

The Mariettian.

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BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1863.

VOL. 10.—NO. 1.

Not Alcoholic.
A Highly Concentrated Vegetable Extract.

A PURE TONIC.

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.
PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, PHILA., 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, 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 the Skin and Eyes, pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., sudden flashes 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 any kind of 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, 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 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, 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 with three quarts of good brandy or whisky, and the result will be a preparation that will 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.

ARTERIAL SUPPLIES! 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 sufferings 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 would 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 seventy-two days in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, heightened by an attack of dysentery, and 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 be 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 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 regain 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 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, 32d New York. I. E. Spencer, 1st Artillery, Battery F. J. B. Fawcett, Co. B, 3d Vermont. Henry B. Serome, Co. B. do. Henry T. Macdonald, Co. C, 6th Maine. John P. Ward, Co. E, 5th Maine. Nathaniel B. Thomas, Co. F, 95th Penn. John Jenkins, Co. B, 106th Penn.

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

Pray what do they do at the Springs.

Pray what do they do at the springs, The question is easy to ask, But to answer it fully my dear Were rather a serious task.

And yet in a bantering way, As the magpie or mocking bird sings; I'll venture a bit of a song, To tell you what they do at the springs.

Impish, my darling they drink, The waters so sparkling and clear, Though the flavor is none of the best, The odor exceedingly queer, But the fluid is mingled you know With wholesome medicinal things, So they drink, and they drink, and they drink, And that's what they do at the springs.

Then with appetites keen as a knife, They hasten to breakfast or dine, The latter precisely at three—

The former from seven till nine. Ye gods what a rustle and rush, When the elegant dinner bell rings, So they eat, and they eat, and they eat, And that's what they do at the springs.

Then they stroll in the beautiful walks Or loiter in the shade of the trees, When many a whisper is heard That never is heard by the breeze; And hands commingled with hands Regardless of conjugal rings, So they flirt, and they flirt, and they flirt, And that's what they do at the springs.

The drawing-rooms now are ablaze And music is shrieking away, Torchlight governs the hour, And fashion was never so gay. An arm round a tapering waist, How closely and fondly it clings, So they walk, and they walk, and they walk, And that's what they do at the springs.

In short as it goes in the world, They eat, they drink, and they sleep, They talk, they walk, and they woo, They sigh, they laugh, and they weep, They read, they ride, and they dance, With other unspeakable things, And they pray, and they play, and they pray, And that's what they do at the springs.

A SUB-CLERICAL SCAPEGRACE.—Many good stories are told of Dr. Lawson, a Presbyterian minister in Scotland, who was so absent-minded that he was sometimes quite insensible to the world around him. One of his sons, who afterwards became a highly esteemed Christian minister, was a very tricky boy, perhaps mischievous in his tricks. Near the mansion lived an old woman, of crabbed temper and rather ugolly in her mode of living. She and the boy had quarreled, and the result was that he took a quiet opportunity to kill one of her hens. She went immediately to Dr. Lawson, and charged his son with the deed. She was believed, and as it was not denied, punishment was inflicted. He was ordered to abide in the house; and to make the sentence more severe his father took him into his study, and commanded him to sit there with him. The son was restless, and frequently eyed the door. At last he saw his father drowned in thought, and quietly slipped out. He went directly to the old woman's and killed another hen, returning immediately and taking his place in the library, his father having never missed him. The woman speedily made her appearance, and charged the slaughter again upon him. Dr. Lawson, however, waxed angry—declared her to be a false accuser, as the boy had been closeted with him all the time—adding: "Besides, this convinces me that you had just as little ground for your first accusation; I therefore acquit him of both, and he may go out now." The woman went off in high dudgeon, and the prisoner in high glee.

A thick-headed squire being worried by Rev. Sidney Smith in an argument, took his revenge by exclaiming: "If I had a son who was an idiot I would make him a parson." "Very probable," replied Sidney, "but I see your father was of a different opinion."

THE SECOND WIFE.

CHAPTER I.
THE FIRST WIFE.

"I am the most unfortunate man in the world!" exclaimed Frederick Rodman, as he threw himself in a chair in the sanctum of his friend and confidant, Thomas Sumner.

"What is the matter now, Fred?" said Thomas, with a smile upon his face, for he was not wholly unaccustomed to the repinings of the other.

"I am miserable!"

"Pooh, nonsense!"

"You can't understand my case."

"I can't be miserable—I don't want to be; I couldn't if I tried," laughed out Thomas.

"You have everything to make you contented, and nothing to make you unhappy," groaned Frederick.

"Just as much as you have, Fred."

"No."

"I am sure I have."

"No, you haven't."

"You have a salary of eighteen hundred dollars a year, which is one third more than I get. You own a good house; you have three healthy children, and a pretty accomplished wife—"

"That's all you know about it. My salary is all I want, and everything else is satisfactory," interposed Frederick.

"I complain of none of these things."

"What do you complain of then?"

"I'm miserable in spite of all these things."

"What, with money enough, a wife—"

"There's where the shoe pinches."

"Your wife?" asked Thomas, with a glance of astonishment.

Frederick nodded, though very much like one who is ashamed of himself. Let it be understood before our story proceeds any further that the two gentlemen are friends of twenty years standing, having been "boys together," and having kept side by side thus far through life. Each was the confidant of the other: so much so that Tom's wife was half jealous of the intimacy that existed between them.

"You are not going to complain of your wife," continued Tom.

"I can't keep it any longer. I shall feel easier after I have unburdened my mind of this dreadful secret," replied Fred, with a woeful glance at the other.

"Out with it, my dear fellow."

"I was deceived in my wife."

"The deuce you were; and have you just found it out after living with her seven years?"

"I could not speak of it, even to you, Tom."

"What has happened, Fred?"

"Nothing new, it is the old story, only aggravated by long continuance."

"What ails her?"

"I am not happy with her."

"I am sorry for that; but is it your fault, or hers, or both?"

"I don't think it is my fault. I am sure I try to be a good husband. I have always done everything I could to please her, and to make her contented and happy."

"That long face of yours is almost enough to disgust her with humanity," continued Tom laughing.

"Do you think I have done anything to make her unhappy?"

"I don't; but I am astonished. Why Fred, when you married Julia, you imagined her the handsomest woman in the world. She is very pretty now, and half the men in town envy you."

"Beauty is nothing compared with—"

"With what?"

"With neatness."

"What! Fred, you are an old Betty! You are a fool!" exclaimed Tom, jumping out of his chair.

"If you had suffered one half what I have, you would think differently."

"Do you mean to say that Julia is not a neat woman?"

"I do Tom."

"I don't believe it. Just explain a little."

"Well, for instance, she is not neat about her person."

"If that were true, Fred, I would give you my sympathy; but it is not."

"I sometimes come home and find her with a dirty calico gown on her."

"Would you have her to wear silk to take care of the baby?"

"Perhaps not silk, Tom, but—"

"You have no business to have babies, Fred. Do you expect your wife to take care of a child all day, and look as nice as waxwork? You are wrong. I have heard my wife speak of Julia as a very neat woman; not 'nasty nice' but much neater than women generally are."

"She is mistaken; I could speak of other things."

"Don't speak any more of that sort. Is she ill-humored or fretful?"

"No."

"Then go home and thank your stars you are so well situated."

"You don't understand my case, Tom."

"Yes, I do, precisely. You are more nice than wise. It isn't possible for your wife to keep your house perfectly nice while she has three children about her. She does very well. I think Julia is one of the best women in the world. Does she neglect your wants?"

"No."

"Does she not take good care of you when you are sick?"

"The best in the world."

And Tom questioned him on a dozen other points, and everything was satisfactory.

"You are an old Betty, Fred. You ought to have been an old woman. I see through it. You are tired of her. You have lived with her seven years, and she has become an old story. The novelty of existence has worn away, and you have selected one thing, considering that you have made out a good case against her. You have not. No doubt she has her faults and foibles. Perhaps, in some particular instance, you have had reason to complain of a want of neatness; but she is not generally untidy. I know to the contrary. Now, Fred, you must look on both sides of the question. You must give her credit for all her love, patience, and fidelity; for the weary days and nights she has watched by the bedside, when you and your children have been sick; for her gentleness, her soft words that turn away wrath; for herself, an angel on the whole, who has descended from heaven to brighten your path; and against this long list of blessings you are to debit the accidental leaving of a slop pail in the entry, and the unparadise of wearing a calico dress which the baby had soiled. Get out, Fred! you are a heathen!"

"You don't understand my case," moaned the poor husband.

"Haven't I summed it up for you?"

"You don't know what I have endured."

"I don't want to know. By the way, Fred, have you got fifty dollars in your pocket to lend me for a fortnight?"

"I have," replied Fred, promptly pulling out his wallet and handing over the money.

"Sorry to trouble you again."

"Glad to do it, Tom," he added with a smile, which evinced his sincerity.

"Think no more of your wife's shortcomings. We must bear a good deal, and you have less than your share."

"I can't help thinking how different it would have been if I had married Emily Berard."

"Married the—town pump!" exclaimed Tom, indignantly. "She is an old Betty!"

"You were wrong. When I was married she was very beautiful."

"Beautiful enough now; but I would sooner have married my grandmother. Why didn't you marry her?"

"Because I was a fool. It would have been different with me now if I had."

"That's a fact! She is no more the equal of Julia than Biddy Moreen, the washer-woman."

Frederick Rodman went home not at all comforted or assured by the eloquent rebuke of his friend. Emily Berard, the old flame, was uppermost in his thoughts. It had been said that she was a voluntary old maid on his account. She was a very nice body, and no doubt would have made him a very good wife; so did Julia, but it takes two to make a happy couple.

CHAPTER II.
THE SECOND WIFE.

The lapse of a single year produced a great change in the household of Frederick Rodman. The scarlet fever had raged in the town, and his two youngest children had fallen victims to its violence. Julia, worn out by the loss of sleep and the poignant grief of their sickness and death, was prostrated with typhoid fever, from the effects of which she did not recover.

Frederick wept bitterly and sincerely over the grave of his wife. He was now alone with his oldest child, and he could not but see that the good Father had afflicted him for the repining thought he had cherished.

He had seen his wife patiently watching for four weeks at the bedside of his dying little ones; he had seen her refuse to sleep or to rest; he had seen her wear herself out in her devotion to

her darlings.

He was alone now, and the grounds on which he had complained of her seemed too trivial to be regarded. He saw her as she was, now that he could no longer see her with his bodily eye. She was, as Tom had said, an angel. He could see only her good qualities, and mourned her departure as much more, than though he had never complained.

Tom was his friend now more than ever, if he could be more than he had been. He did not rebuke now. He had spoken plainly at the right time, and now he had only words of hope and consolation.

"I shall never forgive myself," said Frederick.

"Take a cheerful view; it is hard, very hard, but it is all for the best," replied Tom.

"It is very hard for me when I think how unreasonable I have been. You were right, Tom. She was an angel, and I was a demon."

"Never mind that, now."

"I have got a real woe now. I miss her every moment I am in the house, even more than I miss my two children. Everything reminds me of her. No one places my slippers on the rug now; no one, with anxious care, watches to supply my every want, adjust everything to suit my humor; no one welcomes me with a cheerful smile. Oh! Tom, I feel as though I should go mad!"

"Be calm, Fred."

"And what a brute I was! I did not appreciate her. Tom, I wronged her. She was a neat woman. I see it now. I was a fool! I shall be miserable for the rest of my life."

He was not, for another year found another change in the household of the disconsolate husband—found Emily Berard the mistress there. For a time there was a novelty about his new existence which pleased his fickle mind; but this soon wore away, and Fred discovered to his surprise that Emily had her faults. It is true, she was "as neat as wax."

She never permitted her sloppiness to be left in the entry for a moment; always looked as tidy before breakfast as after tea; and in every respect suited the fastidious taste of her husband. But it is not time yet to visit him.

Some two years after his second marriage Tom dropped in upon him, to spend an hour. Fred looked moody and sad. In vain he rallied and tried to be cheerful.

"Take an apple, Tom," said he, passing the dish.

"Thank you."

"Fred!" exclaimed Mrs. Rodman, "is that the way you address your friends? You talk like a bear."

"That is our way," said Tom, pleasantly.

"It is a very vulgar way. Don't put your feet on that chair, Frederick. It is a dirty trick."

Fred quietly removed the offending foot, and looked sadder than before.

"Think we shall have some rain?" asked Tom, disturbed by the silence.

"Don't drop your apple core upon the floor, Frederick," said Mrs. Rodman, with a frown. "I declare it is no use trying to keep things neat where you are! And if you haven't got your muddy boots on!"

"So have I," interposed Tom. "I didn't think to bring my slippers with me."

The lady frowned.

"Well, I believe I must be going," continued Tom.

"I feel kind of stupid to-night; I believe I will walk over with you," added Fred, rising.

"Frederick," said Emily, smartly, "you know I don't like to be left alone in the evening."

"Poor Fred!" ejaculated Tom, as the door closed behind him. "He is in for it now."

"What do you mean by offering to leave me alone in the evening?" snarled Mrs. Rodman, when the door closed behind the visitor.

"You have driven my friend away; and I thought you might as well drive me out too."

"It is time he was gone. He is the coarsest, most brutal fellow I ever saw; and you must discontinue this intimacy."

"Never! He is my best friend!"

"I don't care if he is. He had the impudence to answer every time I spoke to you."

"I am not accustomed to be snapped up in that manner before my friends."

"In—dead!"

"I will not submit to it," replied Fred, beginning to have a little grit.

"You will not?"

"No," and Fred proceeded to button his overcoat.

"Where are you going?" asked the astonished lady.

"Over to Tom Sumner's."

"Are you going to leave me here alone?"

"I am."

"No, you are not!"

Fred moved towards the door.

"You shall not go; I will go with you, if you do."

"Come along," answered Fred, desperately, as he bolted out.

Mrs. Rodman had gone too far. She had raised the tiger in the nature of one who was disposed to be very yielding and quiet. He had gone and she threw herself into the rocking chair and wept from sheer vexation. Was this the beautiful Emily Berard? Fred had caught a Tartar; but he was rapidly changing into a Hottentot to meet the emergency.

"What, Fred! you here?" exclaimed Tom as he entered the sanctum of the latter.

"I am here," and he briefly related what had passed since Tom's departure.

"Give me your hand, Fred! That looks more like you. Keep it up. If either is to rule, you are the one."

"Tom, I am miserable."

"I don't wonder."

"Neither Julia nor I used to rule. We were equals. There is not a day, scarcely an hour, in which I do not think of Julia. She was so different!"

"So she was."

"Now I am snapped up every two minutes, for the most trivial things."

"Sorry for you, Fred; but you must fight your way through."

"I shall; I have begun now."

"By the way, Fred, I see she had a colico gown on."

"Yes; and since the baby was born, she is not as neat as she was. It has taken the starch all out of her. I would not care for that, if it hadn't also raised a devil I knew not of before."

Thus Fred complained, not without reason, now, of his other half. He knew what an angel Julia had been, and sighed for the joys that had passed forever away.

But he fought his way to a peace, for the virago, having fully aroused him, found that he carried too many guns for her; and though life was a misery, it was a continued conquest.

Reader, God made your wife or your husband on purpose for you. Repine not at your lot.

FAST LIFE AND SWIFT DECAY.—The only countercheck.—The times in which we live teem with wonders. Nothing seems impossible; for the impossibilities of one year become the commonplace events of the next. Lightning presses, instantaneous communication between the most distant points, and innumerable inventions for compressing vast amounts of business into small spaces of time, and for curtailing the processes of production and manufacture, are among the marvels of this marvelous era. Under such circumstances, we may truly be said to live a "fast life." But whether the whirl and rush by which we are borne along is really conducive to our happiness is another question.

Certain it is, that the average duration of human life is decreasing in the midst of this excitement. The modern phases of disease seem to puzzle and baffle the faculty, and with two remarkable exceptions, viz., Holloway's Pills and Holloway's Ointment, no medicines appear to make the desired impression upon internal or external disorders.—These two celebrated remedies are said, however, to be accomplishing the most wonderful cures throughout the length and breadth of the land. Liver complaint and diseases of the stomach and bowels, which in a majority of cases are produced by over-exertion and over-excitement in business, yield to the Pills when all the resources of the druggist and apothecary have failed, and eruptive and scrofulous complaints seem to be equally under the control of the Ointment. We congratulate Dr. Holloway on the signal success of his great medicines in this country. From what we know of the man, we have no doubt that the profits derived from that success will afford him far less satisfaction than the knowledge of the good his remedies have effected.—N. Y. American.

An English writer says in his advice to young married women, that their mother Eve married a gardener. It might be added that in consequence of his match he lost his situation.