

The Mariettaian.

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

BY FRED L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1863.

VOL. 10.—NO. 2.

Not Alcoholic.

A Highly Concentrated Vegetable Extract.

A PURE TONIC.

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, PHIL'DA.

WILL effectually cure Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, chronic or nervous Debility, diseases of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver of Stomach. Such as Constipation, inward Piles, fullness or blood in the head, dizziness of the eyes, 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, dizziness of Vision, dots or webs before the eyes, liver and dull pain in the head, deficiency of Perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the neck, back, Chest, Limbs, &c., sudden Flushes of Heat, burning in the flesh, constant imaginations of Evil, and grief, depression of Spirits. And will positively prevent Yellow Fever, Bilious Fever, &c.—They contain no Alcohol 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 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, but up in quack bottles, compounded of the most bluish or coppery tints, costing from 20 to 50 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by a little of Camphor Scent.

This class of Bitters has caused and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds of deaths, the result of the disease. By their use the system is kept continually under the influence of alcoholic stimulants of the worst kind, and 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 whiskey, 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 conjunction 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 leaving friends or friends in the army to the fact that Hoofland's German Bitters will cure nine-tenths of the diseases incurred by exposure and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the regiments, it will be noticed that very large proportions are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. Diseases resulting in the disorganization 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 case, in which a soldier, the cure of one of the nation's heroes, whose life he saved, has been saved by the Bitters.

PHILADELPHIA, August 23d, 1862. Messrs. Jones & Evans—Well, gentlemen, your Bitters & 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 convinced that the circumstances of my case, I say, 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. 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 two, 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. In consequence of these circumstances, and accordingly, the physicians who had been working fruitfully, though unsuccessfully to rescue me from the grasp of the dread Archer, frankly told me they could do no more for me, and I was ordered to see a clergyman, and to make such dispositions of my limited funds as best suited me. An acquaintance who visited me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinhorn, of Sixth Avenue 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 shades of death receded, and I am now, thank God, fit for getting better. You have taken but the Bitters. 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 I owe the precious privilege of again coming 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 departed of seeing our country, Mr. Malone, returned to health by J. H. Luddeback, 1st New York Battery, George A. Acley, 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. Setome, Co. B, do, Henry T. Macdonald, Co. C, 6th Maine, John F. Ward, Co. E, 5th Maine, Nathaniel B. Thomas, Co. F, 35th Penn. John Jenkins, Co. B, 108th N. Y. I. 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 articles, 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, JONES & EVANS, Principal Office and Manufactory, No. 651 ARCH STREET, (Successors to C. M. Jackson & Co.) Proprietors.

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

The Mariettaian

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Having recently added a large lot of new Job and Card type, Cuts, Borders, &c., to the Job Office of "The Mariettaian," which will insure the fine execution of all kinds of JOB & CARD PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the largest Poster, at prices to suit the war times.

FORTY-NINE TO-DAY.

Another stroke on the bell of time,
Another cycle of human life,
Another step from the summer prime,
Another lease of care and strife.
My glass reveals the self-same face—
The eyes with their accustomed ray;
Yet in them I the hint can trace—
My boy, you're forty-nine to-day.

The self-same face, but still I see
The havoc thereon time has made;
Mine own have no immunity
From change that other cheeks invade.
The same deep wrinkles on the brow,
The same commingling of the gray,
Speak that I cannot disavow—
My boy, you're forty-nine to-day.

I read the record time has traced,
Whether of folly or of wit,
Too deep to ever be erased,
For what is thereon writ is writ.
It needs no cunning tongue to tell
The story that its lines portray;
I know the tale it bears too well—
My boy, you're forty-nine to-day.

And few but I may read the lines—
The inner meaning they impart:
Each word in burning tracery shines,
I've learned it long ago by heart.
A creed of mingled good and ill,
A log book kept on life's rough way,
That other years and acts must fill—
My boy, you're forty-nine to-day.

Oh! early years, where have ye flown?
Where fled the buoyance of youth?
Alas! though we times touch disown,
Our mirror tells us all the truth.
'Twere well to own the serious fact,
Admit the steps of mild decay,
And with a ripper wisdom act—
My boy, you're forty-nine to-day.

But not in grief I bid farewell
To years that in the past are laid;
No moment does my heart rebel
That joys may not return again.
With cheerful trust I'll bide my fate,
And culture calm content allow;
Exempt from draft, I'll patient wait—
My boy, you're forty-nine to-day.

ARTIFICIAL ICE.—A great degree of cold is produced by a mixture of saltpetre and Glauber salts, and there are now manufactured in England and exported to India, &c., in large quantities, chemical mixtures known as freezing powder, by means of which rough ice can be produced in fifteen minutes, at a cost of 1s 9d, or about 4d per pound. This powder, introduced into a little machine, invented by the same person, may be used upon the table to ice wine or water with the greatest celerity. A bottle of champagne may be iced in ten minutes for 3d. So great is the intensity of the cold produced that the sparkling contents of the bottle may be actually transformed into a spongy mass.

THE BOSTON SHOE TRADE.—The Shoe and Leather Reporter says that the draft is very heavy among the journeymen in the shoe-manufacturing districts of Massachusetts, and that labor, in consequence, is very scarce and high. There still continues to be a fair demand for the boots and shoes for the Western market; and, now that the contending armies have retired from Pennsylvania, goods are in considerable request in that quarter, and accordingly, we note increased shipments to the larger towns in that State.

ONE OF THE CHIVALRY.—It is said that after Vicksburg surrendered, one of the rebel officers—Gen. Lee, of South Carolina—in order to display his spirit, opened a vein in his arm and wrote his parole with blood. We should think it hardly necessary that a gentleman, having proper faith in his simple word of honor should endorse it in ink taken from his own veins. There is a Quixotism about such an act that makes it ridiculous.

New Lisbon, O., where John Morgan was caught, is Vallandigham's birth-place. So John stopped where Vallandigham was set a going.

COURTSHIP.

Falling in love is an old fashion, and one that will yet endure. Cobbett, a good, sound Englishman, twitted Malthus, the anti population writer, with the fact that, do all he could, and all that government could—ay, all that twenty thousand governments could—he could not prevent courting and falling in love. "Between fifteen and twenty-two," said he, "all people will fall in love." Shakespeare pushes out this reason to the age of forty-five. Old Burton, writing on love-melancholy, gives us a still further extension of the lease; and certainly "there be old fools as well as young fools." But no one is absolutely free from the universal passion. The Greek epigram on a statue of Cupid, which Voltaire, amongst a hundred of others, has happily produced, is perfectly true:

"Who'er thou art, thy master see!
Who was, or is, or is to be."

Probably no one escapes from the passion. We find in trials and in criminal history, that the quaintest, quietest of men, the most outwardly saintly, cold, stone-like beings, have had their moments of intense love madness. Luckily, love is as lawful as eating, when properly indulged in.

Cobbett tells us how an English yeoman loved and courted, and how he was loved in return; and a prettier episode does not exist in the English language. Talk of private memoirs of courts—the gossip of the cottage is worth them all. Cobbett, who was a sergeant-major in a regiment of foot, fell in love with the daughter of a sergeant of artillery, then in the same province of New Brunswick. He had not passed more than an hour in her company, when, noticing her modesty, her quietude, and her sobriety, he said, "That is the girl for me." The next morning he was up early, and almost before it was light passed the sergeant's house. There she was on the snow scrubbing out a washing tub. "That's the girl for me," again cried Cobbett, although she was not more than fourteen, and he was nearly twenty-one.

"From the day I first spoke to her," he writes, "I had no more thought of her being the wife of any other man than I had the thought of her becoming a chest of drawers." He paid every attention to her, and young as she was, treated her with all confidence. He spoke to her as his friend, his second self. But in six months the artillery were ordered to England, and her father with them. Here was indeed a blow. Cobbett knew what Woolwich was, and what temptation a young and pretty girl would be sure to undergo. He therefore took to her his whole fortune, one hundred and fifty guineas, the savings of his pay and overwork, and wrote to tell her that if she did not find her place comfortable to take lodgings, and put herself to school, and not to work too hard, for he would be home in two years. "But," as he says, "as the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad two years longer than our time, Mr. Pitt having knocked up a dust with Spain about Nootka Sound. O, how I cursed Nootka Sound, and poor, bawling Pitt." But at the end of four years Cobbett got his discharge.

He found his little girl a servant of all work, at five pounds a year, in the house of a Captain Brisac, and, without saying a word about the matter, she put into his hands the whole of the hundred and fifty guineas unbroken!

What a pretty, tender picture is that!—the young sergeant, and the little girl of eighteen, who had kept for four years the treasure untouched, waiting with patience her lover's return! What kindly, pure trust on both sides! The historical painters of our Royal Academy give us scenes from English history of intrigue and bloodshed. Why can they not give us a scene of true English courtship like that? Cobbett, who knew how to write sterling English better than any man of his own day, and most of ours, does not forget to enlarge upon the scene, and dearly he loved his wife for her share of it; but he does not forget to add that with this love was mixed "self-gratulation on this indubitable proof of the soundness of his own judgment."

The lap-stone used by the missionary pioneer, Dr. Wm. Carey, when he was a shoemaker, is now among the highly valued relics at Stepey College, England. When Carey was insulted by the Edinburgh Review, as a "cobbler," it little reflected that his very lap-stone would become famous all over the earth.

Louisville Journalisms.

Lieut. Col. Alston, of Morgan's staff, captured near Lebanon, says that the rebels would sooner be swallowed by an earthquake than acknowledge the Federal authority. If an earthquake were to swallow them, we doubt whether they would stay upon its stomach half as long as Jonah did on the whale's.

For nearly two years the Journal and the Democrat went together for the Union. They would have gone together for it to this day but for the Democrat's discovery of the philosophical fact, that, "if two ride the same horse, one must ride behind."

The Democrat says that "the rebellion hangs suspended, as it were, on a single thread." There's many a rebel leader that ought to "hang suspended" in the same way, only the "single thread" should be a very strong one.

Mr. Wickliffe says he is 75 years old. We don't know why he stays here so long, unless because neither heaven nor hell is willing to take him. And yet the Devil is said to be not very particular.

Mr. Wickliffe said at the courthouse that he wished his voice could "reach every hamlet and corner in the State." We guess that a good many hamlets and corners would rather be excused.—They would prefer pleasanter noises.

Now that Vicksburg is a Federal city, the rebels, if they choose, can go and try to finish our canals and turn the Mississippi off from her. They'll probably find some of our old broken spades upon the ground. Dig away, rebs.

The Richmond W. big complains bitterly that General Lee has disappointed the expectations of the rebel Government. Then we advise the rebel Government either to appoint better Generals or to form lower expectations.

France still talks about recognizing the Southern Confederacy. Let her recognize it if she will, but if she attempts any armed intervention, we guess we shall whip her till she will hardly be able to recognize herself.

We understand that Geo. W. Bickley, the father of the "Knights," will be tried as a spy. Facts seem to leave no room for a doubt of his guilt. Let him be ready to eat brimstone-puddings with the Devil.

The Lord rained upon the earth forty days and forty nights. General Grant rained upon Vicksburg forty-nine. And then he consented to send out a dove with the olive-branch in its mouth.

Gen. Lee has fought two great battles upon loyal soil and has been whipped in both. When next he shall set his feet upon loyal dust, he will be likely to bite it.

No one can have seen how free Morgan and his men made themselves with the boots in the Indiana and Ohio boot stores without recognizing them as freebooters.

Mr. Wickliffe says that he is "crippled." True, but he shouldn't try to cripple Kentucky merely because misery loves company.

There is no truth in the report that General Wheeler was drowned in Duck River. He can swim as well as the bird from which the stream takes its name.

The Democrat says that Mr. Wickliffe has "kept his word." No doubt he will have to keep it. He can't find anybody silly enough to take it.

North Carolina is anxious to furnish a good many thousand architects for the reconstruction of the Union. They have got their tools ready.

Buckner hasn't yet eaten his dinner in Louisville, but Morgan has eaten several meals in Cincinnati. We hope they agreed with him.

France talks about her eagles, but we have an eagle to which hers are but jay-birds and yellow-hammers.

A sharpshooter named Bully is said to have killed ten rebels at Vicksburg in one day. Bully for Bully!

Humphrey Marshall has no popularity in this world, but he will be a great toast in the next.

We hope that nobody will hit Basil Duke on the head and knock John Morgan's brains out.

THE NEGRO REGIMENTS.—The negro regiments will soon form a tolerably large addition to the army. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette gives a list of those already in active service, and those which are being recruited.—The list is as follows:

Two Massachusetts regiments, in the field.

To South Carolina regiments, in the field.

One North Carolina regiment, in the field.

One Philadelphia regiment, ready for service.

One Washington, D. C., regiment, ready for service.

One Kansas regiment, in the field.

Two New Orleans regiments, in the field.

Four Mississippi and Tennessee regiments in the field.

One Rhode Island artillery company, in the field.

In all fourteen regiments and one battery full, and either in or ready for active service.

The following are being formed:

One Philadelphia regiment, nearly half full.

One Washington, (D. C.) regiment, nearly half full.

One Baltimore regiment.

One Virginia (Fortress Monroe) regiment.

One North Carolina (Newbern) regiment.

Two South Carolina regiments.

One Ohio (Camp Delaware) regiment and one New Orleans regiment.

Sixteen Mississippi and Tennessee regiments.

In all organizing, and many of them well advanced, twenty-five regiments.

AN INCIDENT OF THE NEW YORK RIOT.—"Mother! they may kill the body, but they cannot touch the soul!" was the language used by poor Abraham Franklin, as he was borne from the presence of his mother by the barbarous mob on the morning of the 14th ultimo. This young man, aged twenty-three, had been an invalid for about two years, and was a confirmed consumptive. When the mob broke into the house they found him in bed. They bore him into the street, and there, although he had not raised a finger against them, indeed was not able to do so, they beat him to death, hanged him to a lamp post, cut his pantaloons off at the knees, cut bits of flesh out of his legs, and afterwards set fire to him! All this was done beneath the eyes of his widowed mother. Such an exhibition of bloodthirstiness is without a parallel in the history of crime. Patrick Butler and George Glass, both Irishmen, the latter fifty-three years of age, have been arrested for the murder of Mr. Franklin.—Anglo African.

EXEMPTS.—One of the most notable features of the draft is the large proportion of exemptions to the whole number of persons drawn. Assuming that this part of the work is fairly conducted, and that none, or but few, are released from military duty except for physical disability, and we are forced to the conclusion that the American people, of this day at least, are remarkably sickly and infirm. The Newburyport Herald, in referring to the circumstance, says: "If it be true that the young men from 20 to 45 are so diseased and debilitated as is reported, what is to be the physical condition of the next generation, of which these are to be fathers? This is a more fearful thought than even the rebellion itself."

GLUE FOR READY USE.—To any quantity of glue add common whiskey instead of water. Put both together in a bottle, cork it tight, and set it away for three or four days, when it will be fit for use without the application of heat.—Glue thus prepared will keep for years, and is at all times fit for use, except in very cold weather, when it should be set in warm water before using. To obviate the difficulty of the stopper getting tight by the glue drying in the mouth of the vessel, use a tin vessel with the cover fitting tight on the outside, to prevent the escape of the spirits by evaporation. A strong solution of isinglass, made in the same manner, is a very excellent cement for leather.

"Are you the mate?" said a man to the Irish cook of a vessel lying in port.

"No," said he, "but I'm the man as boils the mate."

"Hast thou hope?" they asked of John Knox, when he lay dying. He spoke nothing, but raised his finger and pointed upward, and so died.

WICKLIFFE: Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, thus scathingly rebukes Charles A. Wickliffe, the noisy border-state member of the last Congress from Kentucky. The Journal at one time was quite a defender of Wickliffe's course in Congress, but afterward took grounds against him. We have never read anything more severe. The Journal says: We did not think it worth while either to listen to Mr. C. A. Wickliffe's speech on Monday night or to get a report of it. We hear that he was excessively vindictive in his denunciation of us. We can readily believe it. He is all bitterness. Take away his bitterness, and there wouldn't be enough of him left to make a small lap-dog. He was a bitter young man, and he is a bitter old one. He first brot himself into notice half a century ago by eating off a gentleman's ear, and it would seem as if the ear, saturated with the venom of his fangs, had been festering and rotting upon his stomach ever since, making his breath and his words a public nuisance. All the secretions of his body are in his biliary ducts and his gall-bladder. He is incapable either of cherishing attachment or being the object of it. He has no more genial feeling than a hyena or a ghoul. His soul is a spider that sucks poison from all things alike. It would seem as if, like Spencer's impersonation of Eovy, he were always chewing a toad, from the manner in which venom is forever dripping from his jaws, whilst inwardly he "chews his own max."

The hate that coils in his soul has its echo in his voice, and its photograph in his face.—A thousand disappointed hopes and blasted expectations revel and rage and madden in the hell of his bosom like so many fiends in their own scarce fiercer hell.

Mr. Wickliffe, during some brief periods of his life, has been thrown by his hopes of aggrandizement into co-operation with true and enlightened statesmen, but he has always felt himself ill at ease in their company and made haste to escape from it. He has felt at home only among malignants and destructives. How melancholy it is to contemplate such a being in comparison with a man like John J. Crittenden, the one overflowing with all the best and noblest thoughts and affections of our nature, enjoying happiness and diffusing it around him, and giving up his great and enthusiastic soul to the promotion of the greatest good of his country and of mankind and the other brooding ever upon evil thoughts, vile anticipations, and fell conspiracies, trusting nobody and trusted by nobody, enjoying the good and fearing the rivalry of the bad, holding himself aloof from all the sweet and gentle sympathies of his race like a beast of prey, laying steadily up through every year a store of bitterness for other years, and finally, at his three score and ten or three score and fifteen, preparing for the close of his most unhappy life by an attempt to betray his country into the power of an accursed rebellion. The thought of what he has been and must be a coal of fire in his brain, and an enraged adder in his heart. One would think that he might well rejoice at growing bald, for he must feel as if every hair of his head were a serpent, like the hair of the Eumenides.

We pity this old man almost as much as we loathe and abhor him. There cannot live, as Sir Wm. Temple says, a more wretched being than an ill-natured and malignant old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures, nor sensible of doing them to others.—We advise him, old as he is, and peevish, ulcerated, and querulous as his mind may be, to try to reform, and at least make a sacrifice to God of the Devil's scanty leavings, lest in his last hour black despair shall sit like a screech-owl over his head.

"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 woman'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."

A young lady once married a man by the name of Dust, against the wish of her parents. After a short time, they lived unhappily together, and she returned to her father's; but he refused to receive her, saying, "Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return."

A young woman in New Orleans shot a fellow for asking her if she would marry him. He popped the quest and she the questioner.