

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, SEPTEMBER 26, 1863.

VOL. 10.—NO. 8.

Not Alcoholic.
A Highly Concentrated Vegetable Extract.
A PURE TONIC.
DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.
PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, PHIL'A, PA.

WHICH effectually cures Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, chronic or nervous Debility, diseases of the Kidneys, and bad Stomachs arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach. Such as Constipation, inward Piles, fullness or blood to the head, acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Headache, burning in the throat, 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 in the living posture, dimness of Vision, dots or webs before the Sight, fever and dull pain in the Head, deficiency of Perspiration, yellowness of the Skin and Eyes pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c. sudden fainting fits, 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 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 of the beneficial effects and medicinal 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.**

ARTICULAR NOTICE.—There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest whisky or common rum, costing from 20 to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander Seed.

This class of Bitters has caused and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds to die the death of the drunkard.—By their use the system is kept continually under the influence of alcoholic stimulants of the worst kind, the desire for liquor is created and kept up, and the result is all the horrors attendant upon a drunkard's life and death.

For those who desire and will have a **Liquor Bitters**, we publish the following receipt: Get one bottle of **HOOFLAND'S BITTERS** and mix with three quarts of good brandy or whisky, and the result will be a preparation that will far exceed in medicinal virtues and true excellence any of the numerous **Liquor Bitters** in the market, and will cost much less. You will have all the virtues of **HOOFLAND'S BITTERS** in connection with a good article of liquor, at a much less price than these inferior preparations will cost you.

ARRIVED 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 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.** Please read the following 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 to use his language, "has been saved by the Bitters."

PHILADELPHIA, August 23d, 1862.
Messrs. Jones & Evans,—Well, gentleman, your **HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS** has saved my life. There is no mistake in this. It is vouchsafed for by numbers of my countrymen, 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 be, and still retain a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarcely able to swallow anything, and if I did force a morsel down, it was immediately thrown up again.

I could not even keep a glass of water on my stomach. Life could not last under these circumstances; and, accordingly, the physicians who had been working faithfully, though unsuccessfully to rescue me from the grasp of the dread Archer, frankly told me they could do no more for me, and advised me to see a clergyman, and to make such disposition of my limited funds as best suited me.—An acquaintance who visited me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinbron, of Sixth below Arch street, advised me, as a forlorn hope, to try your Bitters, and kindly procured a bottle. From the time I commenced taking them the gloomy shadow of death receded, and I am now, thank God for it, getting better. 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 Volunteer, 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 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.

John Cadden, New York Battery.
George A. Ackley, Co. C, 11th Maine.
Lewis Chevalier, 32d New York.
I. E. Spencer, 1st Artillery, Battery F.
J. B. Fawcett, Co. B, 3d Vermont.
Henry B. Senoia, Co. E, 4th Maine.
Henry T. McDonnell, Co. C, 6th Maine.
John F. Ward, Co. E, 8th Maine.
Nathaniel B. Thomas, Co. F, 9th 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 and Manufactory,
No. 631 ARCH STREET.
JONES & EVANS,
(Successors to C. M. Jackson & Co.)

The Mariettaian
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One Dollar a Year; Payable in Advance.

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TERMS, One Dollar a Year, payable in advance, and if subscribers be not paid within six months \$1.25 will be charged, but if delayed until the expiration of the year, \$1.50 will be charged.

ADVERTISING RATES: One square (12 lines, or less) 50 cents for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Professional and Business cards, of six lines or less at \$3 per annum. Notices in the reading columns, five cents a line. Marriages and Deaths, the simple announcement, FREE; but for any additional lines, five cents a line.

A liberal deduction made to yearly and half yearly advertisers.
Having recanted 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.

Louisville Journalism.

Men and women, who feel complacently about all the thefts, robberies, burnings, and murders, perpetrated by John Morgan's band, go into actual spasms of rage and fury on account of John's half-shaved head. We don't approve the tonorial operation upon the big bandit's top-piece, but his friends should remember that the whole Morgan has been "half-shaved" frequently with his own full consent. For ourselves, we are a good deal more indignant at the robbery and assassination of scores and hundreds of innocent people by Morgan and his men than we are at the passing of a barber's mowing-machine over one hemisphere of the head of the rebel leader whose brains have for years been safely lodged in the head of another man.

Beauregard denounces the Greek fire with which Gilmor's shells sent into Charleston are charged, "as a most villainous compound, unworthy civilized nations." We have no doubt the people of Sodom thought the rain of brimstone and fire out of heaven, which consumed them in the iniquity of the city, was a villainous compound, but the band of retribution was not stayed on that account!

A lady who resents a paragraph of ours about a wig for John Morgan encloses us a lock of very pretty hair as a contribution to a wig for ourself. We don't want such an article at present, dear girl, but as you seem to be one of the hair-pulling sort, we expect, that, if we were to meet you, we should soon need a wig, and get only a big scratch.

The rioters, who attacked the New York Tribune office, were repulsed by a stream of hot water from the Tribune's boiler. If that hadn't made them cold-water men, nothing can. It was probably quite as efficient as the discourse of a cold-water lecturer haranguing from the top of a pump.

A young rebel woman lately wrote to us from Shelby that she had got up at midnight to thrust our paper out of her bedchamber. We wrote back that we thought it likely she would have treated us in the same manner. And she got very mad at the imputation.

The Richmond Enquirer says that "the neck of a true Southern man is not ready for the collar." It wouldn't perhaps be a very important matter that a rebel hasn't a collar for his neck if he only had the rest of the shirt for his back.

It is stated that there is a Spanish girl seventeen years old at Lyons, France, who can lift a weight of 500 pounds with her hair. We have seen many a young girl, who, having beautiful hair, could draw a whole regiment of men with it.

The Confederate Government has what it calls a treasury building at Richmond. It has no more use for one than a wooden-legged man has for corn plaster, or John Morgan for comb and hair brush.

If a man were to go to sleep in one of the very best of the rebel prisons and wake up in one of the very worst of the Federal ones, he would probably begin to shout under the impression that he was in Heaven.

The Southern people should take every statement of their newspapers "with a grain of salt;" but unfortunately they haven't a grain of salt to take it with.

We have just been through portions of Tennessee recently held by the rebel troops. The whole region is stripped. It is as bare as John Morgan's scalp.

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

By Grantolius.
CHAPTER IV.

[A ROMANTIC PHASE.—After.]
"She stood beside the washtub, Her red hands in the suds, And at her slipshod feet there laid A pile of dirty 'quads; Her husband stood beside her The crosser man alive, The last was aged twenty-nine, The first was twenty-five."

Before Augustus Leander Phancy, and Laura Amanda Spasm, had been three little months married, they began to realize, that in starting out to meet the bridegroom; they had taken no oil in their lamps. The very foundation of the moral and social building they intended to erect, was conceived and laid upon false principles and motives of action; and therefore, there was little hope of a harmonious and enduring superstructure. The hey-day and the excitement of the honey-moon had passed or was passing—that honey-moon of three little months, but which in an orderly marriage union, should last as long as the present and future life of the married partners last—and the butterflies of society, that flutter around an attractive centre for a brief period, were one by one, with faded colors, and diminished attachments, subsiding to their common level, or creeping into the nooks and crevices of society, either to sink into oblivion, or be reanimated at the return of another social spring. The dread necessity now began to stare Mr. Augustus in the face, "like an unmanly child," that it became incumbent upon him, not only to provide shoes, and stockings, and stays, to perpetrate the pretty feet and ankles, and neat waist of Laura, but that more pressing still, he would be compelled to provide the needful bread and other edibles to keep these in motion. But not these alone, for a house and household utensils must be provided, and that too without delay, as Laura—never too obedient to her step-mother—had in three months contrived entirely to "wear out her welcome," as well as the welcome of her lank and cigar-puffing husband. Poor Laura found, too, that in order to retain even the semblance of the affection of her husband—or as much of it as he was capable of bestowing upon any object out of himself—she would be doomed to a life of washing, and starching, and ironing, and fixing up, a shabby wardrobe of dummies and cravats. Both Augustus and Laura—or rather Mr. and Mrs. Phancy, in carrying out their ideas of domestic duty and economy, were governed by the same principles of utility. The two very first articles towards housekeeping which were purchased, and which exhausted all their stock of funds on hand, were a ten-dollar mirror and a five-dollar castor. Here they could see reflected the gods whom they had been unconsciously worshipping, and could contemplate the vessels to hold the seasoning of their ideal "fish, flesh and fowl," without possessing a scale, a hair, or a feather, of the real animals, nor yet "the fat to fry 'em." But, they had made a *spurge*, and it furnished material to talk about, both to themselves and their gossiping neighbors. But whilst they neither of them possessed the necessary judgement to carry housekeeping into successful and harmonious operation, they each regarded themselves as perfect, and mutually censured each other, and severely criticised each other's acts. This led them both into opposite extremes; and because they saw (although they would not acknowledge it) that they had made an expenditure quite beyond their circumstances, therefore, as a retrenchment, the next outlay, in addition to being injudicious as to kind, was of such a quality, as to exclude them entirely from the classes of usefulness, or economy. Laura's imitation damask window curtains, at a dime a yard, turned from a bright scarlet to a sickly and gangreened hue, after two weeks' exposure to a vernal sun; and Augustus' patent boot-jack for two shillings, was demolished at the second trial to draw off an obstinate and closely-adhering boot. The things most essential to housekeeping, were finally contributed by their parents, in order to get them started in the world on their own account.—now that they had voluntarily assumed the responsibility—and that they might be relieved from a pair of unprofitable and fastidious boarders. It is very likely that they never would have gotten their household affairs in a working condition, had they not received this opportune assistance; and when the thing was finally put in motion, the at-

entailed upon their mother a world of labor, and kept her constantly on the trot, in washing, and scrubbing, and making, and mending, and keeping them out of mischief. Mr. Augustus Leander Phancy, also, through a necessity which he could not evade or shirk, was compelled to labor, and to labor hard to sustain himself and family; and this labor seemed all the harder, because he had not mentally or physically made any previous provision for it. His ideas of a poetical and romantic life—no more than his wife's—did not embrace work in the catalogue of its pleasures, and therefore the labor they now felt themselves compelled to perform, was met and endured unwillingly, and with a frown or a scowl. Even with their hard earnings, and with little or no affection between them, they contrived to keep up a sort of appearance that they were happy and thrifty, and had a little circle of friends with whom they exchanged visits. That is,—Mrs. Phancy could claim a half day, or a whole day, now and then, in which to entertain a visitor or two; and Augustus could give an evening, but we betide the stranger that came to the house suddenly, in an unappointed hour, for things were sure to be found in an "awful plight." This state of things need not have been so, even in people of their circumstances, had they made an attempt to govern their domestic affairs with something like a system of order. But, the great bane of their household was, that when they ought to have been actively employed, they were engaged in gossip or idleness—or what was nearly as fatal to their orderly progress—in reading some trashy tale of romance. Therefore, when a friend called upon them at a proper hour, they were usually found in the "suds and the sulk," or in some occupation or condition out of time and place; and such visits, instead of being welcomed as cheerful and instructive reunions, were contemplated and met as a sort of a social terror. Not that Mr. and Mrs. Phancy had no love or desire for company—far from it—but that they desired their company to call at such a time as would suit their own convenience, when it was notorious throughout the whole village of Catgut, that their convenience always ran athwart the ordinary duties and labors of all, in their own circumstances, by whom they were surrounded. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Phancy possessed that decision of character so necessary in having times and places for things, and keeping themselves true to those times and places.—If an obtrusive neighbor "popped in" on them, at an improper time and for a trivial and improper purpose, they had not the address, nor yet the necessary courage, to exhibit frankly, that as soon as they could claim an immunity from their present and immediate obligations, they would be happy to entertain them; but on the contrary, their individuality seemed to be entirely absorbed by their visitors; every necessary household operation being for the time suspended, and they themselves as powerless as a fretful bird under the charms of a snake. And although they at the bottom of their hearts may have wished such visits and such visitors at the bottom of the ocean, yet they at the same time put on the semblance of affability, and would even make something of an effort to impress upon the minds of their visitors that they were happy to see them, and consequently that they should not be in a hurry, but make themselves at home. But if they suffered these things from their impractical ideas of domestic life, they were also constantly inflicting their own visits upon their neighbors at times as inappropriate to them; so that their romantic and poetic aspirations before marriage, bred nothing but an acrid and corroded hearted fruit in their domestic relations afterwards.

If any unlooked-for contingency, of the simplest and most trivial nature, happened or arose in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Phancy—and where there are a number of children that have rapidly succeeded each other on this mundane sphere, there will always be contingencies more or less serious,—they never had the presence of mind to meet and provide for any of them—not the very least and simplest of them. Habitually indulging in the morbid fancies of the merely romantic, or what in their estimation passed current for romance, they accordingly, eschewed or repudiated everything of a really practical and useful nature; and hence, when there was a sudden necessity for any of those little knowledges and domestic resources within the capacity of the most ordinary of their associates, they found themselves

entirely lacking, and dependent upon the charlatanism of any imposter who might feel disposed to practice upon their ignorance and credulity. If one of their children accidentally received a slight contusion, or cut its finger, or burnt its foot—and it seemed as if some of their children were almost constantly suffering in this way—in their first alarm they never knew what ought to be done; and when they at last recovered from their first terror, the next thing done was in visiting its mother region with the bottom of a slipper, or a bitter and thither boxing of the ears, instead of a humane and affectionate ministrations to its distressed or painful condition. It may well be conceived that this habit of the parents rendered the children careless of each other's wants and feelings, if they did not, by way of a sort of retaliation, inflict pains and penalties upon each other upon every slight occasion. The more their family increased in numbers, the more extensively this sort of conduct among them prevailed; for, the presence of children in the family being living incidentals that had never entered into their romantic programme of life, they treated them practically as intruders the greater part of the time, whatever feelings of affection they may have entertained for them, when the still small voice of conscience could be effective.—In accordance with the maxim that "like master like man," so also the children were melancholly, fretful and moody, and manifested a disposition for such things only as ministered to their own individual gratifications,—which happened to be also of a merely romantic and impractical character. Mr. and Mrs. Phancy had both of them been taught, theoretically, in their youthful days, that there was a God, "in whom we live and move and have our being;" and that his general and particular providence included all created beings; that not a sparrow could fall without his knowledge, and that the very hairs upon their heads were all numbered.—This they learned by rote, and many other things of a like nature, from their catechisms and other books; but, like the tens of thousands of others who have been bred and brought up under the gospel, it was only theoretical. They never made any attempt to reduce any of this knowledge to practice in their daily life, and therefore in the most important relation connected with the destinies of mankind, they permitted themselves to be led by a sort of instinct or a blind impulse, without at all considering the practicality of what they were about doing; or whether they had rightly considered all its weighty responsibilities. But they even now did not turn a single thought in that direction. They did not pray for, nor practice mutual forbearance; but on the contrary, were constantly, when alone, spiteful, censorious, and recriminating; but in the presence of others they were mutually hypocritical. This was the only affection in which they were assimilated, and that was an evil one. One day of their life was a picture of the whole, or nearly so, for there was little variety in it. Mrs. Phancy, was nearly all the time in the wash, or the scrub, or weeding in the garden, or performing some other drudgery long after the evening or noonday meal should have been served up; whilst Mr. Phancy would grumly wait his frown eternally fixed upon his quarreling and fretful children, which only could be kept in subjection by his presence. Sometimes, as a sharpener of his appetite, he was ordered to split a "billet" of wood; under a penalty of going to his work; or his bed, either dinnerless or supperless. At last when

"The heavy wash was over,
The clothes hung out to dry,
And Tom had stuck his finger
In the little baby's eye,
The boy was 'spanked,' a supper made
Upon a crust of bread,
And then the bride and bridegroom
Went grumbling off to bed."
A gentleman riding through Sydenham saw a board with "This Cottage for Sale" painted on it. As he was always ready for a pleasant joke, and seeing a woman in front of the house, he stopped and asked her, very politely, "when the cottage was to sail?" Just as soon as the man whom he can raise the wind," was the quick reply.

Mr. G., a clergyman, being recently absent from home, his son, of four years, was asked to pronounce the blessing. "No," he replied, "I don't like the looks of them taters!"

Modesty in woman is like color on her cheek—decidedly becoming, if not put on.