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F. L. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 51.

Not Alcoholic.

A Highly Concentrated Vegetable Extract.

A PURE TONIC.

DR. HOOPLAND'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, inward Piles, fullness or blood to the head, acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, disgust for food, fulness 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 system, Head, 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 opium or any other deleterious ingredients. 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 to their own personal knowledge, to 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 system? 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 HOOPLAND'S German Bitters.

PARTICULAR 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 in a state of 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 use Hoopland's Bitters, we publish the following receipt: Get one bottle of Hoopland's Bitters and mix with three quarts of good brandy or whisky, and the result will be a preparation that will far exceed in medicinal virtues any other excellence any of the numerous Liquor Bitters in the market, and will cost much less. You will have all the virtues of Hoopland'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 "Hoopland's German Bitters" will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by exposures 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 Hoopland'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 Hoopland's 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 two 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, 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 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 who visited me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinborn, 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 you 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 above statement, as we had despaired of seeing our comrade, Mr. Malone, restored to health. John Cuddieback, 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. Serone, Co. B, do. Henry T. Macdonell, 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," 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 to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

Principal Office and Manufactory, No. 631 Arch Street. JONES & EVANS, Proprietors. (Successors to C. M. Jackson & Co.)

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

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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 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 their 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.

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

THE HEART AND THE LIVER.

MUSINGS OF A DYSPEPTIC.

She's broken-hearted, I have heard— What'er may be the reason; (Such things will happen now and then In Love tempestuous season.) But still I marvel she should show No plainer outward token, If such a vital inward part Were very badly broken!

She's broken-hearted, I am told, And so, of course, believe it; When truth is fairly certified, I modestly receive it; But after such an accident, It surely is a blessing, It doesn't in the least impair Her brilliant style of dressing.

She's broken-hearted; who can doubt The noisy voice of Rumor? And yet she seems, for such a wreck, In no unhappy humor; She sleeps, I hear, at proper hours, When other folks are dozy; Her eyes are sparkling as of yore, And still her cheeks are rosy!

She's broken-hearted, and they say She never can recover; And then—in not the mildest way— They blame some fickle lover; I know she's dying—by degrees— But, sure as I'm a sinner, I saw her eat, the other day, A most prodigious dinner!

Alas! that I, in idle rhyme, Should e'er profanely question, (As I have done while musing o'er My chronic indigestion), If one should not receive the blow With blessings on the giver, That only falls upon the heart, And kindly spares the liver!

Published by Request. WOMAN'S CALL TO THE MEN OF '62.

But a little while ago Went brave heroes from our side, Eager, longing for the foe— Many for their country died. Still that foe is marching on Where "Old Glory" floats to-day; Brothers, rouse ye, and begone— Take our blessing, and away!

We, who looked so frail and weak, Shrinking at the sight of blood: Now we've but one word to speak, Go! and trust your lives with God. He who marks the sparrow's fall Guide your footsteps in the fray; Only hear the country's call— Take our blessing, and away!

For the sake of those who lie Pale in death for freedom's sake, We send our loved ones, nor sigh For the sacrifice we make. Brother—Husband—Lover—Son. Time and tide brook no delay! Now this great war must be done— Take our blessing, and away!

Bless'd and honored shall ye be, If God send you back in peace, When our country shall be free, And this dreary warfare cease. But till honor is secure Not one moment be your stay! Prove what freemen can endure— Take our blessing, and away!

If ye come not back again, You shall watch us from above— Calm and steadfast, through all pain, Worthy of your highest love. We have vowed a solemn vow Ne'er to yield to rebel sway: Only onwards linger now— Take our blessing, and away!

In one of Caroline Gilman's romances, this passage was marked, and much thumbed:—"There is no object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man; I watch him as I do a star in heaven." "This is my view exactly!" sighed Miss Josephine Hoops as she laid down the volume; "In fact I think there's nothing so beautiful as a young man, even if he ain't conscientious."

A lad in a state of mental absence, gave three cheers for the stars and stripes during school hours, and perceived his error when he got the stripes and saw the stars.

What Young People Should Know.

The best inheritance that people can leave children is the ability to help themselves. This is better than a hundred thousand dollars a piece. In any trouble or difficulty they will have two excellent servants ready, in the shape of their two hands. Those who can do nothing and have to be waited on, are helpless, and easily disheartened at the misfortunes of life. Those who are active and hardy meet troubles with a cheerful face, and soon surmount them. Let young people, therefore, learn to do as many different things as possible.

Every farmer's boy should know how, sooner or later,

1. To dress himself, black his own shoes, cut his brother's hair, wind a watch, sew on a button, make a bed, and keep all his clothes in perfect order.
2. To harness a horse, grease a wagon and drive a team.
3. To carve and wait on the dinner table.
4. Milk the cows, shear the sheep, and dress a veal or mutton.
5. To reckon money, and keep accounts accurately, and according to good book-keeping rules.
6. To write a neat, appropriate, briefly expressed business letter, in a good hand, and to fold and subscribe it properly.
7. To plow, sow grain and grass seed, drive a mowing machine, swing a scythe, build a stack and a load of hay.
8. To put up a package, build a fire, whitewash a wall, mend broken tools, and regulate a clock.

There are many other things which would render boys more useful to themselves and others—these are merely a specimen. But the young man who can do all things well, and who is ready at all times to assist others, will command far more respect and esteem than if he knew merely how to drive fast horses, smoke cigars, play cards, and talk nonsense to foolish young ladies at parties.

VALUE OF AMUSEMENT.—The world must be amused. It is entirely false reasoning to suppose that any human being can devote himself exclusively to labor of any description. It will not do. Rest will not give him adequate relief. He must be amused. He must enjoy himself. He must laugh, sing, dance, eat, drink and be merry. He must chat with his friends, exercise his mind in exciting gentle emotions, and his body in agreeable demonstrations of activity. The constitution of the human system demands this. It exacts variety of influences and motion. It will not remain in health if it cannot obtain that variety. Too much merriment affects it as injuriously as too much sadness; too much relaxation is as pernicious as none at all. But, to the industrious toiler, the sunshine of the heart is just as indispensable as the material sunshine is to the flower; both soon pine away and die if deprived of it.

A FACT FOR "TIPLERS."—Paul Bartlett is employed as a laborer at Tadhall Iron Works, Durham, and has been a teetotaler fourteen years. His employment consists in wheeling iron to the furnaces. He works nine hours a day, and five days per week. He wheels twenty-four tons of iron each day, four hundred weight at a time. The distance traversed is nearly nine miles per day. He thus walks 45 miles per week of five days, wheeling in the same time 120 tons of iron. During the fourteen years Paul has driven his barrow, with its four hundred weight of iron, not less than 365 miles and has wheeled in the same time 87,365 tons. He can, on a "pinch," place one ton weight on his barrow, and wheel it several yards. I leave these facts for the imitation and consideration of our "tipplers," who cannot work without beer.

ENGLISH GIRLS.—The English girl spends more than half her waking hours in physical amusements, which tend to develop, invigorate, and ripen the bodily powers. She rides, walks, drives, and rows upon the water, runs, dances, plays, jumps the rope, throws the ball, hurds the quoit, draws the bow, keeps up the shuttlecock, and all this without having it pressed forever upon her mind that she is thereby wasting her time.—She does this every day until it becomes a habit which she will follow up through life. Her frame, as a natural consequence, is large, her muscular system is in better subordination, her strength more enduring, and the whole tone of her voice healthier. Girls, think of this.

MOZART, THE COMPOSER.—Mozart died in great poverty, and his burial was a sorrowful one. He had brain fever; and, after keen suffering, he fell asleep peacefully at one o'clock on the morning of the 5th of December, 1791. On the 6th of December, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, his body was carried to the Metropolitan Church, in Vienna, where the customary prayers were said over it in a side chapel. When the little funeral left the church, it was raining and snowing fiercely, and the storm continued with such violence that, on arriving at the gates of the city, the few friends who followed him remains so far resolved to return; thus the body went to the grave unattended by a single relative or friend. No loved or loving one stood on the edge of the grave as the coffin was lowered into the ground. The man who had charge of the sad business hustled him into a common grave, with a dozen or more coffins in it, covered over the opening, and hurried off without doing so little as to mark where he laid the poor, great Mozart! And Constance Weber, Mozart's patient, devoted wife, where was she? Ill—so ill when her husband died as to be blessedly unconscious of his burial. But after a while she recovered, and when she went, with weak, faint steps to her husband's grave, the unhappy woman found that the grave-maker had not the faintest recollection of where he had buried him. And to this day not Vienna, nor any one in the world, knows where the great Mozart is buried.—*Dwight's Journal.*

MR. CONWAY TO MR. MASON.—Our European news mentions a letter of Mr. Moncure D. Conway to Mr. Mason, the rebel minister, on the subject of emancipation. Mr. Conway commences his letter, dated June 10th, by informing Mr. Mason, that he (Conway) is authorized, on behalf of the Anti-slavery people of America, who have sent him to this country, to propose that, if the Confederate States will immediately commence the work of negro emancipation, the Abolitionists and Anti-slavery leaders of the Northern States shall at once oppose the further prosecution of the war; and, since they hold the balance of power, they will cause the war to cease, by an immediate withdrawal of every kind of supplies. Mr. Mason replied to this by saying that the proposition is worthy of the greatest consideration, and requests Mr. Conway to produce his credentials. To this request Mr. Conway answers that he will send to America for them. Mr. Mason, on receipt of Mr. Conway's reply, at once terminated the correspondence.

IRON OLAD LADIES.—The last new thing in the way of dress ornamentation is leather. The Princess Metternich made her appearance lately in a dress of Havana-colored silk, ornamented with leather trimmings, studded with steel-headed nails. The bonnet was of the same material, ornamented in a like manner, and, strange to say, so was the parasol. Similar ornaments are the rage among ladies in New York city. They make the fair wearers look as if they were iron clad.

A GREAT SALT DEPOSIT.—It appears from scientific investigation that the salt deposit at New Iberia, Louisiana, is of the most extensive and wonderful description. For vastness and purity it is unequalled on the globe. One account says:—"Imagine, if you can, the granite quarry of Massachusetts or the marble quarry of Vermont to be solid deposits of pure rock salt, clean and transparent as so much clear white ice, in one solid, inexhaustible mass, underlying the earth and you then acquire an imperfect idea of the vastness of this salt formation."

THE UNION POWDER WORKS in New Durham, N. H. turns out two tons of powder per day for the Government. These works, with three other large establishments, furnish a large portion of the powder used in this war. The Dupont Works, Wilmington, Del.; Hazard, in Connecticut; Oriental, in Maine; and the Union, in New Hampshire, have turned out at the rate of 400 barrels per day.

"Will you please to permit a lady to occupy this seat?" said one gentleman to another, in a railroad car. "Is she an advocate of women's rights?" asked the gentleman who was invited to vacate. "She is," was the reply.—"Well, then, let her take the benefit of her doctrine, and stand up."

The coat of a horse is the gift of nature. That of an ass is often the work of a tailor.

A SINGULAR ROMANCE.—Some thirty-four years ago a young man left his bride in Amsterdam, with the object of proceeding to America in order to better his position. Soon after his arrival he wrote to his wife enclosing a certain sum of money to enable her to proceed to New York to join him. This letter was sent to his brother, who kept the money, destroyed the letter, concealed the whole matter from his sister-in-law, represented to her that her husband had died, and forthwith left the country.—Her husband in the course of time married a second wife in New York; he succeeded well in business, while his wife in Amsterdam regarded him as dead, and was making arrangements for her second marriage. That event, however, never occurred; for her second lover died a few days before the day fixed for the wedding. Her husband, meanwhile, last year lost his New York wife, and having made a fortune, which he was unwilling to subject to the risks of war, he disposed of his business, and a short time ago returned to Amsterdam to see once more the place of his birth. During those thirty-four years of absence the few friends that he had, had died or otherwise vanished; but accident brought to light the fact that the bride he had left behind him was still alive. She, indeed, during all this time had lived in comparative penury; but he is rich. The bride and bridegroom of thirty-four years ago, somewhat changed in externals, are again husband and wife.

SLEEPING IN RIFLE PITS.—A letter from Vicksburg says that many men stay in the rifle pits day and night.—There is one that extends nearly half a mile, which is only three feet wide, and ten feet deep. In the side of this they have cut bunks like those upon a ship. A man measures himself, makes a recess about his size, spreads his India rubber blanket in it, and sleeps as quietly as at home. In the forts where the artillerists are at work, I have seen men sleep beside the guns that fairly shook the hills, and sleep as soundly and sweetly as though peace still spread her kindly mantle o'er us and silence reigned supreme.

HENRY CLAY'S REMAINS.—A correspondent of the Newark, N. J. Advertiser, writing from Lexington, (Ky.) under date of June 16th, speaks of a visit he paid to the tomb of Henry Clay, at Lexington. After describing the monument, he states that there is a marble sarcophagus in the base intended for the reception of the remains, which he says, he was told, cannot be found, they having been removed from where they were first interred by some unknown persons. If this is true, it is not strange that the fact has not before been made public.

"TURN TO THE RIGHT."—Dr. John Struthers maintains, in the Edinburg Medical Journal, that men, and women too, are lop-sided, weighing about fifteen ounces more on the right side than on the left. According to this there would appear to be a sound physiological reason for the almost universal rule of the road, "keep to the right." The preponderance of matter on that side would make it easier to turn quickly in that direction. Does the rule, perhaps, hold good of horses, too!

HARD ON THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.—This ecclesiastic has been censuring one of the incumbents, in his diocese, for engaging too much in agricultural pursuits and associating more freely with farmers than is proper for one who wears the surplice. The accused respectfully replies, that he sells grain and cattle through an agent and then adds:—"My tastes have never led me into low company, because I was born a gentleman before I was made a clergyman."

JUDICIAL DILEMMA.—Among the property recently condemned as prize by war by Judge Wylie, of Connecticut, was a large amount of Confederate money. The Court was puzzled to know what to do with it, inasmuch as to condemn it would be to recognize it as property; to sell it would be to give it circulation and to destroy it would be to give aid and comfort to the enemy by relieving him of his liabilities.

TEMPERANCE PUTS WOOD ON THE FIRE, flour in the barrel, meat in the larder, vigor in the body, intelligence in the brain, and happiness in the whole family.

The man who courted an investigation says it isn't half as good as courting an affectionate girl.

SINGULAR SUPERSTITION.—In one of the rural districts of Massachusetts lives a little, weazen-faced, anxious man, of remarkable lingual developments. This old man, though near a railroad junction, never set foot in a rail car, or was more than fifty miles from home. It can hardly be wonderful that he is somewhat superstitious.—In conversation, recently, relative to a sick neighbor, whose death had been daily and hourly expected, he thus sagely delivered himself: "I don't believe but what that sick man has pigeon feathers in his bed, for they say whoever sleeps on pigeon feathers never'll die. There was old Miss —, who lived along several years after the doctors had given her up. For a long time she kept her hand going pit-a-pat on her breast, just like a fluttering pigeon's wing. When her friends were all tired out tending her, and wondered what made her live on so, a stranger, hearing of the case, came into the house and asked if there were any pigeon feathers around her. Her relatives were great hunters and caught swarms of pigeons, and of course they saved the feathers and made use of them, and had a pigeon feather pillow between the upper and under bed. By just pulling out this pillow, the old woman dropped quietly away in fifteen minutes. So there must be something salvating in feathers."—Won't this inflate the feather market?

WHAT WE OWE TO DECORUM.—"I will do just as I please," says many a headstrong young man, "for whose business is it, if I choose to take the consequences?" Not so fast, good sir. If you knew more of human nature you would be aware that you cannot outrage even the smallest conventionalities of life, which are known under the common name of decorum, without injuring your reputation, estranging your friends, and preventing strangers, who might be useful to you, from making your acquaintance. But this is not all. You have no right to disregard decorum, for the consequences reach others than yourself. Your example is always doing harm when it is not doing good.—Your conduct affects the standing of your family and associates as well as yourself. Going through life is like treading among a labyrinth of spring guns. If you follow the beaten track you are yourself safe. But if you diverge to the right or left, your indiscretion is sure to injure yourself, and may harm others also. A wise man never outrages decorum, recklessly violates prejudices, or thoughtlessly acts regardless of the opinion of the world.

WIT AND NONSENSE.—"Revenge is sweet," as the boy said who had been whipped by a grocer while he was stealing his sugar. In an exchange of hats and umbrellas, &c., we generally find that he who makes the first move has the advantage. The young lady who took the gentleman's fancy has returned it with thanks. The first thought of a girl upon receiving an offer is about her wedding dress.

When is a soldier's ammunition-box like a country road? When it is full of cart-ridges. The greatest organ in the world—the organ of speech in woman; an organ, too, without a stop.

The newest American wonder is the case of a judge who was so divided in opinion, that he fell in two. A man with a scolding wife, when inquired of respecting his occupation, said he kept a hot house.

How can it be proved that a horse has six legs? Because he has fore legs in front and two behind.

The young lady who promises one gentleman and marries another, hasn't the "right ring" about her.

If a hundred persons were asked the meaning of the word quarantine, it is highly probable that ninety-nine would answer, "Oh! it is something connected with shipping—the plague and yellow fever." Few are aware that it simply signifies a period of forty days; the word, though common enough at one time, being now only known to us through the acts for preventing the introduction of foreign diseases, directing that persons coming from infected places must remain forty days on ship-board before they are permitted to land. The old military and monastic writers frequently used the word to denote this space of time.

Most witty men think that wit was given them as claws were given to a cat, to scratch with.