

# The Mariettian.

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F. L. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 49.

**Not Alcoholic.**  
**A Highly Concentrated Vegetable Extract.**  
**A PURE TONIC.**  
**Dr. HOOFLAND'S German Bitters,**  
PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, PHIL'A, PA.

WILL effectually cure Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, chronic or nervous Debility, diseases of the Kidneys, and bad diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach. Such as Constipation, jaundice, fullness of blood to the head, acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, disgust for food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sour Eructations, sinking or fluttering at the pit of the Stomach, swimming of the head, hurried and difficult Breathing, fluttering at the Heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of Vision, dots or webs before the Sight, fever and dull pain in the Head, deficiency of Perspiration, yellowness of Skin and Eyes pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., sudden flushes of heat, burning in the Flesh, constant imaginings of Evil, and grief, depression of Spirits. And will positively prevent Yellow Fever, Bilious Fever &c. They contain no Alcohol or had Whisky.— They will cure the above diseases in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

The proprietors have thousands of letters from the most eminent Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, and Citizens, testifying of their effects and medical virtues of these Bitters. Do you want something to strengthen you? Do you want a good appetite? Do you want to build up your constitution? Do you want to feel well? Do you want to get rid of Nervousness? Do you want energy? Do you want to sleep well? Do you want a brisk and vigorous feeling? If you do, use Hoofland's German Bitters.

**PARTICULAR NOTICE.**—There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, the cheapest whisky or common rum, costing from 20 to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander Seed. This class of Bitters has caused and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds to die the death of the drunkard.— By their use the system is kept continually under the influence of alcoholic stimulants of the worst kind, the desire for liquor is created and kept up, and the result is all the horrors attendant upon a drunkard's life and death.

For those who desire and will have a Liqueur Bitters, we publish the following receipt: Get one bottle of Hoofland's Bitters and mix with three quarts of good brandy or whisky, and the result will be a preparation that will far excel in medicinal virtues and excellence in the market, and will cost much less. You will have all the virtues of Hoofland's Bitters in connection with a good article of liquor, at a much less price than these inferior preparations will cost you.

**ATTENTION SOLDIERS!** We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that "Hoofland's German Bitters" will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by exposure and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. Diseases resulting from disorders of the digestive organs are speedily removed. We have no hesitation in stating that, if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise will be lost.

We call the particular attention to the following remarkable and well authenticated, cure of one of the nation's heroes, whose life to use his language, "has been saved by the Bitters."

**PHILADELPHIA, August 23d, 1862.**  
Messrs. Jones & Evans.—Well, gentlemen, your Hoofland's German Bitters have saved my life. There is no mistake in this. It is vouched for by numbers of my comrades, some of whose names are appended, and who are fully cognizant of all the circumstances of my case. I am, and have been for the last four years, a member of Sherman's celebrated battery, and under the immediate command of Captain R. B. Ayres. Through the exposure attendant upon my arduous duties, I was attacked in November last with inflammation of the lungs, and was for some time in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, heightened by an attack of dysentery. I was then removed from the White House, and sent to this city on board the Steamer "State of Maine," from which I landed on the 28th of June. Since that time I have been about as low as any one could and still retain a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarcely able to swallow anything, and if I did force a morsel down, it was immediately thrown up again.

I could not even keep a glass of water on my stomach. Life could not last under these circumstances; and, accordingly, the physicians who had been working faithfully, though unsuccessfully to rescue me from the grasp of the dread Archer, frankly told me they could do no more for me, and advised me to see a clergyman, and to make such disposition of my limited means as he might suggest. An acquaintance who visited me in the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinbron, of Sixth below Arch street, advised me, as a forlorn hope, to try your Bitters, and kindly procured a bottle. From the time I commenced taking them the gloomy shadow of death receded, and I am now, thank God for it, getting better. Tho' I have taken but two bottles, I have gained ten pounds, and I feel sanguine of being permitted to rejoin my wife and daughter, from whom I have heard nothing for eighteen months; for, gentlemen, I am a loyal Virginian, from the vicinity of Front Royal. To your invaluable Bitters I owe the certainty of life which has taken the place of vague fears—to your Bitters will I owe the glorious privilege of again clasping to my bosom those who are dearest to me in life.

Very truly yours, ISAAC MALONE.  
We fully concur in the true and above statement, as we had despaired of seeing our comrade, Mr. Malone, restored to health.

John Cuddeback, 1st New York Battery.  
George A. Askey, Co. C., 11th Maine.  
Lewis Chevalier, 3d New York.  
L. E. Spencer, 1st Artillery, Battery F.  
J. B. Fawcett, Co. B, 3d Vermont.  
Henry B. Serome, Co. R, do.  
Henry T. Macdonald, Co. C, 6th Maine.  
John F. Ward, Co. E, 5th Maine.  
Nathaniel B. Thomas, Co. F, 95th Penn.  
John Jenkins, Co. B, 106th Penn.

Beware of counterfeits! See that the signature of "C. M. Jackson," is on the wrapper of each bottle. Price per bottle 75 cents, or half dozen for \$4.00.

Should your nearest druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.  
Principal Office and Manufactory,  
No. 631 ARCH STREET,  
JONES & EVANS & CO.,  
(Successors to C. M. Jackson & Co.)  
Proprietors.

For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States.

**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 subscribers 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.

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A liberal deduction made to yearly and half yearly advertisers.

**JOHN PATTERSON,** every description neatly and expeditiously executed, and at prices to suit the times.

## GIVE.

The fire of Freedom burns,  
March to her altar now;  
Bear on her sacred urns  
Where all her sons must bow.

Woman of nerve and thought,  
Bring in the urn your power!  
By you is manhood taught  
To meet this supreme hour.

Come with your sunlit life,  
Maiden of gentle eye!  
Bring to the gloom of strife  
Light by which heroes die.

Give, rich men, proud and free,  
Your children's costliest gem!  
For liberty shall be  
Your heritage to them.

Oh! friend, with heavy urn,  
What offering bear you on?  
The figure did not turn;  
I heard a voice: "My son."

The fire of Freedom burns,  
Her flame shall reach the heaven;  
Heap up our sacred urns!  
Though life for life be given.

## One Good Turn Deserves Another.

Mr. Pilkinson, a small farmer in Pennsylvania, was some time since drafted for the service of his country.— The wife, though she possessed but a small stock of general information, is one of the best conjugal partners, as she was much troubled at the thought of parting with her husband. As she was engaged in scrubbing off her doorstep, a rough-looking man came up and thus addressed her:

"I hear, ma'am that your husband has been drafted."

"Yes, sir, he has," answered Mrs. Pilkinson, "though, dear knows, there's few men that couldn't better be spared from their families."

"Well, ma'am, I've come to offer myself as a substitute for him."

"A what?" asked Mrs. Pilkinson with some excitement.

"I am willing to take his place," said the stranger.

"You take the place of my husband, you wretch! I'll teach you to insult a distressed woman that way, you vagabond," said she, as she discharged the dirty soap suds in the face of the discomfited and astonished substitute, who took to his heels just in time to escape having his head broken by the bucket.

An old lady, resident of Providence, who had never ridden in the cars, was persuaded, by the combined efforts of her children, James and Mary, to accompany them on an excursion, she all the time saying that she knew something would happen. She took her seat with fear and trembling, taking hold of the arm of the seat next the passageway.— The train was late, as excursion trains are usually, and in coming round a curve, the Boston express train was on the track, both bearing each other rather faster than was pleasant. The momentum of each train was nearly lost, and they came together with a chuck, which pitched the lady on her face in the passageway, between the seats. She rose to her hands and knees, and looking back, asked, "Jeames, do they allus stop like that?"

Farmer B— was sitting in the country church. He had been working hard in the harvest field; hands were scarce, and farmer B— was dozing.— The loud tones of the minister failed to arouse the farmer, until at length, the time waning, the good man closed the lids of the Bible and concluded as follows:

"Indeed, my hearers, the harvest is plentiful, but the laborers are few."  
"Yes," exclaimed farmer B—, "I've offered two dollars a day, for cradlers, and can't get 'em at that."

## MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH WITH A MORAL.

Four months had flown swiftly away since Edward Somerton had married Rose Bland. One evening toward sunset, as they sat together at a window opening on to a garden, enjoying the welcome coolness, and talking over various matters with that interest in each other which people generally evince four months after marriage, Rose, for the first time began to pout. Edward had, she said, flirted desperately with Mrs. Harding on the preceding evening. He had spoken to her in a low tone several times, and had been heard publicly to declare that Harding was a fortunate fellow. If this were the way he meant to go on, she would be wretched, and no longer place any confidence in his affection.

"My pretty dear," said Edward, placing his arm around the waist of his wife, and accompanying this action by another trifling performance, "don't be jealous. Believe me there is no cause. On one of the occasions when I addressed Mrs. Harding in so low a tone, I remarked the room was very warm; and on another, if I remember rightly, I observed that the last novel was very dull; so you will perceive our conversation was really of a most innocent description. And, Rose, because I said Harding was a fortunate fellow, it is not to be inferred that I must endeavor to render him an unfortunate fellow."

The mild answer failed to turn away the wrath of Rose. She coquettishly refused to be convinced, became more violent and unreasonable, and finally retired precipitately from the room, with her handkerchief applied to her eyes.

Edward quietly pft up his feet on the chair she had left vacant, and leaned back in meditation. Here was the decisive moment which would most likely determine whether they were to dwell together for the future happily or miserably. Rose was a dear girl—a sweet girl; but she had large black eyes, and they were very dangerous. She had been an only daughter, too, and perhaps a little spoiled; but with fewer faults might she not have been less charming? It is worth studying how to live lovingly with such a creature, especially when you know she mars, by her capriciousness, her own happiness as much as yours.

Edward felt that the charge of his wife was totally unfounded, and he half suspected that she believed so herself, but had resolved to be, or seem, out of humor without any very particular cause. One thing was evident—that she could not bear reason. Something else must therefore be tried, in order to allay any future storm—for this was probably the very first of a series. Edward resolved to try music.

He was an amateur of some pretensions, and he set himself immediately to call over in his memory the melodies most likely to calm the passions and exert a soothing effect on the temper. He made choice of three, which he arranged in a graduated scale, to be used according to the urgency of the occasion; gentle, more gentle, and most gentle, as the outbreak was or became violent, more violent, or most violent. The scale contained only three degrees. As the heat rose, this conjugal thermometer fell; but below the third and lowest all was zero and undefined mystery. Patience therefore acted the part of mercury reversed.

The melodies were the following, and were arranged in the following order:—"In my cottage near a wood," "Sul margine d'un rio," and "Home, sweet home." They were all of a pleasing, touching character; the last purely domestic, and under the circumstances, conveying a delicate satire likely to do good. He had hitherto played these popular airs on the German flute; but he proposed now to execute them in a graceful, apparently unpremeditated whistle. His plan thus settled, Edward felt his mind quite easy, and he awaited the appearance of Mrs. Somerton with a gratifying consciousness of being ready for whatever might occur.

In due time came coffee. The injured lady came too, and with a placid countenance, betraying no lingering evidence of its late unamiable expression. Neither husband or wife made any allusion to their misunderstanding, and they passed a pleasant evening, made up of conversation, the piano forte, and chess.

But the next morning—the very next morning, Rose favored her dear Edward with a number of the series. She wanted him to walk out with her, and he de-

clared that unfortunately he should be too busy to go with her all day. This was quite sufficient raw material for a girl of spirit to work upon.

"I'm sure you don't want to go, Edward," said she, pointing in exact imitation of fit number one. "At least you don't want to go with me."

Edward plunged both hands into the pockets of his dressing-gown—threw himself indolently on a sofa—gazed abstractedly at a bronze bust of Shakespeare on the mantel-piece—and began whistling in a low tone a plaintive melody, it was "In my cottage near a wood."

"If I were any one but your wife," continued Mrs. Somerton, with pointed emphasis, you would be ready enough to come; but wives, you know, are always neglected." Mr. Somerton continued whistling.

"I beg, Mr. Somerton," exclaimed Mrs. Somerton, with a withering look, "that you will not whistle in that very disagreeable manner while I am speaking to you. If I am not worthy of your love, I trust I am worthy of common attention."

Edward plunged his hands deeper into his pockets, removed his eyes from the bust of Shakespeare, and fixed them in intense regard on a bust of Milton.— He paused suddenly in the air which he was whistling, and commenced another; it was "Sul margine d'un rio."

Mrs. Somerton retired hastily with her pretty face buried in a white cambric pocket handkerchief. For five whole days after this scene all was halcyon weather. Doves might have been beheld and envied. Honey was still to be found in the moon, and no impolitic reference to either of the two foolish quarrels gave any pleasure the slightest dash of bitter.

But on the sixth day there appeared clouds. Edward had been in town, and had promised to bring a pair of new bracelets for Rose. He arrived home punctually at dinner-time, but without the bracelets—he had forgotten them.— I put it to you whether this was not enough to try the temper of a saint? They were going the next evening to a large party, and Rose had intended to inspect the important ornaments this evening, and take Edward's opinion, so that there might be time to change them if not approved of. Now she could not do so—and all from his horrid forgetfulness. She must either go in a stupid old-fashioned thing, or put on new ones in a hurry, good or bad, just as they happened to be. It was most annoying—that indeed it was!

Edward made many apologies. He was sincerely sorry to have disappointed her, and even offered to return to town after dinner and repair his neglect. O, no; she would not hear of his taking so much trouble for her. What did he care whether she was disappointed or not? His forgetfulness showed how much he thought of her.

Edward again essayed the soothing system, for he loved her, and was conscious that he had given her cause for some slight chagrin. However, she became so persevering that but one course was left him to pursue—he left off talking and took to whistling.

I tremble for the future peace of Rose while I relate that he considered himself justified in descending to the second degree of the scale. He commenced, Andante ma son troppo, "Sul margine d'un rio."

"To leave me in such a situation!" exclaimed the ill-used wife, in a voice interrupted by sobs, "when I had set my heart upon those bracelets. It is very, very unkind, Edward."

Edward appeared wrapt in meditation and music. He whistled with great taste and feeling, accented the first note of each bar as it should be accented.— But upon another more cutting observation from Mrs. Somerton, he stopped short, looked sternly at her, and began "Home, sweet home."

What was to follow? He had reached the last degree, and all else was at random. Should this fail, the case was indeed hopeless. Shadows of demons hovered around, holding forth tempting deeds of separation. The bright gold wedding ring on the lady's finger grew dull and brassy.

Edward Somerton stood in the centre of the room, with his arms folded, gazing with a steady gaze into the very soul of his wife, who, under the strange fascination, could not turn away her head.— With a clear and tremulous whistle he recited the whole of that beautiful Sicilian melody from the first note to the last. Then, revolving slowly on his heel, without saying a word, left the room

shutting the door punctiliously after him. Mrs. Somerton sank overpowered on the sofa.

Rose, though pretty, was not silly; she saw clearly that she had made a mistake, and, like a sensible girl, she resolved not to go on with it merely because she begun it. Bad temper, it seemed, would only serve to make her ridiculous instead of interesting—and that was not altogether the effect desired.

In half an hour the husband and wife met at the dinner table, Mrs. Somerton sat smiling at the head, and was very attentive in helping Mr. Somerton to the choicest morsels. He was in unusually high spirits, and a more happy small party could scarcely be met with.

From that day (which was ten years ago) to the present time, Mrs. Somerton has never found fault without cause.— Once or twice, indeed, she has gone so far as to look serious about nothing; but the frown left her countenance at once when Edward began to whistle in a low tone, as if unconsciously, the first few bars of "In my cottage near a wood."

## The Slaves of Prejudice.

**Death Robbed of his Prey.**—There are queer people in the world; people with the most absurd, unreasonable, and indefensible prejudices. For example, we have met with individuals who have a morbid antipathy to anything that was extensively advertised, no matter what might be its actual claims to the confidence of the public. These eccentrics looked with especial disfavor on advertised medicines. They could not see, for example, in Dr. Holloway's magnificent system of advertising, covering, as it does, all the mediums of publicity which the world affords, anything but a gigantic scheme of mere speculation. True, they could not gainsay the testimony pouring in spontaneously from the highest sources, in favor of his incomparable Pills and Ointment, but still they shook their heads and muttered "humbug." Of course, there is no possibility of arguing with men who won't reason. The best way is to let them alone. Fortunately, such specimens of stupidity are "few and far between" in this enlightened era. The general feeling is, that if a thing is in itself excellent, its virtues should be proclaimed to the four winds of heaven, for the general benefit of mankind.— Hence, the proclamations made by Dr. Holloway, through the entire newspaper press of the world, of the properties and operation of his remedies, meets with the cordial approval of thinking men. The value of the preparations as specifics for the various internal and external complaints peculiar to different climates, or common to the world at large, is conceded, not only by the masses, but by governments, men of science, and candid observers in every walk of life. Can such remedies be too widely known? Impossible!

**WELL PUT.** The Louisville Journal says if anybody is dissatisfied with Federal money, let him go South and get Confederate money. If anybody is dissatisfied with United States taxes, let him go South and pay Southern taxes. If anybody is dissatisfied with the United States enrollment, let him go South and enjoy the benefits of the Southern conscription.

A poor boy, applying for refuge at a police station house, reported his case thus: "First my father died, then my mother married again, and then my mother died, and my father married again, and somehow or other, I don't seem to have no parents at all, nor no home, nor no nothing."

"Pap," observed a young urchin of ten years to his "fond parent," "does the Lord know everything?" "Yes, my son," replied the hopeful sire. "But why do you ask that question?" Because our preacher when he prays, is so long telling him everything, I thought he wasn't posted." The parent reflected.

We won't indulge in such horrid anticipations, as the henpecked husband said when the parson told him he would be joined to his wife in another world, never more to be separated from her.— "Parson, I hope you will not mention that unpleasant circumstance again," said he.

It is said that General Bragg and General Breckinridge are trying, like a couple of owls, to hoot each other down.

What church do you attend, Mrs. Partington?—"Oh, any paradox church where the Gospel is dispensed with!"

## ALEX'N. H. STEPHENS A PROPHECY.

*Secession Judged by its Fruits.*—It is well known that the present Vice President of the Confederacy made a speech strongly opposed to secession in the Georgia Convention of January, 1861. The following extracts will show how clearly he perceived the iniquity, and foresaw the results of the measure:

"That this step once taken could never be recalled, and all the baleful and withering consequences that must follow (as they would see) will rest on the convention for all coming time.— When we and our posterity shall see our lovely South desolated by the demon of war which this act of yours will inevitably invite and call forth; when our green fields of waving harvests shall be trodden down by the murderous soldiery and fiery car of war sweeping over our land; our temples of justice laid in ashes; all the horrors and decimations of war upon us; who but this convention will be held responsible for it? and who but him who shall have given his vote for this unwise [and ill-timed] measure (as I honestly think and believe) shall be held to strict account for this suicidal act, by the present generation, and probably cursed and execrated by posterity for all coming time, for the wide and desolating ruin that will inevitably follow this act you now propose to perpetrate."

"Pause, I entreat you, and consider for a moment what reasons you can give that will even satisfy yourselves in calmer moments—what reasons you can give to your fellow sufferers in the calamity that it will bring upon us! What reasons can you give to the great nations of the earth to justify it? They will be the calm and deliberate judges in the case, and to what cause or one overt act can you name or point, on which to rest the plea of justification? What right has the North assailed? What interest of the South has been invaded? What justice has been denied? and what claim founded in justice and right has been withheld? Can either of you today, name one governmental act of wrong, deliberately and purposely done by the government of Washington, of which the South has a right to complain? I challenge the answer!"

"I must declare here, as I have often done before, that which has been repeated by the greatest and wisest of statesmen and patriots in this and other lands, that it is the best and freest government—the most equal in its rights—the most just in its decisions—the most lenient in its measures, and the most inspiring in its principles to elevate the race of men, that the sun of heaven ever shone upon."

"Now, for you to attempt to overthrow such a government as this, under which we have lived for more than three quarters of a century—in which we have gained our wealth, our standing as a nation, our domestic safety while the elements of peril are around us, with peace and tranquility, accompanied with unbounded prosperity and rights unassailed—in the height of madness, folly and wickedness, to which I can neither lend my sanction nor my vote."

The correspondent of the London Times, writing from Richmond under date of March 23d, uses language strongly corroborative of Mr. Stevens' predictions. He says:

"If the civilized powers of Europe could only witness the misery which is, from every acre of this once favored continent, crying aloud to Heaven, it could scarcely be but that they would risk some chance of failure rather than permit humanity to be outraged by continuance of such excess of anguish as has visited no nation since the sword first leaped from its scabbard, and the human heart was first sown with the seed of vindictiveness and hate."

Alarming stories have been told about people being poisoned with rye-coffee; but Mrs. Partington suggests that some of them who use the extract of old rye in other fluid forms, may be subject to quite as much damage as the rye coffee drinkers.

Profane language is abominable. Loud laughing is impolite. Inquisitiveness is offensive. Tatling is mean.— Telling lies is contemptible. Slandering is devilish. Ignorance is disgraceful, and laziness is shameful.

A conundrum-maker asks: "What is the difference between an acqueduct and a drunken man? One is water-tight and the other run-tight." Throw up the sponge!