

The Mariettian.

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

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1863.

VOL. 10.—NO. 6.

Not Alcoholic.
A Highly Concentrated Vegetable Extract.
A PURE TONIC.

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.
PREPARED BY DR. G. M. JACKSON, PHILA., PA.

WILL L. 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, lumbago 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, and sudden fits of Heat, burning in the Flesh, constant imaginings of Evil, and grief, depression of Spirits. And will positively prevent Yellow Fever, Billious Fever, &c.—They contain no Alcohol or bad Whisky. They will cure the above diseases in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

The proprietors have thousands of letters from the most eminent Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, and Citizens, testifying to the 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 disease 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 accept a Liquid Bitters, we put up and have received for 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 far excel in medicinal virtues and true in execution any of the numerous Liquid 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 those 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 malarial fevers, the diseases induced by exposure and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. Diseases resulting from disorders of the digestive organs are speedily removed. We have no hesitation in stating that, if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise will be lost.

We call the particular attention to the following remarkable and well authenticated case of one of the nation's heroes, whose use of our language, "has been avowed 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 proved 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 seven or twenty 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 had fallen a moral down, it was immediately thrown up again.

I could not even get a glass of water on my stomach. Life could not last under these circumstances; and, accordingly, the physicians who had been working fruitfully, through 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 he should advise. An acquaintance who visited me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinborn, of Sixth below Arch street, advised me, as a former hero, 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 for it, getting better. The 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 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 dear to me in life.

Very truly yours,
ISAAC MALONE.
We fully concur in the truth of the above statement, as we had despaired of seeing our comrade, Mr. Malone, restored to health.
John Cuddeback, 1st New York Battery.
George A. Akeley, Co. C, 6th Maine.
Lewis Cavalier, 92d New York.
J. E. Spencer, 1st Artillery, Battery E.
J. B. Fawcett, Co. B, 3d Vermont.
Henry B. Serone, Co. B, do.
Henry T. Macdonald, Co. C, 6th Maine.
John F. Ward, Co. E, 5th Maine.
Nathaniel B. Thomas, Co. F, 95th Penn.
John Jenkins, Co. B, 106th Penn.

Beware of counterfeits! See that the signature of "I. M. Jackson" is on the wrapper of each bottle. Price per bottle 75 cents, or half dozen for \$4.00.

Should your nearest druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the 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.)

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

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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 Mariettian," 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.

LAST WORDS.

"Dear Charlie," breathed a soldier,
"Oh! comrade, true and tried,
Who, in the heat of battle,
Pressed closely to my side;
I feel that I am stricken,
My life is ebbing fast,
I fain would have you with me,
Dear Charlie, till the last.

"It seems so sudden, Charlie,
To think to-morrow's sun
Will look upon me lifeless,
And I not twenty-one!
I little dreamed this morning,
'Twould bring my last campaign—
God's ways are not as our ways,
And I will not complain.

"There's one at home, dear Charlie,
Will mourn for me when dead,
Whose heart—it is a mother's—
Can scarce be comforted.
You'll write and tell her, Charlie,
With my dear love, that I
Fought bravely as a soldier should,
And died as he should die.

"And there's another, Charlie,
(His voice became more low),
When thought of her comes o'er me,
It makes it hard to go.
This locket in my bosom,
She gave me just before
I left my little village,
For the fearful scenes of war.

"Give her this message, Charlie,
Sent with my dying breath,
To her and to my banner,
I'm faithful unto death.
And if, in that far country,
Which I am going to,
Our earthly ties may enter,
I'll there my love renew.

"Come nearer, closer, Charlie,
My head I fain would rest,
I must be for the last time,
Upon your faithful breast.
Dear friend, I cannot tell you
How in my heart I feel
The depth of your devotion,
Your friendship strong as steel.

"We've watched and camped together
In sunshine and in rain,
We've shared the toils and perils
Of more than one campaign—
And when my tired feet faltered
Beneath the noontide heat,
Your words sustained my courage,
Gave new strength to my feet.

"And once—'twas at Antietam—
Pressed hard by thronging foes,
I almost sank exhausted
Beneath their cruel blows,
When you, dear friend, undaunted
With headlong courage threw
Your heart into the contest,
And safely brought me through.

"My words are weak, dear Charlie,
My breath is growing scant;
Your hand upon my heart—there,
Can you not hear me pant?
Your thoughts, I know, will wander
Sometimes to where I lie—
How dark it grows! True comrade
And faithful friend, good bye!

A moment, and he lay there
A statue pale and calm,
His youthful head reclining
Upon his comrade's arm.
His limbs upon the greensward
Were stretched in careless grace,
And by the fulfil moon was seen
A smile upon his face.

A QUAKER ON AN ARGUMENT.—"Ah," said a skeptical collegian to an old Quaker, "I suppose you are one of those fanatics who believe the Bible!" Said the old man, "I do believe the Bible.—Do you believe it?" "No; I can have no proof of its truth." "Then," inquired the old man, "does thee believe in France?" "Yes; for although I have not seen it, I have seen others who have. Besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist." "Then thee will not believe anything thee or others has not seen?" "No." "Did thee ever see thy own brains?" "No." "Ever see a man who did see them?" "No." "Does thee believe thee has any?" This last question put an end to the discussion.

For The Mariettian,
BEFORE AND AFTER; or, Five Phases of
Married Life.

By Grantellus.
CHAPTER II.
[A RUSTIC PHASE—After.]

"But since my wife is married
She's very lazy grows,
She rings the bell in my ears,
All with a helibish tone;
With her tattling and her prattling
From house to house she'll go,
And anything she'd rather do
Than spin her pound of tow."

The wedding of Ephraim Scraps and Sally Scrapings passed off, as all such occasions will pass off, if you give them time; and it might also have been crowned with as much happiness as usually falls to the lot of men and women, who make all the important events of life a mere lottery, had they gone to work with a will, intent upon the discharge of their respective duties to the best of their abilities. But the sequel will demonstrate that this was no part of the programme of life which they had each marked out for themselves. Before the period, universally regarded as the "honey-moon," had expired, Ephraim and Sally had quietly settled down to their accustomed level and had carefully stowed away all their best "duds," with a secret determination that, for such an inexcusable extravagance, they should last them for a long time; and accordingly they made their appearance in seedy and dilapidated garments, and esteemed each other as the "old man" and the "old woman," before their years had numbered a quarter of a century.

This sort of retrenchment and economy would have been laudable, had it been adopted from the right motives—had it been resorted to as a means to husband their resources for the purpose of providing a comfortable home, and meeting and discharging in a creditable manner the various obligations imposed upon them as the responsible heads of a family. But that was no part of their object—indeed when the mutual deception which both had practiced in regard to their financial condition, became known to each other, they seemed to have no fixed object of life, and went forward—or perhaps, more properly speaking, backward—in that shiftless, thriftless manner, which characterizes so many of the marriages of this rather world.—There is perhaps no conduct on the part of those who enter the marriage covenant, that is more detrimental to the happiness of the parties when the discovery is made, as that of mutual deception—even in the smallest thing, whether it be relating to the age, parentage, or other circumstances of one or both of the parties. If a man or woman has knowingly anything belonging to his or her constitution or character, the future development of which would be likely to work an alienation of affection or esteem, neither party ought to heedlessly subject themselves to such a contingency, by practicing deception, for a single moment. If a man knew that his wife was the mother of an "illegitimate" before he married her, he might truly sympathize with her in her misfortune, and still esteem and love her to the end of his days; but, if he discovered five, ten, or twenty years later in life, that he had all this while been the victim of deception, his confidence and esteem for his wife must necessarily receive a convulsive shock, if it would not be entirely destroyed.

This was now the unhappy condition of Mr. and Mrs. Scraps. Their "little all" had been expended in getting up a tawdry wedding party, where as a quiet and retired ceremony upon principles of economy, would have suited their condition better. When Ephraim discovered that Sally had lavished all her solid earnings in her wedding paraphernalia, he felt that he had only gotten scrapings for his pains, and Sally on the other hand discovered that she had, instead of a rich husband, only exchanged scrapings for scrapings, and neither of the parties were slow in intimating to the other, in no choice phraseology, the state of their sentiments upon that subject. Ephraim had calculated when he got Sally for a wife, that as usual, she would make a regular work-house of herself, just because she loved to work, and therefore leave little or nothing for him to do; and he might enjoy himself in attending, at most, to a little eight-by-ten tobacco-patch, or a small water-melon-patch; but mainly in hunting worms and fishing; or "bobbing for eels" in their season; watching the "fish-baskets in the fall; acting as clerk at raffling matches and shooting-matches in the winter; and engaging in loafing occupations in general; only returning to his domicile when he was hungry or

sleepy, to be regaled and refreshed.—But Sally had made a set of calculations that conflicted a little with those of Ephraim; for a life of hard labor to support a loafing husband constituted no part of her intentions. A little knitting job,—that was perhaps never to be finished—and a big bundle of gossip—that was equally as inexhaustible—and neighborly visiting throughout the entire "Hollow" and the "Goss," was Sally's ideal of married life, after she had gotten such a well-to-do man as Ephraim for a husband. Ephraim and Sally being legally man and wife, they, out of necessity, hired a little rude cottage or cabin, and commenced house-keeping, commensurate with their future prospects, more than with their present means—a dilapidated and dingy building it was, and it remained so as long as they occupied it.

It was not long before the sensibilities of the good people of Possum-Hollow and Coffee-Goss were shocked, at the studied indifference of Mr. and Mrs. Scraps, nor was it long before they were arrayed in sympathy or prejudice for or against one or the other of these heretofore seemingly proper people. A few of the more knowing ones indulged in a chuckling, "Didn't I tell you it would be so?" to which others also, with mock penetration responded, "And didn't I tell you too?" In the meantime Ephraim and Sally came to the conclusion that their fortunes were now irrevocably made—fixed, and therefore there was now no use in making any other effort than that dictated by impulses of the moment, and that impulse, more or less the result of necessity. They seemed, at least, to be determined to commence the life they had so long and so ardently cherished, no matter whether they would be able to continue it or not. This was a fatal and deplorable mistake—an infinitely greater mistake than their marriage; for, had they immediately after that event, made a mutual acknowledgment of their errors, and entered into a mutual pledge to make the best of that which could not be undone, they might have cultivated a happy condition, and have had temporal prosperity; whereas, the course which they subsequently resolved to pursue, or at least commence, brought thickening disasters and exasperations at every step, and converted their domestic relations into a vast and malignant, to feed the busy and malicious gossips of the neighborhood.

In Ephraim's fishing, hunting—or rather gunning—and shooting-match expeditious, he formed a large circle of loafing associates, among whom he learned to smoke and chew tobacco, and drink whisky—nor were the qualities of the articles he patronized of the choicest kind; and returning home to his domicile saturated with the peculiar flavor of these articles—to which he would there add that of a raw onion or two before he retired for the night—Sally would become the more vicious and slovenly, and, in self-defence more than from any other cause, she learned to smoke, herself. Not one single household duty that Sally had been in the habit of performing before her marriage, did she take any delight in now,—and this was also the case with Ephraim—and had it not been that they both became inveterate smokers, there would not have been a single bond of sympathy between them. Of course, as much labor as was absolutely necessary to furnish the means "to keep soul and body together," they were compelled to perform, and did perform; but very little more—just sufficient, perhaps, to supply them with the commonest and rankest kind of tobacco, and pipes to smoke it with.

Time wore on, and Mr. and Mrs. Scraps became the progenitors of a degenerate race of little Scraps; and—"Those rascally little Scraps," were familiarly associated with all that was lazy, dissolute, and good-for-nothing, in Possum-Hollow and Coffee-Goss. There was not one of them that had not met with some accident, jeopardizing life or limb, before they were seven years of age, and the marks of which they carried to their graves. Little "Ephie" had his leg jammed swinging on a ponderous gate, too near the post, which made him lame for life. "Tom" fell into a well and broke his back, which healed up into an enormous hunch. "Bill" was struck on the nose by the coupling pole of a wagon, in attempting to swing on behind, over a piece of road, knocking said nose considerably out of its natural position between his eyes. "Sally" had been rendered a cripple by scalding her hand in lamp fat, and little "Sal" had her lip torn by "Jowler"—a worthless cur, that Ephraim Scraps insisted on

keeping about the house and feeding, until his presence became dangerous to the children, when Sally gave him his quietus by the administration of a wholesome dose of pounded glass and kidney-fat. As the children reached, respectively, their tenth or eleventh year, they were sent out to the neighboring farms to work, as long as their presence could be endured, for even if they had been able bodied they were too saucy and self-willed to remain long on terms with any one. And yet, all this while, Mr. and Mrs. Scraps, were either unable or unwilling, to see anything wrong in themselves, but were constantly making loud and long complaints to those of their neighbors, who had time and patience to listen to them, about the short comings and the derelictions of each other. Sally had often been admonished by her thrifty and industrious neighbors' wives, to commence in good earnest to practice some of that industry and tidiness which so well became her before her marriage, and that by making her house the pleasantest and most interesting place in the community, she might win Ephraim as a constant and orderly inmate of it. She was moreover advised to wear her shoes up behind and not go all the time "slapping"—to throw away the old clay or corncob pipe and forego smoking—to discard the dirty muslin cap that stood away upon the top of her head, and to inaugurate a more tidy arrangement of personal attire, and of her household affairs, and all might yet go well with them. As to Ephraim, he was exhorted to quit drinking "bad whisky," and keep away from country distilleries on Sunday,—to mend his fences—cultivate his potato patch more skillfully, and to eschew gunning and fishing, and commence a life of frugal industry, and he would find enough of men who would lend him a hand, and help him along.

But it was all preaching to the wind; they were too stubborn to heed good advice, and too illiterate to receive instruction from those silent but efficient monitors that speak to mankind through the pages of books. As the parents had been so the children bid fair to be; and as they grew older and larger, if they had any special desire, it was not to go to school, but that they might get into some situation, where they might have opportunities to "sink in," or get the largest amount of wages for the smallest amount of labor. And when they finally reached the years of maturity, the habits, the examples, and the partialities and affections that gave character to the home of their parentage, in a great measure characterized theirs—modified perhaps so far as the controlling influence of their married partners could have an effect upon such things.

This is but one of the many thousand of perverted marriages that take place in the various circles of society in this world. It does not necessarily follow that parties ought to be in affluence to live together happily in a marriage union, for health and happiness are found as frequent and as unalloyed in an humble cottage, as in a gorgeous palace. But it is essential to true and lasting happiness that the parties should be void of all deception, and in perfect confidence reveal all their objectionable points, as well as those that are approvable. If this course in mutual reliance is pursued, with a determination to discharge their respective duties, as man and wife,—father and mother—in accordance with the solemn vows they have taken,—making mutual concessions for all short comings and imperfections in each other, there cannot be a doubt about it, that God will bless such a union, if his blessing is earnestly sought in the various steps of their progress to the altar. If any misguided rustic maiden or swain are building up a false superstructure upon a false foundation in relation to the marriage covenant let them "pause, ponder, and reflect" before it is too late, lest all of their after life be rendered dark and cheerless, by the improprieties, the false principles, and the selfish affections which they indulged in, before. But even if the right thoughts and principles have not governed the parties in consummating a marriage union, the very fact that such an act can never be undone, and leave the parties in the same intact position they were in before its consummation, ought to suggest to them that now, as the Almighty had permitted it, the relation existing between them ought never to be disturbed, and that they ought mutually to act as they do in all other unalterable contingencies of life—that is, make the most they possibly can of a bad bargain. If the parties

have not become fixed in a stubborn and selfish desire to see each other out of the world, with a determination to form another "alliance matrimonial," and begin life anew,—without regard to the most important part, that if commenced anew the second addition ought to be also improved,—then the task of making the best of a bad bargain would not necessarily be a difficult task.

Probably Mr. and Mrs. Scraps saw that they could have done much, had they sincerely willed it, to alleviate and improve their moral and pecuniary condition, and by this means to influence their increasing family for good. No doubt they had many moments, or possibly hours and days, in their individual experiences, when they thought of making an effort to do better, but were withheld from making mutual confessions and concessions, by that demon of pride that lurks in the breast of every unregenerate son of Adam, whether found in a cottage or in a palace—whether in poverty or in affluence. Doubtless they may have also seen at times, that the status of their children were only modifications of their own status, and that however culpable they may have been, yet that their proclivities towards disorder and wrong-doing were marked by such steps as too plainly exhibited to them that they inherited from their parents these dispositions, and were therefore not responsible for their acts, in the same degree that they held them, when in moments of excitement they applied the punishment to them. Married people, no matter how illiterate or ignorant they may be, have nevertheless vouchsafed to them, through the various experiences which attaches to their condition in life, enough of that lumen, which in a general sense has been vouchsafed to all conditions, to exhibit to them all the dark shadows upon their path, which have been cast there as the reflections of their own dark intents and purposes, and if they would avoid these effects they must first correct or modify the superinducing causes of them.

It cannot be possible that the squalid misery, the dissipation, and the infidelity that is so often witnessed in married life, is altogether unavoidable, or that it is owing to extraneous circumstances alone. It would be a reflection upon Deity, and a perversion of the faculties of thought and speech, to think and say, that man has no agency, pro nor con, in the sum of evil now in the world; and especially in that sum which seems to attach to married life. Had Mr. and Mrs. Scraps been interrogated as to the causes of their want of harmony, happiness and prosperity in their marriage relations, they would most probably have given any other than the true cause; and this, too, to the ends of their lives. Not because they may have been entirely ignorant of the true cause, but because they had so long been accustomed to criminate each other in the matter, that they now felt that an open acknowledgement on the part of either of them, would impose upon them a state of humility and christian forbearance, that in the eyes of the world might seem like a criminality which they could not think of lying under. They had never yet truly learned that the sinner must first see and acknowledge his sins—not only in a general manner, but also especially and particularly—if he ever expects to be absolved from them because undefined repentance is no repentance; it is self-examination by detecting self-love; self-denial by weakening its power, and self-government by reducing its despotism, which turns the temper of the soul from its natural bias, controls the disorderly appetite, and under the influence of Divine aid, restores to man that dominion over himself which God at first gave him over the inferior creatures. If Mr. and Mrs. Scraps could not see or understand this, or if seeing and understanding it, they had not the will to carry it out in their own individual lives, they were perhaps in the same situation that many others, of higher moral and intellectual attainments than theirs, are in. These destitute moral conditions belong to refined life as well as to rustic life—only not in the same kind and degree perhaps—but wherever they are found they are the sad consequences of derelictions of duty in the various phases of every-day life; and in none more particularly and more sadly in all their consequences upon future generations, than in those who have united their fate in this world, under the bonds of a marriage covenant.

When we thrash the enemy by a cavalry dash, they may be said to be horse-whipped.