

The Marietta.

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 19, 1863.

VOL. 10.—NO. 7.

Not Alcoholic.

A Highly Concentrated Vegetable Extract.

A PURE TONIC.

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, PHILA., PA.

W. L. 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, fullness or blood in the head, Headache, 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, 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 neither Alcohol or Opium. 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 Gentlemen, who bear 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 whiskey 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 whiskey, 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 brandy, 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 will be lost.

We call the particular attention to the following remarkable and well authenticated cure of one of the nation's heroes, whose life was saved by his language, "has been saved by the Bitters."

PHILADELPHIA, August 23d, 1862.
Messrs. Jones & Evans, your Bitters have saved my life. There is no mistake in this. It is vouchsafed 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. 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 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. To cure 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 Steinbron, of Sixth Arch street, advised me, as a last resort, 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. 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 dearest 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.

J. H. Cuddihoe, 1st New York Battery.

George A. Ackley, Co. C, 11th Maine.

Lewis Chevalier, 92d New York.

I. E. Spencer, 1st Artillery, Battery F.

J. B. Fawcett, Co. B, 3d Vermont.

Henry B. Betome, Co. B, 4th Maine.

Henry T. Macdonald, Co. C, 6th Maine.

John F. Ward, Co. E, 5th Maine.

Nathaniel B. Thomas, Co. F, 30th Penn.

John Jenkins, Co. B, 10th 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 \$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 of Manufacture,
JONES & EVANS,
No. 631 ARCH STREET.

(Successors to C. M. Jackson & Co.)

Proprietors.

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 Marietta," which will insure the fine execution of all kinds of Job and Card Printing, from the smallest Card to the largest Poster, at prices to suit the War times.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Are they truly dying,
All the summer leaves?
Will the blasts of autumn
Strip the happy trees?
Bright the glowing foliage
Paints the misty air—
Crimson, purple, golden—
Must they die—so fair?

Where has flown the sunshine
Wooded them to their birth,
Tempting them to flutter
Far above the earth?
Ruthless did it leave them
In their hour of bloom,
Let the chill blasts whisper
Tales of death and doom!

Rapidly they robed them,
In each varied hue,
Hoping thus the sunshine
To attract anew;
But the flicker glitter
Looked in anger down,
Freezing up the life pulse
With an icy frown.

Then the happy radiance
Sinks to rise no more;
Leaves of gold and crimson
Strew earth's gloomy floor.
Gone their summer glory,
Lifeless, lost, they lie;
Wilted, withered, drifting
As winds will, they fly.

Thus in woman's bosom
Love wakes bud and bloom,
'Neath his glowing sunshine,
Thinking not of doom;
Covering soft life's desert
Spread the branches green,
Hope's bright birds sing thro' them—
Close the leafy screen.

Through the quivering foliage
Falls a sudden fear!
Leaves are rustling, trembling—
Feel change drawing near!
Brighter then they robed them,
Call on every hue,
Color every fibre—
Love to win anew.

Summon gold and crimson,
Bright as dyed in blood;
Hectic fever flushes
Pour in anguished food!
Gone the healthful quiet
Of the summer green;
Hope-birds turn to ravens,
Sighs the leafy screen.

Love looks down in anger
On the withering show;
Freezing follows change-frost—
Love heaps ice and snow!
Then the fevered radiance
Fades from life's doomed tree;
Wilted, withered, drifting,
Bud, bloom, leaves we see.

Love looks down upon them,
Wonders how it came—
Thinks through all his changing
They should bloom the same!
Did not know his change-frost
Had the power to kill;
Did not dream his frowning
Life's quick pulse could still!

Gone the flicker sunshine!
Gone the rosy hours;
Gone love's early wooing!
Gone the healthful powers!
Come and cool the hectic,
Chill the fevered glow,
Pale the crimson flushing,
Death, beneath thy snow!

WIFE AND HUSBAND ALPHABETICALLY.

—A wife should be amiable, benevolent, charitable, domestic, economical, forgiving, generous, honest, industrious, judicious, kind, loving, modest, pleasant, quiet, reflecting, sober, tender, urbane, virtuous, wise, xemplary, yielding and zealous.

A husband should be likewise; but says an old maid contributor, a good many of them, alphabetically and uniformly, are absurd, base, captious, depraved, exasperating, false, gloomy, headfish, ignorant, jealous, knapish, lazy, mean, negligent, obdurate, profigate, quarrelsome, rash, selfish, tantalizing, ugly, vexing, whimsical, xerbatting, yawning, and so forth.

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

By Gratellus.

CHAPTER III.

[A ROMANTIC PHASE—Before.]
She stood beside the altar,
A wreath of orange buds
Upon her hair—upon her back
"The richest kind of duds."
Her lover stood beside her
With "kiss and dickey" clean,
The last was aged twenty-one,
The first was seventeen.

Many people in this world—perhaps thoughtless people—take only a sort of holiday view of life and its attendant duties; in fact, they think very little at all, of its duties and its realities; for, they seem to imagine all things were made ready to their hand by a species of spontaneous production and reproduction, and that consequently, all they have to do is to appropriate and enjoy its bounties and its blessings, without regard to their intentions, their ability, or their willingness, to contribute their share to the general stock of mental and material comforts that are in store, and that may be obtained by a cheerful exercise of the proper energies, by every member of the human family. These kind of people seem to have no idea of the fact that all things, both in nature and art, are the results of incessant labors and tireless effort; and although they may have had the examples of industrious progenitors before them, and may themselves have labored from necessity just sufficiently to have furnished themselves with a superficial education, and to have provided themselves with a scanty yet tawdry wardrobe, and perhaps through these means have been enabled to obtain temporarily a situation of comparative ease and indolence; yet, forgetting, or never having known, that true prosperity depends upon perpetual production and reproduction, connected with judicious systems of barter or exchange, they set themselves up as mere consumers; and as if they had never occupied any other position in society, they manifest an ill-disguised contempt for those who prefer to lead an honest life of industry and usefulness, and who have a just regard for the welfare of the community at large.

It would be well, perhaps, if we could always look at the bright side of things, and reflect that God has made this world of ours for us to enjoy and be happy in; but it would be also well, and perhaps better, if we could reflect, and look beneath the surface of things, and observe some of the processes, the modes, and the means employed in the transformation of substances from one condition to that of another, and of the labor necessary to accomplish such results in nature. But without enumerating any of the general process of nature, in perfecting her various substances and productions, there is a vast amount of labor required in the field of art, before the crude ores of the earth, the raw hides of animals, and the "full grown corn in the ear," can be converted into substantial and beautiful implements of ornament and use; or the shoes and gloves we wear; or the bread and its modifications and compounds, we eat.

Among all the thoughtless beings on this score, perhaps there could not have been any two selected, that are better calculated to illustrate this phase of our primary subject, than the two here introduced. Mister Augustus Leander Phancy and Miss Laura Amanda Spasm, were a pair of individuals who in an eminent degree took this romantic and impractical view of life—a life of no "every-days" or working days, but on the contrary, all "holidays" and sunny days. Neither of these worthy individuals seemed to dream that life had any duties or realities, other than those immediately present and connected with their personal gratifications, and therefore they never for a single moment permitted any other than those to enter their minds, or to form an integral part of their catalogue of sensuous delights; nor did they entertain a thought about making the least possible provision, mentally or materially, for any of the contingencies, which the stubborn facts of life, are sure in time to develop.—They actually knew but little, and having no appreciation of the proverb, that, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," they therefore contrived to obtain just enough of that essential ingredient to a life of usefulness and proficiency, as was necessary in giving them the thinnest possible external polish, in order that they might effectually deceive each other. They were doubtless both honest and well-meaning in a worldly sense, and may have thought it perfect,

ly in accordance with the principles of "right of justice and of humanity," to practice those little coquetish arts and ruses that are so common in even what is termed the "best society," and from whence they are reflected in diverging radii, in various forms, permeating thro' all the veins and arteries of the different intermediate grades, until they reach the very worst, below. Neither Augustus nor Laura were the offspring of an opulent parentage, nor yet did they belong to the sans culottes, but on the contrary they were of that middling class—or a peculiar grade of it—usually denominated the "well-to-do" in the world. That they had been spoiled in "bringing up," by over-indulgent and ill-literate parents, will be strikingly manifest in the sequel of their histories, and also from the characteristic shiftless, aimless, and indolent life which they had respectively fallen into, and seemed unable to shake off. "Guss," as he was familiarly called by his special cronies, was an adept in one or two things, and so far did he transcend others in these respects that he became a remarkable character. He could "fix up" and wear a "dickey" and cravat, with any other man in the village of Catgut; and if the cravat is the great fundamental centre of the man—as is so ably claimed for it—and if all else, both mental and material, that inures to him as a living organization, is but subsidiary to that centre, then Mr. Augustus Leander Phancy was the *ne plus ultra* of a finished gentleman.—But as if to still further enhance his extraordinary qualities, he possessed another peculiar ability—an ability which many envied him—and that was the exquisite and graceful manner in which he could—with a superbly gloved hand—select, hold, light, puff, remove from between his lips, knock off the ashes, and then return it again, a cigar, no matter as to its quality, from a *dime* Habano down to an insignificant "penny-a-graber." It may well be imagined that such an individuality would naturally be the admired of all the ladies of the village, (especially the superficial and the dip-pant), as well as the envy of all the gentlemen, (particularly the soulless and the brainless); and that Catgut was distinguished by such an august presence. If it be alleged as a contradiction in terms, and the essence of terms, that such a romantic people could, from choice, be the inhabitants of a village of such a commonplace name as Catgut, we will request the reader to reflect but a single moment, and if the inevitable conclusion is not, that Catgut is not only an uncommon name—although perhaps in some measure destitute of that euphonious, jingle so pleasing to cultivated ears—but that all its associations are of the most romantic and poetic character, then he or she is no judge of romance or poetry. Are not the chords of the violin and violoncello, the guitar, the lute and the banjo, as well as the snarers of "Le petit tambour," made of catgut? Are not these the romantic instruments, which more romantic swains employ in serenading still more romantic maidens, on most romantic evenings, in the utmost romantic seasons of the year? And then the caterwaulings of the animal itself,—from whose dried and twisted intestinal canals, the name is derived,—do they not take place at the romantic hours of the night, and under the shadows of romantic trees, towers, and chimneys, on the lawns or the house-tops? Undoubtedly so—incontrovertably so.

Miss "Lolly,"—as her friends most affectionately, and most effeminately styled her—when the intercourse between them was of the most harmonious nature—had also her peculiar virtues as well as Mr. Guss, and these were chiefly a pretty foot and ankle, and a most magnificent wasp-like waist, when she was properly stayed, laced and "rigged"; and these combined, were instrumental in captivating the too susceptible heart of Mr. Augustus, although they never could hide her aquiline nose, from more penetrating and less interested observers.

Now there was something exceedingly incongruous and contradictory in the form and contour of Miss Laura, and the harmony of its most striking parts. Her nose and hands seemed to belong to somebody else, but her waist was decidedly neat; and her feet and ankles exquisitely turned and trim, and she well knew this, and "Guss" knew it, and they jointly and severally by fulsome, praise and sundry manipulations on their parts, contrived to let all the village of Catgut and the surrounding country also know it. Notwithstanding the great diversity between the leading traits of character, in this worthy but luckless

pair, a sort of affection grew up between them—an affection, however, grounded no deeper than in a transient personal admiration—for if they had been the greatest enemies on earth, they could have adopted no more effective plan for the development of that enmity, than the very course they were, seemingly, so unconsciously pursuing. Each had an exceedingly vulnerable spot in their mental gourd, and each assailed that weak spot until it was fairly battered through, and then amidst the smoke and din of a double victory and capitulation, they incontinently yoked themselves together in an uncongenial bond that never should have been consummated under such circumstances at all. Guss liked above all things in this world, a pretty foot and ankle and a neat waist, without for a moment thinking about his likes for the individual to whom they belonged; and Lolly admired in a supreme sense, a tidy dickey and cravat, upon a graceful puffer of the noxious weed, without thinking of the nauseous qualities that might lay concealed beneath them, and therefore in enhancing and admiring these respective superficial and questionable qualities, all of the real and substantial virtues that may and ought to enter into the composition of the human heart, were entirely overlooked, or unconsciously set aside.—On the one hand was presented the ludicrous, but by no means rare, spectacle of a man,—or at least a being bearing the material form of a man—coquetting and offering homage to a woman's foot and waist; and on the other hand a woman,—or one who manifested the physical outline of a woman—ogling, sighing for, and blindly paying court to a bunch of muslin and a weeds, manufactured into a dickey and a cigar. Mistaken mortals—blind and infatuated Mr. Augustus Leander Phancy—silly and peurile Miss Laura Amanda Spasm—if you are not alone in this world, and if your course has not been all "sugar and honey" in this life, you have the consolation—if such knowledge be a consolation—of knowing that you are traveling in a large caravan, over the deserts of time.

It is not to be implied that all romantic thoughts and ideas in any of the relations of life are to be abjured, and that mankind are to come down to the realization of plain, cold and stubborn facts only. These fatigue and oppress, and convert human beings into mere dull moving machines, when there is no relief from their exercise and control.—Every cultivated human mind has an appreciation of the poetry and romance of life, and delights in romantic scenes and reflections; and even amid the sternest duties of the day, will revert to them as a seasoning and a relief to the monotonous routine of other occupations. Indeed the highest exemplification of romance and poetry will doubtless be found in those Elysian fields beyond the shores of time, "where pleasure never dies," and therefore as a preparation for the enjoyment of that elysium, it may be proper to cultivate the true romantic and poetic sentiment here.—Therefore, in reciting the history of the "wooing and winning" of Mr. Phancy and Miss Spasm, we do not intend to speak disparagingly of the romantic phase of marriage and married life, but only to hold up to disapproval and discouragement a romantic phase—a phase which we consider borders very strongly on the ridiculous, if not on the insane. Indeed a distinguished authority has asserted that, "there is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous," and we are not sure that the worthy pair whose peculiar history we are discussing, have not taken that step. At all events, instead of cultivating a love for the uses and duties of life as their substantial meat and drink, and seasoning these with the romantic and the poetic, they abjured the former nearly altogether, or made only so much use of them as necessity compelled them, in order to render their romantic and poetic pabulum digestible. In this, as we have before hinted, they were not alone, but on the contrary were traveling along with a large company of impracticals, which may be found at any period and place along the path of time. These are probably not so much the objects of censure or contempt, as they are of pity, for these things are as often the result of false systems of education and of moral training, as they are of the perversity of the human heart. False tastes, false readings, false modes of thought and of dress, among the high born—or those who claim to be so—descend as fatal mantles, and will, more or less, cover all below them, no matter how much they may effect to resist them.

There are ages, and other circumstances too, at which, and under which, it may be more proper to indulge in the romantic and poetic sentiment, than at other ages and under other circumstances. A merely romantic octogenarian, is an object that is more apt to excite the ridicule of their fellow beings, than one whose summers have not yet reached a score; and yet, a legitimate exercise and indulgence of the true romantic sentiment, in even the aged and infirm, is not forbidden, and may conduce to a useful end. But it must be evident to the reader that it was a perverted or morbid condition of the romantic and poetic sentiment that governed the minds and the actions of Mr. Augustus Leander Phancy and Miss Laura Amanda Spasm; for, instead of looking forward to the realities of life as potent and inevitable contingencies that must be encountered and provided for, these realities were regarded as myths, or were entirely ignored, or if at all contemplated, they were discussed and viewed from an impractical standpoint. If this phase of romance had no counterpart in the conduct of the young and the thoughtless, anterior to marriage, in the present state of society, then it would be altogether unworthy to indulge in a criticism that only desired to create a phantom, in order that it might gratify the morbid delight of dissipating it; but it has a fearful counterpart, in a multitude of cases, differing only in intensity, in degree, and in modes of manifestation and development. If individual welfare—present and future—was dependent for anything that is of value to either the body or the soul, upon the cultivation of a small waist or a neat foot and ankle, in a woman, or a starched collar, a dickey and a cravat, in a man, then it would become a bounden duty in the sexes to cultivate and acquire these, as valuable accessories and accomplishments, before marriage, in order to insure that meed of happiness, which it is universally claimed, pertains to that relation, afterwards. It may seem astonishing that any human being could, or would, indulge in a romantic passion for mere "shreds and patches," but we have seen men go crazy after an apron or a bonnet, and women after a whisker or a pair of boots; and these worthy individuals whose history we have been noting, may have a personification even in our own experience, to a greater or lesser extent, without our being, at first sight, at all conscious that such is, or had ever been, the case with us, or any of those by whom we are surrounded.

It is not to be supposed that Mr. Augustus Leander Phancy, and Miss Laura Amanda Spasm had no other thoughts or ideas of life, than those heretofore named—not at all; Miss Laura had pictured in her imagination a romantic little cottage in a rural little valley, with its "lilies and roses and sweet blooming posies";—and poetic little chambers, adorned with little boxes and caskets, containing "ever-so-many" tidy little slippers, and gaiters, and booties, and stockings, and corsets, and lacers, and all the "toggery" necessary, in the production of a neat waist and a neat foot. As to Mr. Augustus he had also a few additional ideas than those concentrated in cravats and cigars; for, he had pictured to himself a suburban village residence, with a romantic yard and palings in front, and also a comfortable little smoking chamber, with sundry boxes of cigars, cravats, collars, and dickers, and a large looking glass to assist in putting them on properly; together with a number of other *ceteras*, so necessary in making up the wardrobe of a gentleman. But as to a frying-pan, or a wash-tub, or a cradle,—neither party had for a moment entertained a single idea in reference to such representative realities of every-day life. To them henceforth, was to be opened up a perpetual Eden; and all they had to do was to appropriate its unbought pleasures and its unapproachable happiness, without thinking upon the flat that had gone forth many centuries ago, that man should "eat bread by the sweat of his brow." It really seemed a pity that such a romantic spell should be ruthlessly broken by the stern facts of life; but such is the experience of all the aimless and objectless beings, who form the great majority of mankind—at least such was the experience of the hero and heroine of this essay. They wooed and won each other—made a romantic wedding party—invited their numerous friends—made merry and were married.

"The parson's 'job' was over
Each one had kissed the bride,
And wished the young folks 'happiness,'
And danced and laughed and cried,
The last kiss had been given,
The last word had been said;
The happy pair then "dimmed down"
And sought the bridal bed.