

The Mariettian.

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

F. L. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

Established April 11, 1851.

VOL. NINE.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1863.

NO. 50.

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 effectively 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, inward Piles, fullness or blood to the head, acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, distension of the bowels, 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 the Skin and Eyes, pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., sudden flushing of the face, burning in the Flesh, constant imaginings of Evil, and grief, depression of Spirits. And will positively prevent Yellow Fever, Billious Fever &c.—They contain no Alcohol or bad 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 own personal knowledge of the beneficial 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.

PREPARATION NOTICE.—There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters put up in quart bottles, compounded of 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 Liquor Bitters, we publish the following receipt: Get one bottle of Hoofland's Bitters and mix three quarts of good brandy or whisky, and the result will be a preparation that will far excel in medicinal virtues and true excellence any of the numerous Liquor Bitters 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 vouchsafed 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 seventy-two days in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, and I was attacked by 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 23d of June. Since that time I have been about as low as any one could be, and still retain a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarcely able to swallow anything, and 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 funds as best suited me.—An acquaintance mentioned to me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinbron, of Sixth 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. They 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 truth of the above statement, as we had despaired of seeing our comrade, Mr. Malone, restored to health.
John Cuddeback, 1st New York Battery, George A. Ackley, Co. C, 11th Maine, Lewis Chevalier, 92d New York, I. E. Spencer, 1st Artillery, Battery F, J. B. Fawcett, Co. B, 3d Vermont, Henry B. Seneca, Co. B, 6th Maine, 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, 109th 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 imitating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.
Principal Office and Manufacturers,
No. 531 Arch Street,
JONES & EVANS,
(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. Fry's Hotel, Marietta, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

TERMS, One Dollar a year, payable in advance, and if subscriptions be not paid within six months \$1.25 will be charged, but if delayed until the expiration of the year, \$1.50 will be charged.
No subscription received for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

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

Job PRINTING of every description neatly and expeditiously executed, and at prices to suit the times.

THE RICH MAN.

See him, luxurious,
In costly attire—
Crowned with all honors
E'en he can desire.
Haughty in bearing,
To the lowly and poor,
Smilingly welcoming
Rank to his door.

See where his daughters,
In velvet and gold,
Sparkling in jewels,
Their mirrors behold.
Look on his sons,
As they walk in his path,
Glancing with pride
On the meek at their side,
Nor dream that they glide
Over billows of wrath.

Enter his mansion,
The foot-fall shall be
Soundless as dew,
On the flowers of the lea,
Gaze on its walls
With their life seeming forms,
Where even the Saviour,
Was Victor over storms,
The Poor, and afflicted,
By pride is depicted,
In regal attire;
On crystal waves standing,
With sceptre commanding,
The Tempest's retiring.

See him with face
Where benevolence reigns,
Publicly grieving,
O'er Poverty's pains.
Lo, where the walls
Of a palace arise,
Vaunting his charity
E'en to the skies.
Though for each pillar
The sums that he gave,
Had rescued the starving,
And ransomed the slave,
View but its splendor,
Its classical air—
And joy that the city
Hath sculpture so rare!

True from his door,
With a scanty-robbed form,
Widowed and weeping,
Exposed to the storm,
His childhood's companion,
Whose sunny-hued hair
Once bent with his locks,
By the bed side in prayer,
Whose hand their pale Mother
Had laid in his own,
And joyed that though dying,
She left her lot none—
Even her, with her dear one,
He banished with years,
Though her only upbraiding
Was silence and tears.

For what but presumption,
And folly, could lead
The famished and wretched
To him, in their need?
If they might not in gladness
New pleasures disclose,
'Twere the least they could do,
Not to mar his repose.

Ah, wild was the howl
Of the tempest that night,
But the child and the mother
Escaped from its might.
The dawn of the day
Saw the outcast at rest,
Her mawle arms folding
Her babe to her breast!

Ah, does no thought
In the silence of night,
Blanch his wan cheek,
With a nameless affright?
No dread of that world
Where woe Dives' like groan,
His prayer shall be uttered
In vain to the Throne?
When his keen piercing eye,
From that gloomy abode,
Shall gaze on the grandeur
And bliss of the good,
When even the Seraph,
Whose nature is love,
Must wing in far distance
His sorrows above?
Then, radiant in beauty,
E'en she shall appear—
But too wise for compassion,
Too glad for a tear.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

Many years ago, the young Baron Buzfuz lived in an old castle on the Rhine. He loved the Lady Ravenell, and paid his addresses to her; but was rejected because she was of the opinion that he loved his brave old blood-brother Dunder better than he loved herself. In fact, the Lady Ravenell stated her suspicions to the baron, the correctness of which he made no attempt to dispute.

"Reasons there are, my lady," he would say, "that Dunder should come first in my affections: for he can run faster than you can; he can run faster through the forest than you can; and I have known him longer than I have known you."

As the Lady Ravenell declined coming in competition with Dunder, the Baron Buzfuz, as I have observed before, was a rejected suitor.

But please observe now how strange a turn the tide of affairs took. As the Lady Ravenell was one afternoon riding through the dense, dark forest, she was waylaid and attacked by two armed assassins in masks. One of them had just drawn a glittering poniard, which he was about to plunge in the Lady Ravenell's breast, when Dunder, who happened to be roaming through the forest on a tour of pleasure and observation, suddenly sprang upon the bloody assassin, and struck his fangs into his face and neck with such force as to compel a speedy surrender. The accomplice, or rather, as it turned out, the principal in this murderous design, seeking escape by flight, was also overtaken and wounded by Dunder; and, on the mask falling from his face, he was found to be a wild, reckless young baron who had aspired, without success, to the Lady Ravenell's hand. After a while, the mellow horn of the Baron Buzfuz was heard resounding through the forest, when Dunder gave a long continued dismal howl, which the baron evidently understood, for in a short time he made his appearance at the spot "where he found the two disabled assassins stretched upon the ground and the Lady Ravenell almost dead from fright."

Now, if I were really intending to tell the story, it would be proper for me to go on and state how the Lady Ravenell, considering within herself that Dunder had saved her life, became exceedingly attached to him, and in process of time even consented to marry his master. And they were married, the Baron Buzfuz and the Lady Ravenell; and for nine long days the old castle was fairly alive with song and revelry. Dunder was also an invited guest, and witnessed the whole ceremony from beginning to end, evincing his satisfaction by a prolonged smile which stretched his mouth open from ear to ear.

And then I ought to relate, if I were absolutely undertaking to give the narrative, how that a very curious jealousy arose in the family—a very twisted, complicated sort of an affair, as you might term it. The baron was jealous because he suspected that the baroness loved Dunder better than she did him; and the baroness was jealous because she very clearly perceived that the baron retained his old preference for Dunder over herself. And so it came to pass that a burning jealousy raged in the heart of each—for although the baron really did love Dunder better than he did his wife, and the baroness on her part loved Dunder better than she did the baron, yet they were each uneasy because of the rival quadruped. And here notice, in passing, how glaring the selfishness of mankind and womankind appears in this. Each one was willing to give the preference in love to Dunder, but at the same time required that the love of the other to himself or herself should be supreme. Under such a whimsical and anomalous condition of affairs, it is certainly not to be wondered at that the lives of the Baron Buzfuz and his lady were involved in gloom and unhappiness.

But this, of course, could not last forever, and each, without the knowledge of the other, and influenced by motives so contradictory as not to be susceptible of explanation, deputed a confidential servant, named Grimswig, to carry Dunder to a distant pond and drown him. And if I were really engaged in relating so trifling but veracious a story as this, I should go on to inform you that they each happened to hit on the very same servant by whom to send the dog, and the very same day, and the very same hour of the day.

Now, after Grimswig had been gone with Dunder, some four or five hours,

the baron and baroness began to take a new view of the matter, and each felt guilty of a very cruel, disreputable act. Each one of them, unknown to the other, passed a most miserable night, and in the morning they concluded to make a clean breast of it. The baroness first opened the subject, and requesting to see her husband privately, she remarked to him, with a great appearance of remorse—

"I have something very particular to say to you."

"Ah! so have I to you," he replied.

"Well, my dear," remarked the baroness, "the dog—"

"Yes, the dog," reiterated the baron.

"Sent off," said the baroness.

"Yes, sent off," sighed the baron.

"Yesterday, by Grimswig," continued the baroness.

"Ah! yes," rejoined the baron, "yes, yesterday, by Grimswig."

"To be drowned," whimpered the baroness, through her tears.

"Yes," groaned aloud the baron, "to be drowned."

"Nev—nev—nev—never see poor Dunder again," blubbered the baroness.

"No, nev—nev—nev—never see poor Dunder again," more loudly blubbered the baron.

"Can you forgive me, my dear Buzfuz?" asked the baroness, in her most beseeching tones.

"Forgive you?" exclaimed the astonished baron; "why, I am the one who ought to ask forgiveness, for I sent off the dog."

"You sent off the dog?" inquired the baroness, now on her part perfectly astounded.

"Yes, I sent off the dog."

"By Grimswig?"

"Yes, by Grimswig."

"To be drowned?"

"Yes, to be drowned."

Then the odd coincidence of the whole affair at once flashed through their minds, on which they both wept, and begged forgiveness of each other; and after that, they kissed to make friends and vowed that they would never do such a silly, wicked thing again.

But when they thought of poor Dunder—poor Dunder drowned and dead—their tears flowed afresh; and the baroness observed that although she now loved her dear Baron Buzfuz better than all the dogs in the world, yet she would be willing to set the old castle on fire if she could only see poor Dunder again alive and well. The baron on his part affirmed that his dear Ravenell Buzfuz was dearer to him now a great deal than even Dunder was; but, at the same time he would agree to go without lager beer all his life, and drink nothing but wine, if he could only bring poor Dunder to life as easily as he had ordered him to be drowned.

Strange to relate, while they were condoling with each other in this melancholy manner, in rushed Dunder, looking just as brisk and lively as though he had never met with a watery grave in the whole course of his natural life. In fact, he never had, for Grimswig was a wise old coxger, and very wisely concluded that these tiffs and jealousies among young married people meant little or nothing, and hence he had merely shut Dunder in an outhouse until about the time that he thought the dog might be wanted.

The baron and baroness learned several useful lessons from this event:

First—Never to be jealous.

Second—Never to love man, woman or dog better than they loved each other.

Third—Never to send old Grimswig off on the bootless, fruitless business of drowning a dog, and especially such a dog as Dunder.

At a large drinking-house in Berlin, Prussia, the customers are waited upon by female skaters. The instant a customer takes his seat, one of the damsels darts from the end of the room, skims over the floor, describing graceful curves, and in a moment is at his side and requests to know his wishes. One of these female waiters will collect a number of orders in her round, or carry her beer vessels without ruffling their snowy froth. The motions performed resemble skating, and strangers are likely to be deceived, but the act is performed by employing small iron rollers set in strong but nearly fitting boots. This is all the mystery. It takes time and practice to execute the movements well, and the work is somewhat fatiguing. The floors over which they glide are made of smooth hard wood.

Gen. Sickles lost a leg at the first day's battle at Gettysburg.

To make Currant Wine.

As the time for making Currant Wines is now upon us, we copy from that excellent family paper, the Germantown Telegraph, an article on making this wine. Major Freas is *au fait* on anything of an agricultural character, and this is his receipt:

The currants should be fully ripe when picked; put them into a large tub, in which they may remain a day or two; then crush them with the hands, unless you have a small patent wine-press, in which they should not be pressed too much, or the stems will be bruised and impart a disagreeable taste to the juice. If the hands are used, put the crushed fruit, after the juice has been poured off, in a cloth or sack and press out the remaining juice. Put the juice back in the tub after cleansing it, where it should remain about three days, until the first stages of fermentation are over, and removing once or twice a day the scum copiously arising to the top. Then put the juice into a vessel—a demijohn, keg or barrel—of a size to suit the quantity to be made, and

To each quart of juice add
Three pounds of the best yellow sugar,
And soft water sufficient to make a gallon.

Thus, ten quarts of juice and thirty pounds of sugar, will give you ten gallons of wine, and so on in that proportion. Those who do not like very sweet wine can reduce the quantity of sugar to 2½ or two pounds per gallon.

Currant wine made in this way will keep for an age. We have some made in 1856, which is really an excellent article.

We cut the following good thing from Forney's Press:

SCENE—A machine shop in Philadelphia, say in Quarry street. Enter Copperhead—Loyal Quaker at the desk in counting-room.

Copperhead. Do you keep screws here large enough to be used in removing buildings?

Loyal Quaker. Yes, friend, I manufacture them. Fine morning this. I find good news in the paper to-day from Police-officer Grant before Vicksburg. Hast thou read the morning Press?

C. (looking pretty mad.) No, I don't read the Press.

L. Q. Well, now, it is a very clearly-printed newspaper—very reliable, and friend Forney we think a most excellent editor.

C. How do you sell your big screws? Tell me see one of them; square thread I want.

L. Q. Where does thee live, friend?

C. I live in Westchester.

L. Q. Very loyal, good people up there. Does thee follow the business of removing buildings in Westchester?

C. Yes, I keep a steam saw-mill, and also remove buildings when called on.

L. Q. Don't thee think we shall pretty soon get a big screw under this rebellion; and pull it from its foundation as thee pulls one of the buildings thee removes?

C. I don't believe the South can be whipped. They are strongly fortified, and Jeff Davis is one of the smartest men in this country. I am for the Union as it was, and the Constitution as it is!

L. Q. Friend, I believe thee to be a copperhead.

C. I am a Democrat—don't know what you mean by copperhead!

L. Q. Does thee support the Government in its efforts to put down the rebellion?

C. I am for the Government; but opposed to Abe Lincoln and all his Abolition party.

L. Q. Now, friend, thee is certainly a copperhead.

C. Well, I want to buy a big screw.

L. Q. Thee can't buy a big screw in this house. Thee art an unmitigated Copperhead. Thee art an offence to me. Thee must take thy frame out of this office, or I will put the screws to thee, and hoist thee higher than a kite. I sell nothing to a traitor to his country, and thee must go elsewhere to buy thy screws.

An ingenious mode of imparting sympathy to a prisoner, was lately detected by an Assistant Marshal of Manchester, N. H. The sympathizer was caught in the act. A piece of paper had been twisted in the form of a funnel, and by placing the small part through the key-hole in the door, the party had succeeded in turning the contents of a bottle into the mouth of the fellow inside.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage is to a woman at once the happiest and the saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss, raised on the death of all present enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents, her companions, her occupations, her amusements, everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, for pleasure.—

The parents by whose advice she has been guided, the sister to whom she has dared to impart every embryo feeling and thought, the brother who has played with her, by turns the counselor and counseled, and the younger children, to whom she has hitherto been the mother and the playmate, are all to be forsaken at one fell stroke; every former tie is loosened, the spring of every hope and action is to be changed; and yet she flies with joy into the untrodden path before her; buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipations of the happiness to come. Their woe to the man who can blight such fair hope, who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyment, and the watchful protection at home—who can, coward-like, break the illusions that have won her, and destroy the confidence that love had inspired. Woe to the tender who has too early withdrawn the hand plant from the props and stays of moral discipline in which she has been nurtured, and yet make no effort to supply their place; for on him be the responsibility of her errors—on him who has first taught her, by his example; to grow careless of her duty, and then exposed her, with a weakened spirit and unsatisfied heart, to the wild storm and wily temptations of a sinful world.

A good story is told of a Federal officer's first appearance in polite society in Arkansas. The company were engaged in dancing and the loveliest female present occupied a chair near the window, without a partner. Stepping up to the lady he exclaimed: "Will you do me the honor to grace me with your company for the next set?" "Yes, sir—ee" she replied, "for I've sot, and sot, and sot, till I've bout tuk root!"

"Why, Mr. B.," said a tall youth to a little person who was in company with half a dozen huge men, "I protest you are so small I did not see you before." "Very likely," replied the little gentleman; "I am like a sixpence among six copper cents, not readily perceived, but worth the whole of them."

Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with H, which is only a breath: Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness and Heaven. Heart is a hope-place, and home is a heart-place, and that man sadly mistaketh, who would exchange the happiness of home for anything less than Heaven.

A grocer, wishing to be a little odd in regard to a sign, caused two letters, T. T., to be painted on his shutter, the one green and the other black.—Not long after, some persons observing it, inquired what it meant. "Why, you great goos, you," said the trader, "it's green tea and black tea."

Nature is a great believer in compensations. Those to whom she sends wealth, she saddles with lawsuits and dyspepsia. The poor never indulge in woodcock, but they have a style of appetite that converts a number one mackerel into a salmon, and that is quite as well.

Everything is very cheap in Japan. A first class house can be purchased for thirty dollars. Servants work for fifty cents a month. For the use of a horse and groom, one dollar and a half. A person can live comfortably in Japan for two cents a day, or six cents a week.

A Western paper strikes the name of two subscribers from its list, because they were recently hung. The publisher says he was compelled to be severe, because he did not know their present address.

A Western editor was lately shot in an affray. Luckily the ball came against a bundle of unpaid accounts in his pocket. Gunpowder could not get through that!

"Can you tell me how to find the Sheriff's office?" "Yes, every time you earn five dollars, spend ten."