters—Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel—quarrel over a trunk which is labeled with the words, "Temporal Power." Victor says to Louis, "No! you look after the old woman; I'll take care of her luggage."

The rebel women of Lexington wanted to give John Morgan a ball when he was there. When he comes to Louisville, he will probably be complimented with a ball—and chain.

Humphrey Marshall, after starving some time among the mountains, got his belly full in his late visit to Blue Grass region. Of course there has been a famine since in the Blue Grass.

It is stated that the rebel government is about to close the whole of the newspaper offices in the Confederacy. It needs all the paper that can be had to make Confederate scrip.

An army is a fighting machine, but very few engineers have the skill to make the machine work well.