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THE IRISH PICKET.

I'm standing in the mud, Biddy,
With not a spatheen near,
And silence, speechless as the grave,
Is all the sound I hear.
Me gone is at me shoulder arms,
I'm watted to the bone;
And when I'm after speaking out,
I find myself alone.

This Southern climate's queer, Biddy,
A queer and bawdily thing,
Wild winter absent all the year,
And summer in the spring.
Ye mind the hot place down below?
And may ye never fear,
I'd draw comparisons—but then
It's awful warm here.

The only moon I see, Biddy,
Is one small star, ashore,
And that's the fornicist the very cloud
It was behind before.
The watch-fires gleam along the hill
That's swillin' to the South,
And when the sentry passes them,
I see his oggily mouth.

It's dead for shilp I am, Biddy,
And dramsin' shilp I'd be,
If them odd rebels over there
Would only have me free;
But when I lane against a stump,
And strive to get repose,
A musket ball be's comin' straight
To hit me spacious nose.

It's ye I'd like to see, Biddy,
A sparkin' here, wid me,
And then, avourneen here you say,
"Acushla—Pat—machree!"
"Och, Biddy, darlint," then says I;
Says you, "Get out of that!"
Says I, "Me arram mates your waste?"
Says you, "Be daycent, Pat!"

And how's the pigs and ducks, Biddy?
It's them I think of, shure,
That look so innocent and shwate
Upon the parlor floor;
I'm shure yer asy with the pig
That's fat as he can be,
And fade him with the best, becase
I'm told he looks like me.

When I come home again, Biddy,
A sargent tried and thrue,
It's just a daycent house I'll build,
And rint it chape to you.
We'll have a parlor, bed-room, hall,
A duck pond natly done,
With kitchen, pig-pen, praty patch,
And garret—all in one.

But murder, there's a baste, Biddy,
That's crapin' round a tree,
And well I know the creature's there
To have a shot at me.
Now, Mither Rebel, say yer prayers,
And howld yer dirty paw;
Here goes—be jabbers, Biddy, dear,
He's hit me on the jaw!

CORRECT SPEAKING.—We advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and to abandon as early as possible any use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live the more difficult the acquisition of good language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is, very properly, doomed to talk long for life.

Money is not necessary to procure his education; every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the lang which he hears; to form his taste upon the best speakers and poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in the memory, and habituate himself to their use—avoiding, at the same time, that pedantic precision and bombast which show rather the weakness of a vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

A SNOW BANK IN JULY.—A snow drift in Skinner Hollow, Manchester, Vt., last week, located within one hundred rods of where ripe strawberries were found, measured 12 feet in depth and covered one fourth of an acre. It has been forty feet in depth.

What fruit does a newly-married couple mostly resemble? A green pair.

Another Tax-Bill Proposed.

The Old Knickerbocker Magazine furnishes the following items, which may be added to the new tax bill, if a supplement is furnished:

Tax on moustaches, \$2 per month.
On whiskers, other than those belonging to cats and dog, \$3 per month.

To sneeze in the public highway, 15 cents.

If accompanied with unusual noise, 25 cents.

N. B. But we understand a deduction of 5 per cent is made in favor of New England during the prevalence of an East wind.

For every button on coat, 3 cent.

For carrying a cane, \$1.

For using Expressly prepared Mucilage 25 cents per pot.

Pencils and pens, \$1 per annum.

On all keys in use, 6 cents.

For kissing any body except relation 25 cents each time. [N. B. Engaged couples "commute" for \$19 per month.]

For ringing door bells crushing knockers, 15 cent.

For using scraper or door mat before a door, 1 cent.

For not using scraper or door mat \$1.

For looking at a lady anywhere, \$10.

For shaking hands with ladies, 10 cents.

For squeezing said hands, \$1.

For not squeezing said hands when "circumstances favor," \$10.

For quoting French, 25 cents.

For saying "in our midst," or "pending," or "reliable," "donate," or "proven," \$1.

For writing one's name as Marie, Pollie, Sallie, Maggie, or Judie, \$1.

For joining the Curb Stone Christian Association, and waiting at the to "see the ladies come out," \$10.

For "choring spruce gun," 1 cent.

For keeping the register of "whoso engaged," \$1 per name.

For noticing with whom any body walks with whom they go, &c., for each indulgence, \$50.

For recording any thing, not strictly your own business, \$50.

For responding in church like a blatant wild bull, \$200.

For talking in the opera, \$10.

For calling for encore, \$200.

For asking friends to take tickets to any thing, \$100.

For reading your own literary compositions to any one, \$1.

For doing same to editor or offering to do it, \$1000.

For borrowing any thing, \$1.

For staying later than 11 P. M. when calling, \$5 per hour.

For the boorish carelessness of calling at office or other place, and not leaving your name, \$10.

For using any hackneyed quotation, 25 cents.

For always mentioning in connection with a name that he or she is "very rich," or "poor as job," \$1.

For pointing out a millionaire, 25 cents.

For talking of your appetite, or diseases, or describing what you like to eat and drink, or when you change your flannels, \$1.

A friend of our elbow reading the above suggests the following additions which we endorse:—*Marietian*.

Girls that pucker their lips when about to be kissed 5 cents; those who do not \$3.

SEVERE BUT JUST.—Capt. Deputh, of the Second Tennessee regiment, has been disgraced, by order of Gen. Buell, for receiving money from soldiers to secure them "discharge papers." The insignia of his rank and buttons of his coat were stripped from him by a private soldier in front of the regiment, after which he was marched under a guard, to the tune of Rogue's March, to the Provost Barracks, and handed over to the civil authorities to answer for a violation of the laws of the State of Tennessee in obtaining money under false pretences.

The Philadelphia Press says: A citizen of this city, who we know to be reliable, offers to be one of a hundred gentlemen to contribute a thousand dollars each towards equipping the first ten regiments that may be raised in this city under the new call. This is a noble and generous offer. Who among our wealthy thousands will be the first to second it?

An honest Hibernian, upon reading his physician's bill, replied that he had no objection to pay him for his medicine, but his visits he would return.

Almost every young lady is public-spirited enough to be willing to have her fathers house used as a court-house.

Value of a Parrot's Leg.

The caprice of fortune toward those who court her, and the humiliation she sometimes imposes as conditions of success, are rather oddly illustrated in the following history, which an old English physician gave recently, of his personal experience, "long time ago."—"I had completed my studies, and taken my diploma, when I found myself in the great sea of London, with twenty odd pounds in my pocket. I took the lower part of a small house in an obscure street, at the back of some gorgeous square and laid out ten pounds in furniture, fixtures and drugs, reserving the other ten to pay my half-year's rent. The first week I sold a few pennies' worth of rhubarb and magnesia and lived on bread and milk. The next week was no better—nor the next—and as the month was coming to a close, I was determined to shut up shop and go as an assistant, when a servant came in for a shilling's worth of the best magnesia, and some smelling-salts, and took my card. Next day he called again, and brought some powdered starch, and had a bit of a talk with me. I had just cleaned my place and self when in came in a hurry, my new friend the livery servant. He said mistress wished to see me as soon as possible, on something very pressing. I asked him if I must go as I was. "Pat on your Sunday coat," said he, "and go with me." I went with him to a great house in Portsmouth square, and was shown up stairs into a splendid drawing-room. A middle aged lady, of much suavity and graciousness, soon entered, and apologized to me, but hoped, from what her servant said of me, I should not be offended. I thought she little knew my feelings, to imagine I should be offended at being sent for, and assured her I was most happy to render her any service in my power. She told me she had a favorite parrot that had broken its leg, and she had asked the doctor who attended her to help to set it, and he had felt himself insulted at being called a bird-doctor. She said she had no intention to insult him, and only wished for information as what to do. She told me if I would set her bird's leg, and charge her the same as for setting her own, were it broken, she would be most happy to employ me. I thought the terms she proposed too liberal, but she insisted on no less, and I consented. Some slips of whalebone and a little tape enabled us to set the creature's leg and I attended my first patient with an assiduity and carefulness which I have not since surpassed. A fortnight's services were rendered, and my patient restored. The lady now insisted on my making out my bill against her. I did so, and charged her what she had bid me—the usual sum for setting such a lady's leg. I trembled when I gave it to her. It was ten guineas. She thanked me, and presented me with twenty—saying that the other ten were for my modesty, civility and kindness. She then remarked, that she had an opportunity of making my acquaintance and esteeming my abilities, and, if agreeable to me, she would engage me as her family physician for her former doctor had had many hundred pounds from her, and might have shown a little kindness to her bird, but as he had made his fortune, he could do without her patronage, and preferred to give it where it was appreciated, and was serviceable. I blushed, and unhesitatingly informed her that my residence and position were not equal to the station she was going to put me in. She told me all that would be bettered, and she saw I was deserving of it. She bade me look out for a better residence and promised she would help me to the necessary furniture and fittings. She told me the amount for medical attendance on herself and her household was never less than eighty or a hundred pounds a year, and that she could secure several families. I took a house—she did all that she promised and laid the sure foundation for my future prospects. She was my constant friend until she died, and left me something handsome in her will. I have retired from business, and my fortune all arose from setting that poor parrot's leg."

HOW BEAUTIFUL. Romance and war.—There are two bombshells surmounting the pillars at the grand entrance to the Executive mansion at Washington. In one of these is a woman's nest, the entrance to which is through the fuse hole. A notice of the fact says:—"Thus love has entered with her mysteries the death chamber, and from that gloomy tenement shall issue fluttering life and song."

The Life of William Shakespeare.

William Shakespeare, a dramatist of considerable repute was born on a "Twelfth Night," amid the ragging of "Tempest," in the small "Hamlet" of "Coriolanus," during the "First Part of King Henry IV."s reign.

Of the earlier period of his youth nothing whatever is known, until in the "Second Part of King Henry IV."s reign, where, in Company with "Two Gentlemen of Verona," he appears to have journeyed eastward, where he located himself as a "Merchant of Venice," and there became famous for giving "Measure for Measure." Whilst at this place, in the reign of "King Henry V," he became acquainted with "Antony and Cleopatra," who where betrothed to each herot; unmindful of this, he successfully made advances to the maiden; but his "Midsummer Night's Dream" was rudely dispelled, and his "Love's Labor Lost," by the lady's ultimately deserting both suitors, and eloping with "Pericles Prince of Tyre."

Yielding himself up to the anguish of unrequited love, by again wandered forth, accompanied by a dissolute and crack-pated vagabond, one "Simon of Athens," when, soon after, they became involved in an intrigue with "The Merry Wives of Windsor." This was during the "First Part of King Henry VI."s reign. It having come to the knowledge of two of the ladies' husbands "Julius Caesar" and "Cymbeline"—they induced two of their friends, "Troilus" and "Cressida" to personate their wives at an appointed trysting-place, when Shakespeare was suddenly set upon by the servants, armed with staves, and the poet barely escaped with life, attended only by his faithful slave, "Othello, the Moor of Venice."

It is a "Winters Tale," that whilst thus escaping, he entangled himself in a "Comedy of Errors," which came well-nigh ending his eventful career. It seems that, mistaking one "Titus Andronicus for King Richard II," he made to him certain overtures concerning the political welfare of the future 'King Richard III.,' for which he was apprehended before 'King Lear,' who upon beholding him, unhesitatingly declared him to be his long-lost son, 'Maebeth.' To this misconception of identity Shakespeare readily assented, and, for a while successfully carried on the dissemblance until, finally unmasked by 'King John,' once again he was forced to save his life by flight.

Of his history during the reign of the "Second Part of King Henry VI.," and that of the "Third Part of King Henry VI.," no research has yet been able to discover.

He next turns up in his native town where becoming acquainted with two lovers "Romeo and Juliet," he again successfully declared a passion. For this, the enraged and infuriated lover challenged him to single combat, to which Shakespeare is said to have responded thus: "As You Like It;" but it seems to me you make "Much Ado About Nothing." The forlorn lover never appears to have put his threat into execution, and Shakespeare married the maid.

From thenceforth, his chief occupation appeared to have been that of the "Taming of the Shrew;" when he had accomplished it, at the close of a long and adventurous life he is said to have philosophically remarked as follows:—"All's Well that Ends Well."

He died during the reign of "King Henry VIII."

THE ART OF PRINTING.—A jubilee will soon take place in Vienna in honor of the four hundred years' existence of the art of printing in that city. The first Vienna printer, Ulrich Hann, opened his printing office in 1462, did not succeed, and emigrated to Rome. He was the cause of the Emperor Frederick the Fourth bestowing a privilege on the printers, in the year 1468, which placed them in equal rank with noblemen and scholars, and permitted them to wear a sword.

Two little boys sat listening eagerly while their grandmother was telling them the Bible story of Elijah going to Heaven in a whirlwind, with a chariot of fire, when little Willie interrupted her with—"O, Sammy, wouldn't you have been afraid?" Sammy hesitated a moment and then replied: "No, not if I had the Lord to drive."

What is that word of one syllable which, if the first two letters are taken from it becomes a word of two syllables? Plague.

Growth of Nails and Hair in Men.

The following interesting observation have been made by Berthold, of Göttingen. He found that nails which were cut off, re-formed quicker in children than adults, and in these than in old people; that they formed quicker in summer than in winter, (a nail which in summer would be repaired in 116 days in winter is repaired in 152); that the nails on the right hand re-formed quicker than those of the left hand; that the nails of different fingers reformed in different times; on both hands, the nails of the middle finger was more quickly reformed than those of the ring and index fingers, which were nearly equal; the nails of the thumb and little finger took a much longer time, and the little finger rather the longest, particularly on the left hand. As regards the hair, Berthold found, that in persons from 16 to 24 years old, whose hair had been cut for fever, etc., the length had reached in two years, from 12 to 16 inches, giving an average of seven lines per month.

By cutting off the hairs of the beard (washed with rain-water only) with a very sharp knife, every 12, 24 or 36 hours measuring them with the micrometer and weighing them, Berthold arrived at the following results:—1. The growth is increased the oftener the hair is cut; thus, the beard cut every 12 hours, it grows at the rate of from 5.12 to 12 inches a year; cut every 24 hours, it grows at the rate of from 5 to 7.12 inches per year; cut every 36 hours, it grows at the rate of from 4 to 6.34 inches per year. The weights correspond with these measurements: cut every 12 hours the yearly weight of the experimenter's beard would be 313 grains; cut every 24 hours, it would be only 280 grains. 2. The hair grows more quickly during the day than at night, and this rule seems quite invariable. About 1.6th more seems to be formed during the day. 3. The growth is quicker in warm weather than in cold; but this rule is less constant on account of the variability of the weather.

HOME-SICKNESS INSANITY.—Dr. Hunt, of Buffalo, now stationed at Newport News, Virginia, gives the following instance of that form of home sickness which becomes insanity. In a letter he narrates an affecting and painfully touching case, thus:

You have learned, perhaps, of that camp home sickness which develops itself into insanity, and is written down in the books as *nostalgia*. It is a singular and painfully interesting phenomenon. One of them only has been fully developed under my eyes. The man came here almost entirely recovered from fever and claimed himself to be entirely well, refusing medicines and talking very rationally about everything but home.—Day after day, as the boat came to the dock, he would pack his knapsack quietly, say good-bye to his ward-mates, and march down to the wharf only to be disappointed and to find out, as he more forcibly than elegantly expressed it, that "it was not the right boat; it was another d—d boat." At night, in his sleep, he talked continuously of wife and child; day-times he said little; but, finally, made a confidant of me, and said that all night and all day he dreamed and thought of home, and sometimes, perhaps, it made him light headed. He had been a year in the service, and always gay and happy up to the period of his recent illness. His family lives in New York, and one morning I had the happiness to see Charley march down to the boat with his neatly slung knapsack, and it was the right boat that time. He has been home a fortnight now, and I have no doubt will return to his regiment a good soldier. To have kept him here would have ended, probably, in suicide.

At the great Exhibition, as a specimen of fine type and printing, there is a copy of the entire New Testament printed upon a single sheet of paper.—It was printed by Collins, of Glasgow, the celebrated publisher of rare books and beautiful editions of the classics.—Although so small the type is stated to be very clear.

The surrender of Norfolk was rather a sheepish affair: Mayor Lamb surrendered to General Wool, and the ram Merrimac was blown up.

Is that a lightning bug in the street? asked a very short-sighted old lady. "No, mamma," said a pert little miss, "it's a big bug with a cigar."

The rebel soldiers are driven into the field with the bayonet, and we must drive them out with the same weapon.

Mr. Coddington said in his speech at the great Union gathering in New York city on Tuesday that the South is like a full-breasted spinster whose figure depends upon cotton, and when her bastard child, secession—poor infant!—was born, it rooted in vain around its mother's breast, and is now almost dead for the want of nourishment.

John Morgan is to Kentucky what a musquito is to a man in bed, alighting and puncturing the skin and then buzzing off again to escape the expected blow. We hope to bar his game soon.

The rebel Confederacy is struggling against fate. It is like the king-fisher, which, it is said, always flies against the wind, and if hung up when dead, turns its bill to the wind even then.

Young ladies, we would have you scorn to marry men, who, without imperative cause, stay at home in this war—better remain single than risk becoming mothers of a race of cowards.

The rebels, when they evacuated Nashville, left a large quantity of grape shot behind them. The federal troops are anxiously waiting for a chance to return it to them.

If we find the masses as ready and willing to pay to taxes as they are to be appointed tax-collectors, the Government will get the sinews of war without trouble.

One might think that the rebels would be very willing to fight. If they are killed, they go where there are even more rebels than they leave behind them.

We have no hyenas or tigers in this State and but few rattlesnakes and copper heads, but we have a great many rebel women, these may do harm if not caged.

We have all heard of the Morgan horse, and the notorious guerrilla chief, from his propensity to steal horses, might properly be called Horse Morgan.

Jeff Davis' children are wisely getting married as fast as they can. They know they will not be able to make eligible matches after their father shall be hung.

The new tax upon whisky is three cents per gallon. Some people think it oppressive to impose such burdens upon the necessities of life.

Morgan exhorts his "fellow-countrymen" to "fight for their consciences." A conquest his scoundrels are most desperately in need of.

Our brave soldiers don't want niggers fighting by their sides in this hot weather. It is bad enough for them to have to smell gun-powder.

General Beauregard, according to reports, is in half a dozen different places at the same time. He would seem to have been very much cut up.

The editor of the Atlanta Confederacy says that he could "a tale unfold." We suppose then he is a pig with a kink in his tail.

Gen Butler's woman-order, however indecent itself, has corrected a great deal of indecency on the part of the women.

Let Great Britain intervene if she dares, and she will find that a cotton-famine is nothing to a bread-famine.

Those who give nothing beyond their taxes to sustain the arms of the Union are only patriots by compulsion.

If a rebel won't behave himself, if he has a devil that can't be cast out of him, imprison him, devil and all.

Our rebel women wouldn't like to be fined for their treason, fond as they generally are of their frenzy.

The Editor of the Georgia Recorder boasts that he has ten children. One fool makes many.

Abe Lincoln & Co. are the powers that be. Jeff Davis & Co. are the powers that want to be.

If Beauregard don't like to redeem his pledge to water his horse in hell, why not take him to Hot Springs?

It is said that Gen. Price is going to Virginia. A nice fellow to be upon "the sacred soil."

In Alabama the rebel cause is "as good as wheat," but the wheat is awfully smutty.

If a man shows that he cannot be bound by an oath, let him be bound with chains and fetters.

They who get drunk on treason may be expected to "vomit crime."