

The Mariettaian.

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

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1863.

VOL. 10.—NO. 3.

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, Dizziness 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 Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., sudden flushes of heat, burning in the Flesh, constant imaginings of Evil, and grief, depression of Spirits. And will positively prevent Yellow Fever, Bilious Fever, &c. They contain no Alcohol or 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, to the beneficial effects and medical virtues of these Bitters. 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, 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 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 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 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 23, 1862.

Meers, Jones & Evans, Well, gentlemen, your Hoofland's German Bitters have saved my life. There is no mistake in this. It is vouchered for by numbers of my comrades, some of whose names are appended, and 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 and attendant upon my arduous duties, I was attacked in November last with inflammation of the lungs, and 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 25th, of June. Since that time I have been about as low as any man 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 fever, 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 shade of death departed, and I am now, thank God, fit for getting better. They have taken 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 royal 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 despatched for 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 E.
J. B. Fawcett, Co. B, 3d Vermont.
Henry B. Serome, Co. B, do.
Henry T. Macdonald, Co. C, 6th Maine.
John F. Ward, Co. E, 5th Maine.
Nathaniel B. Thomas, Co. E, 5th Penn.
John Jenkins, Co. B, 106th Penn.

Beware of counterfeits! See that the signature of "C. M. Jackson," is on the wrapper of each bottle. Price per bottle 75 cents, or half dozen for \$3.00.

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,
(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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A liberal deduction made to yearly and half yearly advertisers.

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.

THE FUTURE MAKES ALL RIGHT.

From the centre of creation,
To where 'tis lost in space,
There's a law of compensation
That pervades every place;
That reaches every human heart,
In accents sweet and light,
Or thunders, as the gully start,
"The future makes all right!"

Though wrong may rear its horrid form,
Through innocence may weep,
While mercy flies, amidst the storm,
And justice seems to sleep;
Though darkness spreads its sombre fold
And earth be veiled in night,
The sun will gild the east with gold—
"The future makes all right!"

All nature with emphatic speech,
Since chaos ceased to reign,
Has sought mankind this truth to teach,
But sought, alas! in vain;
While History turns its teeming page
To man's and nation's sight,
And still cries out, from age to age,
"The future makes all right!"

There ne'er has been an evil deed,
Or governmental crime,
That did not retribution speed,
And was avenged by time;
And low and high, and small and great,
In poverty, or might,
Have lived to learn, tho' oft too late—
"The future makes all right!"

Call empires from the misty past,
Assyrian and Greek;
Bid Rome resume its limits vast,
And let their voices speak!
They'll own that, spite of present power,
Of seeming triumph spite,
The reign of wrong is but an hour—
"The future makes all right!"

And think not e'en the guiltiest thing
Is dead to human weal,
Or lost to conscience, or its sting—
It may be forced to feel!
The crimson hand may grasp the bowl,
The murderer's eye be bright,
E'en when the whisper trights his soul,
"The future makes all right!"

As from the couch whereon he lies,
The miscreant will start,
The vengeful worm that never dies,
Keeps gnawing at his heart!
'Tis then, while spectral shadows rise,
He cowers near the blight,
And seems to hear, from earth and skies,
"The future makes all right!"

Then who shall dare avoid the creed,
Eternal goodness sows—
That innocence must ever bleed,
While virtue treads on thorns;
That hope, to dry affliction's tears,
Ne'er checks its onward flight,
Or murmurs in its listless ears,
"The future makes all right!"

There is a joy, which, midst all joy,
Sits crowned upon a throne;
The only one without alloy—
It springs from duty done;
And he, whose throbbing bosom glows
With this supreme delight,
Does more than dream—he sees and knows
"The future makes all right!"

"We once had a very awkward horse to shoe," said a smith, "and I was punishing it severely to make it stand still. My shop was just before the kitchen window, and my wife, who is a kind hearted woman, came out and reproved me for my conduct to the animal. She went up to it, patted it, and it stood as quiet as a lamb, and we could have done any thing with it." O, that people would but try kindness! It is a mighty cure.

"This is said to be the first year since 1846 that the potato blight has not appeared in Ireland. The harvest generally is reported better than it has been for several years past. This fact, however, is not retarding emigration, and the peasantry are crowding the ships that sail for America.

A woman quarrelling with her husband, told him that she believed if she were dead he would marry the devil's eldest daughter. "You mistake," he replied, "the law does not allow a man to marry two sisters."

A WONDERFUL INCIDENT.

Illustrative of the necessity of some information being furnished of the State Insane Asylum, regarding the history of patients placed under their care, we relate an incident which is truly wonderful:

Nearly two years ago a German was sent to the Asylum from one of the interior counties, who was afflicted with melancholy to such an extent as to be deemed incurable. He did not speak for many months, and had to be taken out occasionally by the keepers of the institution to breathe the fresh out-door breeze. He appeared to be almost dead to all sense of observation, and it seemed that every spark of mental life had fled forever. Lost to the world, his friends, and himself, he presented the heart-rending spectacle of a living human form without a ray of mental light; the mind a dungeon, dark and solitary, lost. Eventually some one who had been acquainted with the poor fellow in the mines wrote a letter to Dr. Tilden, making inquiries concerning him, which letter the doctor answered at once, and nothing further transpired until the doctor received a letter from the man's wife in the East, accompanying which was her daguerrotype and also the daguerrotype of her children. She wrote to her husband in the German language, and the letter which the doctor received was a transcript of what she had written to her husband. The doctor took the daguerrotypes and presented them to the man, or rather held them steadily before him. He appeared to gaze calmly at the pictures, and in a short time the organs of vision appeared to be more fixed and his look more intensified, until at length he burst into tears and exclaimed:

"My wife, my children."
The letter was given to him, and he wept like a child. A latent spring, long dormant, had been touched, and the mind awakened from a long sleep—Disenthralled and emancipated from the darkness of unconsciousness, the soul strove to regain the light it had lost and succeeded. The man is cured—is well; and the life-giving pulsation that reinstated reason on her throne was the vision of his wife and children. This incident only illustrates how absolutely necessary it is to furnish the physician with all the information possible of the history of those placed under their care at the time they are sent to the institution, so that all the assistance possible may be rendered to the doctors in their efforts to restore reason.

HOW PAT TRANSLATED GERMAN.—At a table d'hote, recently in Hamburg, an Irishman was seated next to a German lady who did not speak English. Handing her a plate of peaches, he said—
"Have a peach, ma'am?"
"Nein," (no) replied the lady.
"Nine!" said he, staring with astonishment, first at her, and then at the guests at the table. "Why, ma'am, there is only six on the dish, but there they are for you," at the same time rolling the whole upon her plate.

THE TRUE LADY.—A celebrated writer says: No woman can be a lady who would wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, how cultivated she may be, she is in reality coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. Uniformly kind, courteous, and polite treatment of all persons is one mark of a true woman.

WHAT LITERATURE IS.—Poetry is said to be the flower of literature; prose is the corn, potatoes and meat; satire is the squar-fortis; wit is the spice and pepper; love-letters are the honey and sugar; letters containing romances are the apple-dumplings.

What three words did Adam use when he introduced himself to Eve, and which reads the same back and forward?
"Madam, I'm Adam!"
And Eve's polite reply is said to have been:
"I trust the time will never be, when I'll not care A-dam for thee!"

A gentleman rode up to a public house in the country, and asked, "Who is the master of this house?" "I am, sir," replied the landlord; "my wife has been dead about three weeks."

For the past year it is said Mr. Lincoln has refused to receive any salary, thus devoting it to the use of the country and setting an example worthy of emulation.

Overwarm friendships, like hot potatoes, are quickly dropped.

MAIZENA.

Doubtless many of our friends, after reading the advertisement of Mr. Durys, in another column, will exclaim, as we have heard hundreds do before, "What is Maizena?" We might reply, as is often done—it is a first-rate article for making puddings, custards, blanc-mange, and dishes of like nature; but that only tells what it is for.

Maizena is a preparation made from white Indian corn, at Glen Cove, N. Y. We are not able here to give the process by which it is prepared, as it would take an elaborate article to do so; and besides, there are some peculiarities about it which the Messrs. Durys prefer to keep to themselves. After having spent much time and money in perfecting their machinery, they have secured the exclusive right to manufacture it; they intend, and deserve to make some money out of it, and so long as they furnish the article at their present reasonable prices, we presume the public will consent to their doing so.

We have tested the Maizena in our families, and believe the qualities that recommend it to public favor to be these: It is exceedingly nutritious, we know of nothing more so; it is easily digested, making it an excellent dish for dyspeptics, with whom it soon becomes a favorite; it is extremely palatable, and adds another to the long list of excellent dishes equally well adapted to the table of the advocates of a mixed diet, or the radical vegetarian. For children there is nothing better, and they are usually exceedingly fond of it. And for the sick room, from its palatable and digestible, and strengthening qualities it is invaluable; and we should not forget to mention, what in these days of taxes will be an important item, it is a very economical article of diet.

The ease and dispatch with which it can be prepared will, in the opinion of every good housewife, add much to its value. No further complaints of nothing for supper, when a friend happens in, can be made, if a pound of Maizena is in the house. Ten minutes will suffice to prepare a dish fit for anybody. Eat on plain, it is excellent, with a little sugar and cream first-rate, and with the addition of a little jelly made from currants or other fruits, it is a dish "fit for the gods."

THE TRUE PHYSICIAN.—To the true physician there is an inexpressible anxiety in the sick chamber. At its threshold the mere human passions quit their hold on his heart. Love there would be profanation. Even the grief permitted to others must be put aside. He must enter that room a calm intelligence. He is disabled for his mission if he suffer aught to obscure the keen, quiet glance of his science. Age or youth, beauty or deformity, innocence or guilt, merge their distinction in one common attribute—human suffering appealing to human skill. Woe to the household in which the trusted healer feels not on his conscience the solemn obligations of his glorious art.

PATRIOTIC.—A street conversation overheard by our reporter:
D— "Good morning, G.— Ready for the draft?"
D— "Ready! If my distracted country needs me—if she requires the sacrifice of my life—if the tottering edifice of our glorious Union needs to be cemented with my heart's blood—if it is necessary for her preservation that she stride on toward victory over my dead body then, sir, the victim is ready! With a heart prepared for any fate, and with a firm trust in Divine Providence, I shall, with a lively feeling of doing my duty, and nothing but my duty, march boldly on—to the Collector's office, and pay my three hundred dollars."
—Haverhill Gazette.

Walpole relates that after an execution of eighteen malefactors, a woman was hawking on account of them, but called them nineteen. A gentleman said to her, "Why do you say nineteen? there were but eighteen hanged." She replied, "Sir, I did not know that you had been reprieved."

What strange creatures girls are! Offer one of them good wages to work for you, and, ten chances to one, if she "old woman can spare any of her girls"—but just propose matrimony, and see if they don't jump at the chance for working a lifetime for their victuals and clothes.

Tongues are apt to be warmly, for as we can't see them, it is impossible to keep a watch on them.

Louisville Journalists.

John Morgan is now in the Ohio penitentiary. He is not put to work however like regular convicts. Of course it may be thought necessary, in pursuance of the established rule, to shave half his head in order to render his escape difficult. So if any of the female sympathizers here would like to have locks of his hair, they can apply through us. We shall not accept any regular agency however.

The commencement of the late attack on Charleston took the rebels entirely by surprise. A good many of them, bathing in the harbor at the time, did not stop to put on their clothes but fled naked through the streets. It is said that the ladies haven't dared to look out of their doors or peep out of their windows since.

An Eastern editor finds fault with our issuing a paper on Sunday. "Would be well for him to remember that it isn't so bad to publish truth and patriotism on Sundays as to publish falsehood and treason on week days."

A general law ought to be passed, forbidding the thousands of young men who obtain exemptions from the draft on the ground of bodily infirmity, to get married. If they are as infirm as they pretend to be, their children might be a race of physical imbeciles, and, if they feign disability because they don't want to fight, their children might be a race of cowards.

Old Mr. Wickliffe thinks it very hard that the people, not satisfied to beat him, took it upon themselves to disgrace him. He contends that they should have had some respect for his white hairs. But why had he none for them himself?

Morgan is said to have remarked that he would have surrendered several days sooner, only he was hunting some respectable officer to whom he might deliver his sword. He did not like the idea of being run down by a lot of militia.

Some people amongst us argue, that, because Jeff. Davis has ordered a new and all-sweeping conscription, the Federal Government should abandon all thought of a draft. In other words, we must let our armies dwindle away because the rebels augment theirs. That's very good no-more-men-and-no-more-money logic.

A British officer has invented a new rifle ball, charged with solid phosphorus. When lodged in any object, it burns with great fierceness for some time. If it were fired into a rebel's belly, he would probably feel as if he had swallowed a gill of Confederate whisky.

Some of the rebel papers of the South insist with much earnestness that Pemberton and his troops surrendered on the 3d of July and not on the 4th. Oh well, we have generously given them credit then for holding out a day longer than they did.

Shall complaint be made because one man in four or five is drafted in the United States to save the noblest government in the world when in the South the whole population is conscripted to destroy the noblest government in the world?

The Democrat calls last Monday's election "a farce." Well, we never before saw "a farce" that made so many people cry and groan and shriek and howl.

Bennett of the New York Herald has been talking for years about "Poor Pierce," and our neighbor of the Democrat, finding it easier to borrow epithets than to invent them, talks about "Poor Prentice." If Bennett can stand the borrowing, we can stand the application.

Before the election, the Democrat wrote inglorious political articles; since its defeat, the poor thing tries to be funny, but, when it attempts to smile, the snarl will appear in spite of its teeth.

The Wickliffe-Harney men ratted the Union party, but a very little "vermin exterminator," dexterously applied, tripped up their heels before they got to their holes.

They say that a beggar on horseback will ride to the Devil. John Morgan has performed the same feat.

There are some bold sympathizers hereabouts, who will do well to take heed to their movements. If the authorities have not spotted them, Nature never spotted a leopard.

THE GRAVE OF JOHN BUNYAN.—The grave of Bunyan is thus described by a correspondent of the Watchman and Reflector:—

"Bunyan lies in Bunhill Fields, a cemetery crowded with graves and thick with monuments and slabs. Asking a lad whom I met if he could point me to Bunyan's grave:—
"Yes," said he, "there he lies, covered with a sheet."

"Taking the direction pointed out, I soon stood by the grave and the monument of the inimitable allegorist. And there indeed he did lie, wrapped in a cloak, with a book under his arm, sleeping and dreaming—hewn out of white marble on the slab which covers his grave. On the monument is the simple but sufficient inscription:—

"JOHN BUNYAN,
The author of Pilgrim's Progress."
"On one side, chiselled in the stone, is Pilgrim, with his burden, leaning on his staff, with a countenance of deepest anguish. On the opposite side is Pilgrim grasping the cross, his eyes gazing on it, his burden rolled off at his feet, and his countenance radiant with joy and peace."

A SINGULAR SPECTACLE IN BATTLE.—At the battle of Stone River, while the men were lying behind a crest waiting, a brace of frantic wild turkeys, so paralyzed with fright that they were incapable of flying, ran between the lines and endeavored to hide among the men.

But the frenzy among the turkeys was not so touching as the exquisite fright of the birds and rabbits. When the roar of battle rushed through the cedar thickets, flocks of little birds fluttered and circled above the field in a state of utter bewilderment, and scores of rabbits fled for protection to our men lying down in line on our left, nestling under their coats and creeping under their legs in a state of utter distraction. They hopped over the fields like toads, and as perfectly tamed by fright as household pets. Many officers witnessed it, remarking it as one of the most curious spectacles ever seen upon the battle-field.

BOILING POTATOES.—This is a formula: Let the water boil before putting the potatoes in. When done, pour off the water and scatter three or four tablespoonfuls of salt; cover the pot with a coarse cloth, and return it to the fire for a short time. Watery potatoes are made mealy by this process. How simple is this process, yet how few understand it!

PASTER FOR PAPER WALLS.—The following is said to be excellent paste, and adheres well on walls that have been white-washed for years: Take the whites of four eggs, well beaten, one quart of cold water; thicken with rye flour to the consistency of common paste.

As little Annie was running at full speed on the sidewalk, she had a fall and was badly bruised. As she was being undressed for bed she looked pitifully at her numerous wounds and sorrowfully exclaimed to her mother:—
"Oh, dear! what dreadful times these war times are!"

Well, how do you like the looks of the varmint, said a south wester to a down easter, who was gazing with round-eyed wonder, and evidently for the first time, at a huge alligator, with wide opened jaws, on the muddy banks of the Mississippi. Wal, replied the Yankee, he ain't what you may call a ban-sum critter, but he's got a great deal of openness when he smiles.

The French preserve grapes the year round by coating the clusters with lime. The bunches are picked just before they are thoroughly ripe, and dipped in lime-water of the consistency of their cream. They are then hung on wires, and when dry are dipped the second time, and then hung up to remain. The lime coating keeps out air and checks any tendency to decay. When wanted for the table dip the clusters into warm water to remove the lime.

The shad has a peculiar instinct, as soon as the snow-water has ceased running, they press up the river as far as they can reach, in order to deposit their spawn. The trout do the same thing; but the shad do not take a bait, and its stomach never shows what it feeds on.

A debating club in Worcester, Mass., lately discussed the important question, "Whether a rooster's knowledge of daybreak is the result of observation or instinct?"