The Marettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER. MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 25, 1865. VOL. XI.—NO. 30.

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Having just added a "NEWBURY MOUNTAIN JOBBER PRESS," together with a large assortment of new Job and Card type, Cuts, Borders, &c., &c., to the Job Office of "THE MARIETTIAN," which will insure the fine and speedy execution of all kinds of JOB & CARD PRINTING, from the *smallest Card to the* LARGEST POSTER, at reasonable prices.

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THIS new Road is now completed, and in good running order, with first-class Passenger Cars, and having made arrangements with the connecting roads North and South, offers to the travelling public a direct and through route, from WASHINGTON and BALTIMORE, via York, Columbia and Reading to Allentown, Easton, and NEW YORK, which route for beauty and Summer Resorts should be tried to be appreciated.

Trains North leave Columbia at 8.00 a. m. F.
" " " " 10.40 a. m. A.
" " " " 2.25 p. m. A.
" Arrive at Reading at 10.05 a. m. F.
" " " " 3.00 p. m. A.
" " " " 4.40 p. m. A.
Trains South leave Reading at 6.30 a. m. A.
" " " 11.00 a. m. F.
" " " 4.50 p. m. A.
" Arrive at Columbia at 9.10 a. m. A.
" " " 1.15 p. m. F.
" " " 9.00 p m. A.

Trains leave Columbia at 8.00 A. M. and 2.25 P. M. arrive in Philadelphia at 1.20 P. M. and 7.05 P. M. in New York, at 2 45 P. M. Trains leave Philadelphia, via Phil'a & Reading Railroad at 8.00 A. M. and arrive at Columbia at 1.15 P. M.

Lancaster passengers for Reading, will take the Penn'a. R. R. Mount Joy Accommodation, West, leaving Lancaster at 11.15 A. M. and East line West, at 2.20 P. M. connecting with the R. & C. R. R. at Landisville, and arrive in Reading at 3.00 P. M. and 4.40 P. M.

The River Susquehanna at Columbia is crossed by a Steam Ferry, a NEW BOAT awaits the arrival of the train to convey the passengers over, the change being delightful. Passengers by the fast line will dine at Columbia.

"F" is for Fast Line. "A" for Accommodation Train.

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BROWNING'S *Excelsior Coffee.*

Whilst trying Coffee of all the various brands,
Remember "BROWNING'S EXCELSIOR"
—at the head it stands.
True, it's not like others that are "SOLD EVERYWHERE."
A little stretch, we all do know, good goods will easily bear,
(But a stretch like this—"sold everywhere"—is very apt to tear.)
Now, I can safely say, without any hesitation.
There's none like "BROWNING'S EXCELSIOR" in this enlightened nation.
Skilled chemists have not found a Coffee from any store
Possessing the same ingredients as "Browning's Excelsior."
Nor is there any one, in or out of the Coffee trade,
Who knows the articles from which "Browning's Excelsior's" made,
I'm told it's made from barley, rye, wheat, beans, and peas;
Name a thousand other things—but the RIGHT ONE if you please.
But with the Coffee men I will not hold contention
For the many, many things they say—too numerous to mention.
Whilst they're engaged in running round from store to store
To learn the current wholesale price of "Browning's Excelsior,"
Some who know my Coffee gives perfect satisfaction,
Have formed a plan by which they hope to cause a quick reaction.
The case—'tis with a few; no doubt 'twill be more—
To name their Coffee after mine, (BROWNING'S) EXCELSIOR."
Some say their's the only brand; that will stand a ready test.
Now, try a little of them all—see which you like the best.
Three years have passed away since I first sold a store;
Never have I in your paper advertised before;
Nor would I now, or ever consent to publish more,
If like some used by "everybody," "sold everywhere," in "every store."
A trade like this I do not wish; the orders I could not fill;
The factory all Jersey's land would take—leave not a idot to till.
My trade is not so very large; still I think I have my share;
But, reader, you may rest assured, 'tis NOT "SOLD EVERYWHERE."

Manufactured and for Sale by the writer,

GEORGE L. BROWNING,

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This coffee is not composed of poisonous drugs it contains nothing deleterious; many persons use this Coffee that cannot use the pure coffee; it takes but one and a half ounces to make a quart of good strong coffee, that being just one-half the quantity it takes of Java Coffee, and always less than half the price.

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CHOICE HAVANA SEGARS, and the best Chewing and Smoking Tobacco at WOLFE'S.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed with neatness and dispatch at the office of The Mariettian.

From the Philadelphia North American.

The following lines were written in Liverpool, England, by an accomplished English clergyman, a warm friend of the Union, shortly after the reception of the news of the adoption of the new constitution in Maryland, and that she had become a free State. He sent them to a distinguished American friend, accompanied by a note, in which he says: "A notion occurred to me the other day that I should like to spoil the Egyptians by appropriating their song 'My Maryland'; a sword which can no longer be of use to them." The author is the Rev. J. S. Jones, Rector of Christ Church, Liverpool, one of the few clergymen of the established church who takes the side of our government.

Free Maryland.

The sound of war was in thine ear,
Maryland, fair Maryland!
Thy cheek was wet with many a tear,
Maryland, fair Maryland!
Thy cheek was wet but never pale,
Thy ancient spirit shall not fail,
Whoever may or dare assail
Maryland, my Maryland!

They said thy heart was failing thee,
Maryland, my Maryland!
They dared to speak of treachery,
Maryland, my Maryland!
The rebel, in his new born pride,
Presumed to claim thee for his bride,
And bade thee battle by his side,
Maryland, fair Maryland!

My mother State, the fair and true,
Maryland, fair Maryland!
Gird on thy gleaming sword anew,
Maryland, fair Maryland!
The ages past upon thee call,
And those to come, whate'er befall,
Shall find thee worthy of them all,
Maryland, my Maryland!

One only stain thy banners wear,
Maryland, fair Maryland;
Oh let it rest no longer there,
Maryland, fair Maryland!
The rebel storm in vain shall rave
About thy legions strong and brave,
If thou shalt come without a slave,
Maryland, free Maryland!

She hears, she comes, the feal and bold,
Maryland, my Maryland,
She fights beneath the banner old,
Maryland, my Maryland!
But see, the robe around her cast
Is fairer far than all the past—
We hail her with full hearts at last,
Maryland, free Maryland!

Lo, at her feet the tyrant lies,
Maryland, free Maryland!
There's joy and glory in her eyes,
Maryland, free Maryland!
Oh bid thy sisters follow thee,
And teach their shout like thine to be,
For Union and for Liberty!
Maryland free Maryland!

UNFERMENTED BREAD.—Take fine flour, six pounds; bicarbonate of soda, one and one-eighth of an ounce; pure muriatic acid, one ounce and a quarter; water, three pints; and salt, three quarters of an ounce, mix the bicarbonate of soda and the salt intimately with the flour, and put the muriatic acid into the water, and then blend the whole in the usual way of making dough. As soon as it is thoroughly kneaded bake it either in tins or not. Bread thus made has an agreeable natural taste; keeps much longer than fermented or common bread, and is said to be more digestible, and much less liable to turn sour or mouldy. We may observe that the chemical action of the acid on the soda disengages gas, which, though it makes the bread "light," disappears in the oven.

Here is a specimen of murdered Queen's English which out-Partingtons Mrs. Partington, and has moreover the merit of being an actual fact: An illiterate man who hailed from Down East had occasion one day to purchase a new Bible, and as it was quite an event to him, the next neighbor he met was duly informed of the fact that he "had got a Polywog Bible with the Hypocrisy in it." It was some little time before his friend decided that it must be a Polyglot Bible containing the Apocrypha.

A child, speaking of his home to a friend, was asked, "Where is your home?" Looking up with loving eyes at his mother, he replied: "Where mother is!" Was ever a question more truthfully, beautifully, or touchingly answered?

How fish hang around the bait till they are hooked, said the deacon, as he pushed through the crowd of fops waiting the egress of the ladies at the church door.

"The Schoolmaster's in that Bed.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Waverly gives the following as one of the many incidents that befell a "boarding round schoolmaster:"

I had been teaching in Mason county in the Sucker State, and this term had been boarding round. One evening after school, one of my little scholars stepped up to me and said:

"Mr. Jones, father said you should come home with me."

"Very well," I replied, and forthwith set out for my patron's house, which was distant some two miles. Now, be it known, James McHenry—for such was his name—had two daughters, the pride and envy of the whole community. I had heard so much about them that I was naturally anxious to see them. It seemed however, that I was to be disappointed. When we arrived I learned the "gals" had gone to a party on the other side of the creek; so I went to bed cursing the luck which deprived me of seeing them that night.

The night was well nigh advanced, when I heard one of the girls come home, and passing into the adjoining room, was warming before some coals which were alive on the hearth. It seems the old lady and gentleman slept in the same room, but I was not aware of it till then. Having warmed herself, she turned to leave the room, when the old man spoke:

"Girls," said he, "the schoolmaster's in your bed"

"Very well," said Sarah, and passing through the room, I slept in, went up stairs.

About an hour had elapsed, when I heard Judy, the other one, come. She stood at the door a long time, talking with her 'fellow,' then entered softly. Disrobing her feet, she entered the room where I lay, in her stocking feet. Carefully undressing herself, and coming to the side of the bed prepared to get in. Now it happened I lay in the middle, and turning back the clothes, she gave me a shake and said, in a suppressed whisper:

"Lay over, Sarah."

I rolled over and whipped the corner of the pillow in my mouth to keep from laughing. In she bounced, but the bed would squeak. The old man heard it and called out:

"Judy!"

"Sir!" was responded in a faint tone from the bed beside me.

"*The schoolmaster's in that bed!*"

With one loud yell, and an "Oh! heavens!" she landed on the floor, and fled, with the rapidity of a deer up stairs. She never heard the last of it, but probably she "larned somethin" about staying out late sparking, and trying to slip in unbeknown to the old folks.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—A bit of glue dissolved in skim milk and water will restore old crape.

Half a cranberry bound on a corn will soon kill it.

An inkstand was turned over a white table cloth; a servant threw over it a mixture of salt and pepper plentifully, and all traces of it disappeared.

Picture frames and glasses are preserved from flies by painting them with a brush dipped in a mixture made by boiling three or four onions in a pint of water.

Bedbugs are kept away by washing the crevices with strong salt water put on with a brush.

Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar, and not be used until three months old.

A story is told of a certain Mrs. Petroleum, whose husband had suddenly come into possession of a large fortune, and had erected a house to correspond to his means. Mrs. Petroleum had heard that it was necessary to have a "library," and accordingly sent to a popular bookstore and ordered one. A well assorted library of standard works was sent up to her house. Next day, comes down my lady into towering rage at their selection.—"Choicest works?" cried she, as an explanation was attempted, "bother your choicest works; they were all different sizes and colors. I wanted them all in blue and gold, to match my furniture!"

A dutchman a few days ago picked up a bound volume of documents, on the back of which was stamped 'Pub Docs.' 'Tuyfel' said he, 'what kinder books will dey print next. As I lif here is one on *pup-togs*.'

Josh Billings says: "Tew bring up a child in the way he should go—travel that way yourself."

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RECIPTS FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR.—You must do the following things if you wish to pass a heppy New Year:

To count five hundred before you venture to contradict your wife.

To be careful, when you are asked for advice, especially by an Irishman, how you give it.

To praise every baby that is brought to you for exhibition.

To take twice of pudding, if you are told the mistress of the house had a hand in the making of it.

To decline in the politest manner being appointed arbitrator in any matrimonial quarrel.

To mind your own business, or if you have no business, than to make it your business to leave the business of others alone.

To be cautious how you sit next to a lady of uncertain age with green spectacles and inky fingers, and who shaves her hair to get up an intellectual forehead.

What is fashion? Dinners at midnight and headaches in the morning. What is wit? That peculiar kind of wit that leads to pulling noses and broken heads. What is joy? To count your money and find it a hundred dollars more than you expect. What is knowledge? To be away from home when people come to borrow books and umbrellas. What is contentment? To sit in the house and see others stick in the mud.

Speaking of "last words," one of the finest expressions we ever knew, as uttered by a dying man, was that of a stage driver in California, a few years ago. Several friends, drivers like himself, were standing by his bedside. "Boys," said he feebly, "I am on the down grade, and can't reach the brake!" and died.

Naturalists have remarked that the squirrel is continually chatting to his fellow squirrels in the woods. This we have every reason to suppose, arises from the animal's love of the gossip, as he is notoriously one of the greatest tail bearers among the tribe.

A damsel was asked, "When a lady and gentleman have quarreled, and each considers the other in fault, which of the two ought to be the first to advance towards a reconciliation?" Her reply was, "The best hearted and wiser of the two."

How to stuff a goose: Cut a piece of hair from a Skye terrier, and send it in a letter to a cox-comb, telling him it is a lock of a young lady's hair, who has fallen in love with him.

Truth Stranger than Fiction.

The Doylestown Democrat prints the annexed *historie strange*, and vouches for its truth: A few years ago there was living in a northern county in Pennsylvania, a poor family. The mother was fond of reading. One day a peddler came along with books to sell, which she wanted, but was unable to buy, for she had no money. He asked her if she had nothing to give in exchange for them, and she said nothing but her children. He said he would take one of them, and a bargain was struck for a fine-looking little boy. The peddler dressed him up nicely and took him off. Years rolled round, and the child was not heard from. He had become almost as one dead. Within a very few months a gentleman living at the country-seat of this same county one night dreamed a dream. He dreamed that somebody had died and left a legacy of six or seven thousand dollars to the brother of the little boy given away for the books, and who was now doing business in this same town. In the morning he told the brother of his dream, who laughed, and said that he knew no one who would leave him that amount of money. A few days afterward the brother received notice by mail that he had been left a legacy of seven thousand dollars, and it was by the little boy who had been taken away by the peddler. He had settled in the West and done well, and had died, or been killed in the army, after making a will in favor of his brother. Let those who study the "philosophy of dreaming" turn this matter over in their brain.

A story is told of the colonels of two regiments engaged at Mission Ridge. They had been classmates and chums at Waterville College, Maine, but when the war broke out one went with the South and the other remained true to the Union. They were both mortally wounded in this battle, and after the fighting was over, a mutual friend found them lying side by side on the battle field, with their right hands clasped, and both dead. They had evidently recognized each other after being wounded, and the old ties of friendship had asserted their supremacy, and together their spirits had passed into the eternal world. Side by side, in the same grave, they sleep their last sleep.

AN INTERESTING ITEM:—One who must have been a confirmed subject of *ennui* has made the following novel calculation, which is said to have occupied three years of life:

OLD TESTAMENT.

Number of books, 39; chapters, 929; verses, 3,214; words, 532,439; letters, 2,728,100.

The middle book is Proverbs.

The middle chapter is Job xxxix.

The middle verse would be 2d Chronicles xx; 17, if there were a verse more, and verse 16 if there were a verse less.

The word *and* occurs 35,543 times.

The word Jehovah occurs 6,855 times.

The shortest verse is 1st Chronicles 1:15.

The 21st verse of the 17th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet.

The 19th chapter of 2d Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike.

NEW TESTAMENT.

Number of books, 27; chapters, 270; verses, 7,958; words, 181,258; letters, 838,580.

The middle book is 2d Thessalonians.

The middle chapter is Romans XIII, if there were a chapter less, ant XIV, if there were a chapter more.

The middle verse is Acts XVII: 17.

The shortest verse is John XI: 35.

OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT.

Number of books, 66; chapters, 1,189; verses, 31,172; words, 753,967; letters, 3,566,680.

The middle chapter and least in the Bible is Psalm CXVII.

There are envious men who can hear no person praised without interposing a doubting "but." They throw their cold water "buts" at everybody.

Judge Richardson once said that "everything was foreknown by the Almighty, except what would be the verdict of a petit jury."

There is but little difference between a pinch and a punch; it consists of the difference only between *u* and *i*.

What is the difference between twelve dozen and a tea dealer? One is a *gross*, but the other is a *grocer*.

Didn't Work.

The Honorable Grantley Berkley, who several years ago visited our western territories, for the purpose of Buffalo hunting, has just published in England two volumes of his "Life and Recollections," in which he gives a picture of the very peculiar times in which the author was born and flourished. Among his sketches of royal life is a story of Lady Haggerstone's scheme to charm the Regent:

"Her Ladyship had at her residence a miniature farm-yard and three pretty little Alderney cattle. When the Prince and her friends had arrived she came forward from a side wicket, as a milkmaid, for the purpose of making a sylabub for the Prince. She had a silver pail in one hand and an ornamental stool in the other. Lady Haggerstone tripped along, with ribbons flying from her dainty little milking hat that hung on one side of her graceful head, and the smallest little apron tied below her laced stomacher, till she came opposite his Royal Highness, to whom she dropped a really graceful courtesy.

Then passing lightly over the beautiful plaited straw, her tucked up gown showing her neat ankle as well as her colored stockings, she placed her pail and stool conveniently for use. Leaning against the flank of one of the crossest looking of the Alderneys, she was attempting to commence her rustic labors, but not having selected the right sex, the offended animal did not seem to fancy the performance, for he first kicked out and then trotted away, nearly upsetting stool, pail and Lady Haggerstone, who, covered with confusion, made a hasty retreat back to her little dairy, whence she did not appear again."

How to Remain Young.

The following is given on the authority of one of the most famous physicians of the age, and will doubtlessly be highly appreciated by hundreds of readers of both genders, but more especially the ladies, or that portion of them upon whose countenances Time is beginning to leave his tracks. "To remove wrinkles, lines, crow's feet," &c., says our authority, "when presenting themselves prematurely, or when the results of severe illness, as well as to ward them off at the time of life when they may be expected to show themselves, several essential points must be observed. The face should be well bathed in cold water every morning, winter as well as summer, by means of a sponge. Curd honey, or common yellow soap, should be used in washing the face previous to bathing. The oftener cold water is applied to the face the better. If any roughness of the skin ensues, a little cold cream, applied at night, will soon remove it. Then, again, as much exercise as can be conveniently taken in the open air, every day, is to be practiced. The diet must be generous but wholesome. Plenty of substantial food should be taken, with port wine or stout porter. Vinegar, pickles, and other acids must be avoided. In addition to all the above rules, it would be as well if regular hours were observed, and heated places of amusement seldom visited."

PEARLS. Fervent love utters loving words in the dissolution of the body, as the melting bell in the burning steeple continues to sound out the hours.

When men are long indifferent toward us, we grow indifferent to their indifference.

The passion of acquiring riches, in order to support vain expense, corrupts the purest heart.

We should not forget that life is a flower, which is no sooner fully blown than it begins to wither.

People should remember that it is only great souls that know how much glory there is in doing good.

There is a chord of love running thro' all the sounds of creation, but the ear of love alone can distinguish it.

Correction does much, but encouragement will do more. Encouragement after censure is like the sun after the shower.

Soft Soap in some shape, pleases all; and, generally speaking, the more *lye* you put into it, the better.

What tree represents a person who persists in incurring debts? Willow (*will owe.*)

Which is the strongest day in the week? Sunday, because all the rest are *week* days.

Why cannot a thief easily steal a watch? Because he must take it off its guard.